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THE NEW YORKER

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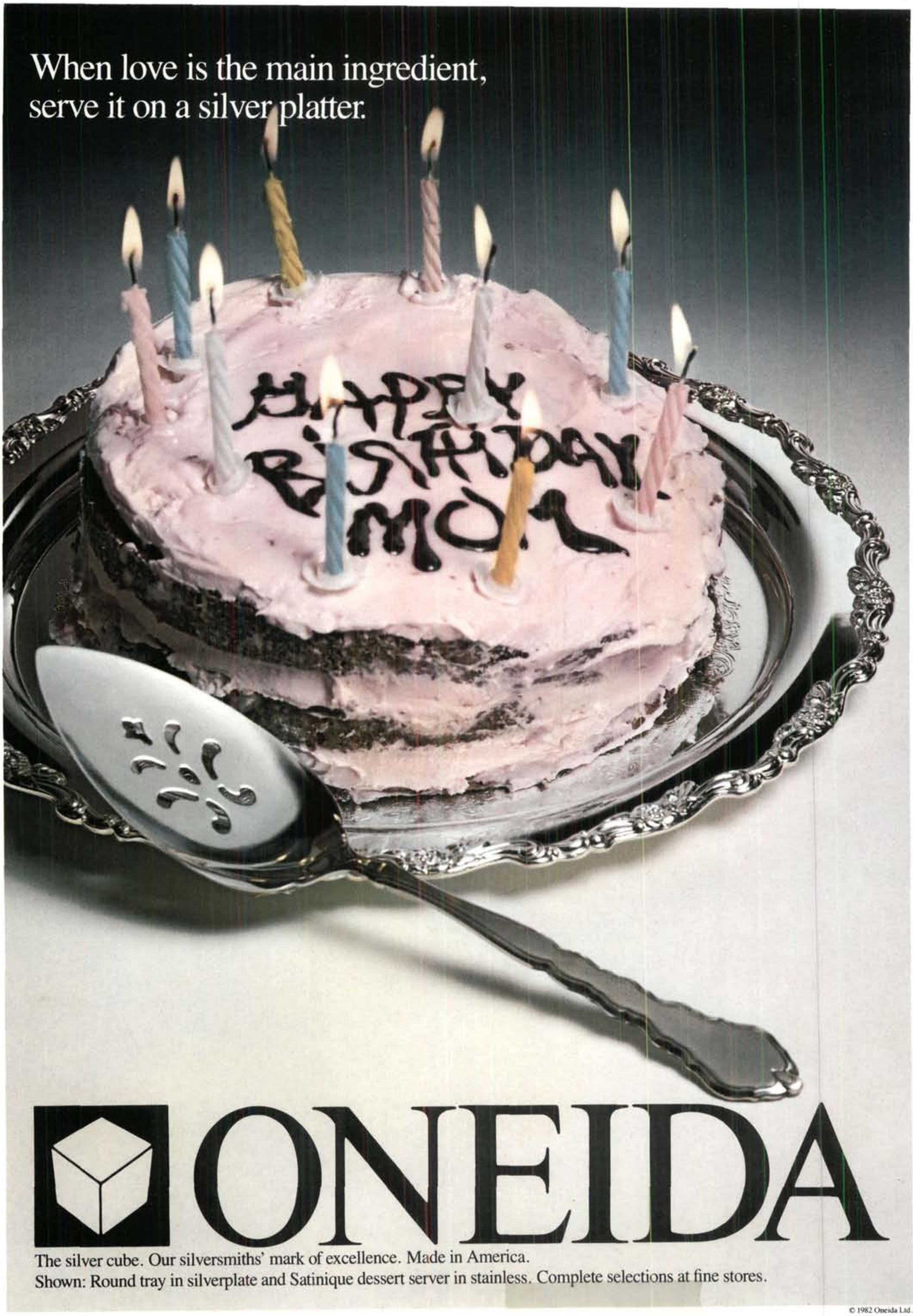
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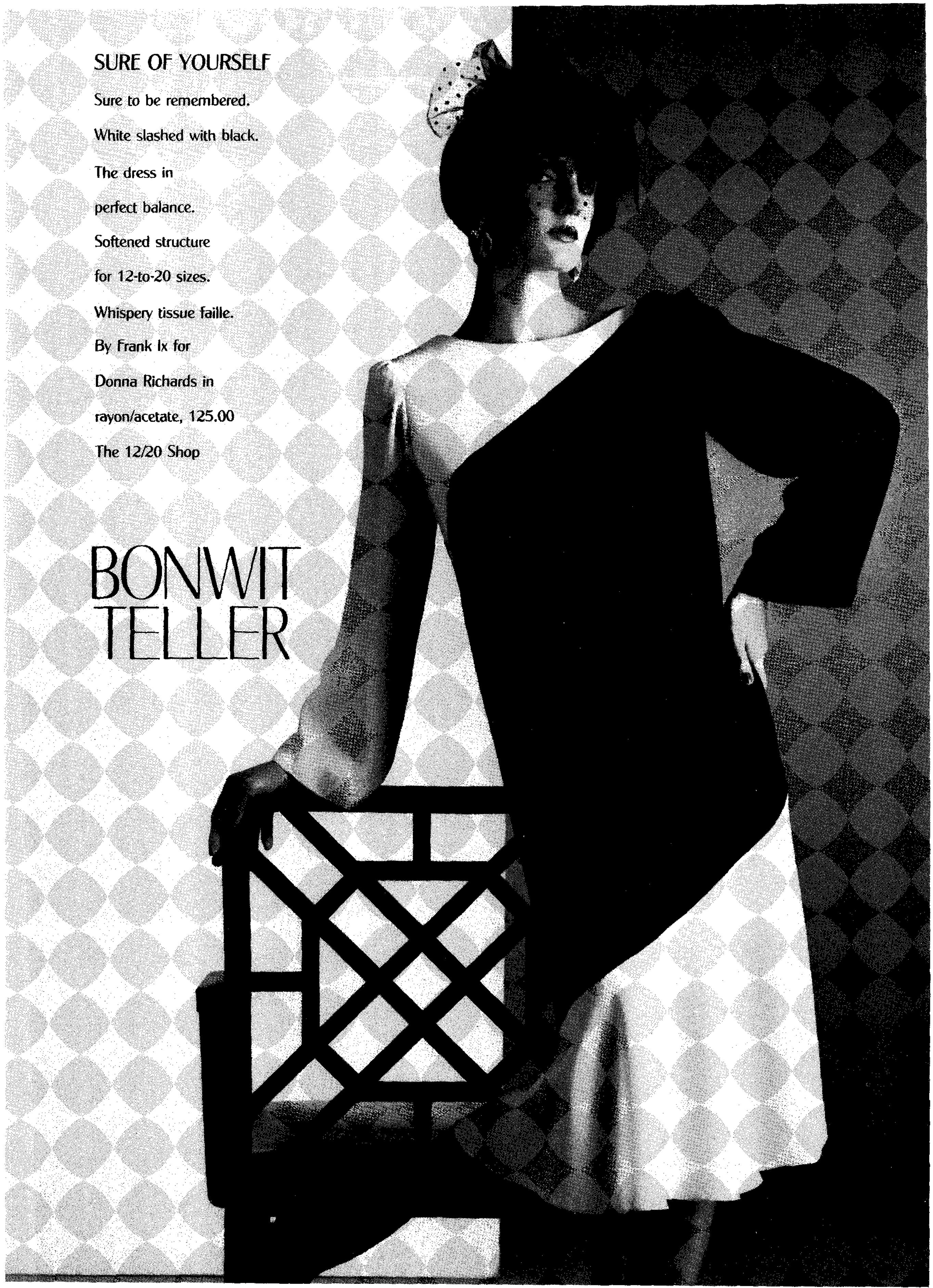

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A comedy by David Mamet that depicts the perplexities—sometimes cruel, sometimes touching, and often surprisingly funny—of three sorry souls in the lower depths of Chicago. Superbly enacted by Al Pacino and J. J. Johnston, under the direction of Arvin Brown. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/83.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 4.)

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A comedy about a lower-middle-class English family and its sad and merry ups and downs during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor. (12/12/83) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby—An unpleasantly clinical musical about having babies. One might as well be in the hospital. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," starring Kevin O'Connor, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. With Fisher Stevens as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Criminal Minds—Three fine actors—John Glover, Leo Burmester, and Pamela Reed—play a couple of escaped convicts and the girlfriend of one of them in Robin Swicord's very funny comedy. David Trainer was the fine director. (1/23/84) (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

Do Lord Remember Me—A revival of James de Jongh's dramatic play, made from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. With Frances Foster, Gian Carlo Esposito, Ebony Jo-Ann, Lou Myers, and Roger Robinson. Staged by Regge Life. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doonesbury—A musical fashioned from the famous comic strip. Undergraduate humor is glacially slow to change, which may be just as well for all of us. (12/5/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Cole Porter's **RED HOT AND BLUE,** with a book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, is the fourth in this season's series of eight plays. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Glass Menagerie—The Tennessee Williams classic is at once sentimental and astringent, thanks to first-rate performances by Jessica Tandy, Amanda Plummer, John Heard, and Bruce Davison. (12/12/83) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Heartbreak House—Shaw's vision of the time of "the breaking of nations," circa 1914. Rex Harrison is magnificent as Captain Shotover; also in the cast are Rosemary Harris, Dana Ivey, Stephen McHattie, and Philip Bosco. (12/19/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St., west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

The Human Comedy—This oratorio, based on William Saroyan's novel about a family in California during the Second World War, has an enchanting, witty score by Galt MacDermot, and it is extremely well performed by the singers under Wilford Leach's direction. Mr. Saroyan's unabashed sweetness of spirit, which is engaging in the first act, becomes troublesome in the second, which deals, in large part, with military life and death. With Delores Hall, Stephen Geoffreys, Rex Smith, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Josh Blake, David Johnson, and Bonnie Koloc. (1/9/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ian McKellen Acting Shakespeare—That excellent actor Ian McKellen offers a varied selection of Shakespearean snippets, interspersed with pleasing orbiter dicta about the playwright and his times. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Jo Henderson, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Christine Rose, Chip Zien, and with Betty Comden as Mother. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, Jan. 29: **THE GONDOLIERS.** . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Feb. 1: **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Living Theatre—Four plays in repertory. **THE YELLOW METHUSELAH,** an adaptation by Hanon Reznikov of Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," and Wassily Kandinsky's "The Yellow Sound": Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 25-27, at 8. . . . **THE ONE AND THE MANY,** by Ernst Toller: Saturday, Jan. 28, at 7 (opening) and 10; Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 8. . . . **ANTIGONE,** by Bertolt Brecht: Sunday, Jan. 29, at 7:30, and Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8. . . . **THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF SLEEP,** by Julian Beck (reviewed in this issue): Friday, Feb. 3, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 4, at 7 and 10. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Closes Sunday, Feb. 26.)

Mirror Theatre Company—Two revivals opening a season of alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS,** and Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page. (Mirror Theatre, 320 W. 46th St. Moves on Wednesday, Feb. 1, to the Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 279-4200.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director was Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

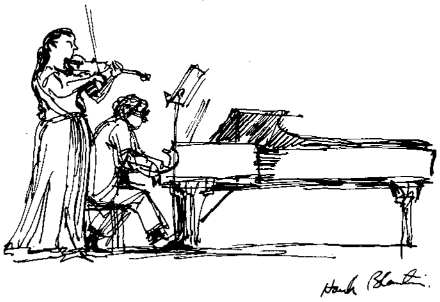
Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for, from Santa Claus or anyone else. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Old Times—An extremely good revival of Harold Pinter's marvellous play. Anthony Hopkins is the husband, Marsha Mason is the wife, and Jane Alexander is her friend of long ago. Kenneth Frankel directed. (1/23/84) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Open Admissions—A play by Shirley Lauro, starring Calvin Levels and Marilyn Rockafellow. The director is Elinor Renfield. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 28. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 29. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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A Private View—Three sharp satiric comedies by the brave Czech dissident Vaclav Havel. Stephen Keep (a ringer for Joseph Papp) is very good in the leading role of each of them, and everybody else does well, too. Vera Blackwell was the impeccable translator; Lee Grant directed. (12/5/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. Jeremy Irons is charming in this essentially charmless role. Glenn Close is the playwright's mistress and eventual wife, who proves to be even more selfish than he is. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Tap Dance Kid—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dancing scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—A production by Peter Brook of a much abbreviated version of the Bizet opera. One misses the colorful hurly-burly of the original, though the story, taken from a novella by Mérimée, remains surefire. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,880 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. On Wednesday evening, Jan. 25, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 4.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a seething satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 29.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Jan. 29, at 6:30.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 1, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 12. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 2, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Feb. 3, at 7:30; and Saturday, Feb. 4, at 11, 3, and 7:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 25: "Rossini Quartets," "Piano Pieces," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 26: "Swan Lake," "A Schubertiad" (première), and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 27: "Western Symphony," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Tarantella," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 28: "Rossini Quartets," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Duo Concertant," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 28: "Swan Lake," "Piano Pieces," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 29: "Divertimento No. 15," "A Schubertiad," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 29: "Divertimento No. 15," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 31: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Concertino," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 1: "Swan Lake," "A Schubertiad," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 2: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 3: "Ballo della Regina," "Concertino," "A Schubertiad," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 4: "Ballo della Regina," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Tango," "Piano-Rag-Music," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Jennifer Muller & the Works—A one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 25-28, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3.)

Lar Lubovitch Dance Company—Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7:30, and Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Cavalcade," "Adagio and Rondo for Glass Harp" (première), "The Time Before the Time After," and "Tabernacle" (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 1, and Friday, Feb. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3: "Marimba," "Adagio and Rondo for Glass Harp," "Big Shoulders" (New York première), and "Cavalcade." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2 and 8: "North Star," "Nine Person Precision Ball Passing," "Big Shoulders," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Cavalcade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Twyla Tharp Dance—A three-week engagement by Miss Tharp and her company—Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 25-26, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, at 8: "Sue's Leg," "Telemann," and "Nine Sinatra Songs." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2 and 7: "Fait Accompli" (New York première) and "Baker's Dozen." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 31, and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 1-2, at 8: "The Golden Section," "Eight Jelly Rolls," and "Bad Smells" (New York première). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Through Sunday, Feb. 12.)

Dance Theatre Workshop—Two programs of contemporary dance. **EIKO & KOMA:** "Night Tide" (première) and "Grain." Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 25-28, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3; and Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 1-4, at 8. . . . **ROBERT SMALL:** "Anything with a Heartbeat," a new full-length solo work. Tuesdays at 8. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

Marleen Pennison and Dancers—"The Departure" and "The Routine." (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 25-29, and Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 1-5, at 7:30.)

Daniel Mc Cusker & Company—A program of new and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Jan. 26, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 28-29, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at the piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, the **JAKI BYARD** trio will be aboard, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, pianist **KENNY BARRON** will lead a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Percussion wiz **RAY BARRETTO,** his orchestra, and a guest soloist, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN,** will all be onstage through Sunday, Jan. 29; Monday, Jan. 30, will belong to Craig Purpura; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN'S** trio will trade sets with pianist **SHARON FREEMAN'S** trio; and starting Thursday, Feb. 2, the saxophonist **MC LEAN** family—**JACKIE** and **RENE**—will take charge. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Thursday, Jan. 26, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY;** Friday, Jan. 27, Blotto; Saturday, Jan. 28, folkies David Massengill, Suzanne Vega, Frank Christian, and others; Sunday through Tuesday, Jan. 29-31, tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI;** Thursday, Feb. 2, guitarists **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABERCROMBIE;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, singer-guitarist-songwriter **STEVE GOODMAN.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **HILTON RUIZ,** a driving young bebop-and-Latin-jazz-inspired pianist, and **MAJOR HOLLEY,** a veteran bassist who hums and buzzes while he bows his bass à la Slam Stewart, team up through Saturday, Jan. 28; Sunday, Jan. 29, will be claimed by bassist **JACO PASTORIUS** and pianist Mike Stern; and on Monday, Jan. 30, pianist **STEVE KUHN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** will take charge for six nights. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with bassist **DON THOMPSON** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Minetta Tavern
Minetta Tavern
Minetta Tavern
RISTORANTE
DIEGO

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is ensconced in this dark-brown restaurant around the corner from Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Wednesday, Jan. 25, Screen Test, the Privates, Painted Bird, and the Mood Elevators; Thursday, Jan. 26, Paul Collins Beat, Clairvoyant, and the Lustres; Friday, Jan. 27, Floor Kiss, Last Goodnight, the Young Hegelians, and Costa Rocka; Saturday, Jan. 28, Crossfire Choir, Naux, and Khmer Rouge; and Tuesday, Jan. 31, Joe Mystery Group. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**CARRIE SMITH,** a strong, worthwhile interpreter of blues and jazz, sings here Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Laura Theodore sings here Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Jan. 25, Andy McGann and Patty Reynolds; Saturday, Jan. 28, the Chicken Chokers String Band; Wednesday, Feb. 1, Conway & Ryan; and Saturday, Feb. 4, Snakelips. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Jan. 29, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young tenor saxophonist who plays in a big-voiced, swing-era style, will lead a quintet. On Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer's quintet is on hand, Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio is present. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Jan. 25, Pianosaurus at nine and midnight plus a B movie; Friday, Jan. 27, T-Bone Burnette at eight and eleven; Saturday, Jan. 28, Aztec Two-Step at eight and eleven; Sunday, Jan. 29, Jane Brucker Comedy Night; and Friday, Feb. 3, **PATRICK SKY** at eight and eleven. Thursdays from nine are comedy nights, and Mondays from nine to ten are the property of performance artist Beth Lapides.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** through Thursday, Jan. 26; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, singer Val Eley; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 29-30, singer and pianist **ANDY BEY'S** trio; Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and pianist **RAHN BURTON;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, singer and pianist **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enought to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Alicia Sherman sings with the Matt McErlean trio Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays pianist Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson has the floor.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pi-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

anist. **DICK WELLSTOOD**, a stride specialist, is the pianist Tuesdays through Saturdays; **DICK HYMAN** owns the dining-room grand on Mondays; and Keith MacDonald drops by on Sundays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JASMINE, 168 W. 96th Street (662-6665)—A new jazz outlet on the upper West Side: Baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** sings here with the **RED PRYSOCK** quartet through Saturday, Jan. 28; on Tuesday, Jan. 31, pianist **RANDY WESTON** will begin a rare New York stint with his trio. Mondays are the property of soprano saxophonist Darryl Foster's quartet, which backs up singer Alyson Williams. Music from about ten until about two-thirty. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Longtime musical associates pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and super bassist **RON CARTER** collaborate through Saturday, Jan. 28; Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 4, have been set aside for pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY**; and Sundays and Mondays are, as usual, allotted to pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA**. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 25, out-there jazz-funk guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**; Thursday, Jan. 26, Ron LaSalle & the Twin Bullets Band; Sunday, Jan. 29, the Washington Squares and **PETER STAMPFEL** & the Bottle Caps; and Wednesday, Feb. 1, Chicago-blues night with singer and blues-harp expert **JAMES COTTON** and saxophonist **EDDIE SHAW & THE WOLF GANG**. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** leads a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 29, and on Tuesday, Jan. 31, singer-pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** will come in with a trio. Mondays are given over to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** big band. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON**, an especially convincing and moving performer, sings a tribute to Cole Porter Tuesdays through Saturdays. Shows begin at nine-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 25, Cigano; Thursday, Jan. 26, Mark Suozzo; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS**; Wednesday, Feb. 1, Ibis; Thursday, Feb. 2, pianist **DANNY MIXON**; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, rhapsodic electric violinist Noel Pointer. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 25, Sweet Water and Billy & the Buttons; Thursday, Jan. 26, Stone Tiger and Buddy Love; Friday, Jan. 27, Janie Barnett, Bobby Blue & His Rockin' Men, and Faz; Saturday, Jan. 28, Jim Dawson and Linda Webb; Sunday, Jan. 29, Tony Sarno; Monday, Jan. 30, the Six, This, and the Turncoats; Tuesday, Jan. 31, comedy night; Wednesday, Feb. 1, Circle of Five, the Next, and Spanko; Thursday, Feb. 2, Girl Talk, the Push, and Joey Ace & the Deal; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, John Phillips. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

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PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Jan. 27, Love Tractor; Saturday, Jan. 28, Raybeats; and Friday, Feb. 3, **ALAN VEGA**. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play the eighties version of the Bounce through Sunday, Jan. 29; on Tuesday, Jan. 31, **WOODY HERMAN** will take over with his band. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Jan. 26, Tommy James; Saturday, Jan. 28, the Comateens and the Roustabouts; and Friday, Feb. 3, John Hiatt. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 25, pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD**; Thursday, Jan. 26, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS**; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** sextet; Sunday, Jan. 29, Israeli singer Milca; Monday, Jan. 30, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**; Tuesday, Jan. 31, Roads Scholars; Wednesday, Feb. 1, Mr. Spats; Thursday, Feb. 2, Rock Wilk; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, bassist **JAMAALADEEN TACUMA**. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The exuberant weekend crush does nothing to dispel the rumor that Brazil is the Texas of South America. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 25, congaist **DANIEL PONCÉ**; Thursday, Jan. 26, Gumbe Sounds; Friday, Jan. 27, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Saturday, Jan. 28, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; and Sunday, Jan. 29, Mario Toledo. Music from ten. Dining. The club will be closed for a month beginning Monday, Jan. 30.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** works with pianist **JOHN HICKS**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, and drummer **ED BLACKWELL** through Saturday, Jan. 28; Sunday, Jan. 29, will belong to saxophonist **JAMEEL MOONDOC**; Monday, Jan. 30, has been set aside for trumpeter **MALACHI THOMPSON AND THE FREE BOP BAND**; and Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 4, tenor saxophonist and natty dresser **ARCHIE SHEPP** will guide his quintet. Shows from about nine-thirty. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on Monday, Jan. 30, the **MACHITO BIG BAND** will alternate with **JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ**, and the guest jazz soloist will be trumpeter **JON FADDIS**. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, flutist **HERBIE MANN** will front a sextet that will feature **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** on tenor sax. And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** perform through Saturday, Jan. 29; **JOHN HICKS** and Elise Woods will take over on Tuesday, Jan. 31; and **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, jazz harpist, plays on Tuesdays, too.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. A vital hard-bop quintet co-piloted by trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and trumpeter-saxophonist **IRA SULLIVAN** is here until Sunday, Jan. 29; on Monday, Jan. 30, **FRANK FOSTER'S BIG BAND** will drop by; and starting Tuesday, Jan. 31, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** will lead a quartet. On Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is in charge. Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. Pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER'S** trio winds up its visit on Sunday, Jan. 29; on Tuesday, Jan. 31, a sublime bass-guitar duo—**RON CARTER** and **JIM HALL**—will move in. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The pianists: Mondays through Wednesdays Esther Blue, and Thursdays through Sundays Tom Charlip. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The musicians: Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 25-28, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH**; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 30-31, the Shelbo Jump Band; and Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 1-4, saxophonist Haywood Henry. Sundays are the property of alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ**. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A piano-bass nook in a town-house restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **JACK WILSON** and Boots Maleson are on hand through Saturday, Jan. 28; Jim Roberts and Brian Torff will move in on Tuesday, Jan. 31; and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** show up every Sunday. Music from eight every night but Monday. Dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MOTELS—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8.

LUTHER VANDROSS—With DeBarge. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 27-29, at 8.)

JUNIOR COOK–BILL HARDMAN QUINTET—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 27-28, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

ROY CLARK AND TAMMY WYNETTE—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3 and 8.

ARMEN DONELIAN QUARTET—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.

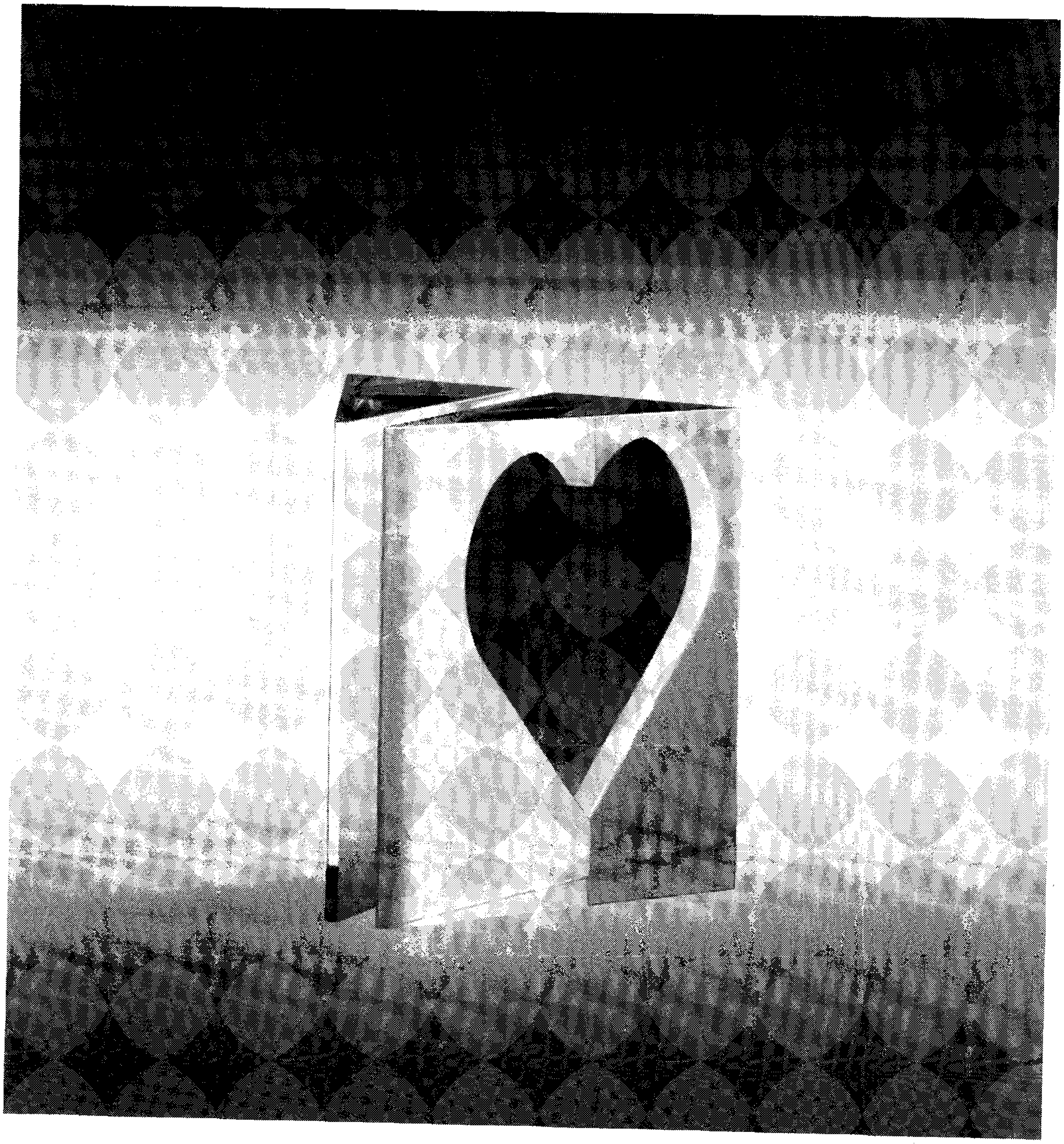
LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The first in a series of five programs entitled "The Golden Decade of Song: The Tuneful Thirties," this one featuring June Havoc (narrator), Wayne Bryan, Will Holt, Jo Sullivan Loesser, Carol Woods, and Kay Swift. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

JOSÉ FELICIANO—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3.

OZZY OSBOURNE—With Motley Crue. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

JANE IRA BLOOM AND DANA MCCURDY—With Ratzo Harris. (Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St. 777-2528. Monday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

BILLY IDOL—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. 874-1717. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 2-3, at 8.

Nayjama—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.

Phoebe Snow—With Leo Kottke. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

David Murray—Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.

Irving Plaza—Saturday, Jan. 28, at 11:30: Padant-iks, the Insiders, and Lou Miami & the Cosmetics. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 9: Daniel Poncé & New York Now. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 9: Commitment. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Dan Christensen / Ben Benson—Color-field acrylics on canvas and paper. / Collages. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Maureen Connor—Sculptures in which drapery motifs are carried to abstraction. Through Feb. 25. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Robert Cumming—Paintings on paper, sculptures, and photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Oils dating from the early to mid-sixties, by a color-field painter. Through Feb. 9. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Victor Elmaleh—Tiny watercolor abstractions, some of which suggest landscapes but most of which are simply colorful forms in imaginative arrangements. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Vera Klement—Paintings. Through Feb. 11. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Watercolors from a sketchbook executed in 1934, on a Mediterranean cruise aboard the yacht of Sara and Gerald Murphy. Through Feb. 11. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Tabletop-size bronze and terra-cotta sculptures done with unusual figurative skill; nude women in languorous attitudes is one of his specialties. Through Feb. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Avner Moriah / Joseph Bartscherer—War's intrusion upon domestic tranquility, as seen by an Israeli veteran who paints armored vehicles and drying laundry with equal objectivity. / Photographs of farm scenes and farm equipment in Washington State. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Robert Ohnigian and Leonard Stokes—Small, elegant examples of works by each of these two collagists. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

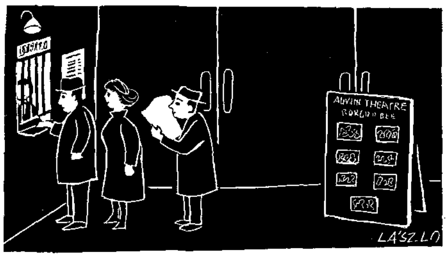
Reinhoud—Sculptures. Through Feb. 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Bill Spira—Recent freestanding, table, or wall sculptures combining stoneware and wood. Through Feb. 11. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Sarah Supplee—Realist landscapes, sun-dappled one and all. Through Feb. 8. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Boaz Vaadia—New freestanding sculptures involving slate and wood, including some featuring large facetted sections, in slate, that the artist calls "precious stones." Through Tuesday, Jan. 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie,** 9 E. 82nd St.: A small show, spurred by the Kandinsky exhibit at the Guggenheim, which offers watercolors by him and by Klee and Moholy-Nagy, an oil by Liubov Popova, and other works. Through March 31. . . . **ericson,** 23 E. 74th St.: Abstract paintings and works on paper by gallery artists Hans Hinterreiter, Robert Quijada, Christopher White, Stan Gregory, Nanette Carter, and Edith Newhall. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Realist paintings, primarily by Americans (Robert Cottingham, William Wilkins, Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe); two dozen artists in all. Through Feb. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **noortman & brod,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings on loan from the Manchester City Art Gallery, England. Among the artists are van Ruisdael, Tissot, and Sickert. Through Feb. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **prakapas,** 19 E. 71st St.: A small sample of works integrating the written or printed word by the pioneers of this now much-practiced approach, including Georges Braque (1910 etching), Sonia Delaunay (1917 gouache), and Herbert Bayer (1943 photograph). Through Feb. 25. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.) . . . **willard,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists Robert Lobe, Judith Shea, Tod Wizon, and others. Through Wednesday, Feb. 1.



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GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Seabirds, cows, billowing sails, and people are seen in these paintings and works on paper, done between 1933 and 1963. Through Wednesday, Feb. 1. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Imaginary creatures are subjected to horrendous cruelties in these paintings, which the artist says are intended to arouse compassion in the viewer. Through Thursday, Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Christian Berard (1902-49)—Portraits of Jean Cocteau and Horst are included in this small show, which gives a whiff of Paris between the wars. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Charles Clough—Sixty small art-reproduction photographs painted over with enamel. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Marcia Dalby—More than a hundred wire-mesh sculptures of popular-hero types (football players, deep-sea divers, astronauts), plus appropriate properties (shoulder pads, starfish, flying saucers). Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Willem de Kooning—A show of paintings from 1969 to the present which coincides with his retrospective at the Whitney. Through Friday, Jan. 27. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St.)

Emlen Etting—A half century of paintings and drawings by an artist whose styles have ranged from realism to abstractionism and whose subjects include people and still-lifes. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Paintings, primarily early works, by a New York School artist. Through Wednesday, Feb. 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Abstract paintings by Thomas Nozkowski, Jonathan Lasker, and Gary Stephan have been hung on the walls of another room at this gallery.

Michael Haas / Nancy Burson—Figurative works in which pigment and charcoal are literally ground into the paper; the artist is French and this is his first show in America. / Composite photographs, done with the help of computers, in which the features of, say, several movie stars are melded into one face. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Hardy—Paintings and drawings of athletic young women in and around sleek swimming pools that seem to be at odds with the sylvan countryside in which they are placed. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Great queens and empresses, real and imaginary, painted in this artist's confident, freehand style. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944)—Paintings and drawings in a small show that complements the big exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Feb. 11. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alex Katz / Marsden Hartley (1877-1943)—Small paintings from 1950 to the present. / Paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Minoru Kawabata / Dike Blair—Abstract paintings by an artist who frequently takes his cues from origami. / Constructions involving black glass and mirrors which have a strong Oriental feeling. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Paul Linfante—Outsize fruits, mostly apples, are the subjects of these pastels. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Winifred Lutz—Sections of saplings, sometimes entwined with bittersweet vine, and handmade paper go into these airy sculptural works, most of them wall pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michael Malpass—Recent steel sculptures. Through March 2. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ronald Markman / Donald Sandstrom—Layers of brightly painted wood cutouts assembled in works that reflect a comic-book type of humor. / Lonesome crossroads settlements depicted in three-dimensional sculptures cut from strips of aluminum. Through Thursday, Feb. 2. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin—Gray-on-gray abstractions that measure six feet square. Through Feb. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Frank Metz—Plein-air oils of coastal Maine and Long Island. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jules Olitski / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Large abstractions in which metallic-looking paint combined with gel is trowelled in ripples onto the canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. / Bright-colored abstractions from the forties, done on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lincoln Perry—Revelry, seduction, and marriage are themes in some of these paintings, in which figures are arranged in classical groups, nude or in modern dress. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Architectural forms are reduced to abstractions in these new paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—A triple show. Miniature bronzes (figures on chairs), plus drawings. Through Feb. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Multipart photographs assembled from 8 x 10 Polaroids. Through Feb. 11. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A retrospective of pastels. Through Feb. 17. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

F. L. Schroder—Abstract wall sculptures. Through Feb. 18. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Bright-colored shaped canvases, circular, oval, and in clusters, in a two-gallery show—at the uptown Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and at the downtown Washburn, 113 Greene St. Through Feb. 25.

Chaim Soutine (1893-1943)—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by this School of Paris painter. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—Early constructions (of wire, plaster, and twine) and late, welded-steel sculptures (these seen in public for the first time) bracket a memorial exhibition of twenty-five works. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bill Sullivan—Landscape paintings of Ecuador, which the artist visited last spring. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St.)

Altoon Sultan / Jay Phillips—Landscapes of upstate and Long Island, featuring the antiseptic architectural subjects fancied by this realist, as well as still-lifes from her Manhattan studio. / Abstract paintings and sculptures. Through Wednesday, Feb. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Late paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ger van Elk—Enlarged color photographs, some from the tropics and some from Polar regions, partly painted over with abstractions done in enamel. Through Feb. 9. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Betty Woodman / Ree Morton (1936-77)—Brightly painted earthenware pots. / Paintings and drawings, including several of her deadpan landscapes and portraits of fish shown in elegantly curtained frames. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Marguerite Zorach (1887-1968)—Landscapes from her travels, which took her to Antigua, Maine, Paris, Jerusalem, etc. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

American Women Artists—A two-part exhibition, this opening part fanning out from the first wave of twentieth-century practitioners, such as O'Keeffe, MacIver, Nevelson, and Martin, and going up to Frank, Rockburne, and Graves. Thirty-two artists in all. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Gustav Klimt's painting "The Battle of Life" (often called "The Golden Knight"), plus drawings by that artist and other works by Schiele, Modersohn-Becker, and Kollwitz. Through Feb. 18. . . . **GETLER-PALL-SAPER,** 50 W. 57th St.: Eight artists (Valerie Jaudon, Eric Fischl, Robert Zakanitch) showing a single drawing and print each. Through Feb. 25. . . . **MARKEL,** 50 W. 57th St.: A huge pastel of a boy's face by Susan Moore and a street scene painted with documentary realism by Robert Birmelin are among works by seven artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St.: Among the twelve artists who have been invited to show their paintings here are Forrest Bess and James Bohary. Through Saturday, Feb. 4.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Noah Baen / Alan Glovsky—Paintings and works on paper that address political issues, by an Expressionist. / Deliberately simplified paintings, usually of a solitary figure; also, objects. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Gene Davis—A survey of his stripe paintings from the past twenty-five years. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Jim Dine—Representative works dating from 1959 to 1964, the period when Pop Art was being born with this artist's notable assistance. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Frank Faulkner / Edward Larson—New pattern paintings and works on paper. / Quilts and wood carvings, based on American folklore. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Joe Giordano—A brick wall is painted in the background of each work in a new series of still-lifes by this realist. Through Feb. 8. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Mike Glier—Outsize paintings of happy-looking women yelling at the top of their lungs; most of the subjects are friends of the artist. Through Thursday, Feb. 2. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Nancy Holt—A room-size installation entitled "Hot Water Heat," so named because the plumbing hardware assembled here at the Weber gallery has become a temporary adjunct of its hot-water system. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Lee Jaffe—Large, exuberant paintings in which some of our more deplorable history is exploited. Fish scales and old shoes are collaged onto the background of a Sacco and Vanzetti portrait, for instance, and mink and fox-fur pelts are stretched across a panel covered with gold leaf to evoke the robber barons. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Christof Kohlhofer—Posterlike works in which the artist paints directly on photographic enlargements to express his strong views on a wide variety of subjects, mainly political and social injustice. Through Feb. 11. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts. Opens at noon.)

Komar & Melamid—Paintings by this team of Russians in which Old Master history subjects have been parlayed into the Socialist Realism style. Through Feb. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Carlo Maria Mariani—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 15. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Sabina Mirri—Large pastel drawings of nudes and landscapes by an Italian artist with a melancholy turn of mind. Through Feb. 9. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Tom Nozkowski / Tim Spelios—Singular abstract shapes are set against flat backgrounds in most of these small new paintings. / Matte-black wood sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Rikuro Okamoto / Stanley Bowman—A ten-foot cube of stainless steel that creeps, almost imperceptibly, back and forth a couple of feet. / Color photographs of unusual arrangements of, say, scallions, pliers, cherries, screwdrivers, and so on. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. In another room, Marilyn Levine has ceramic reproductions of leather items such as work boots, jackets, valises.)

Frank Owen—New works by an artist who makes molds of his compositions and coats them with an acrylic skin, which he then peels off, mounts on a panel, and covers with colored paints. Through Feb. 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

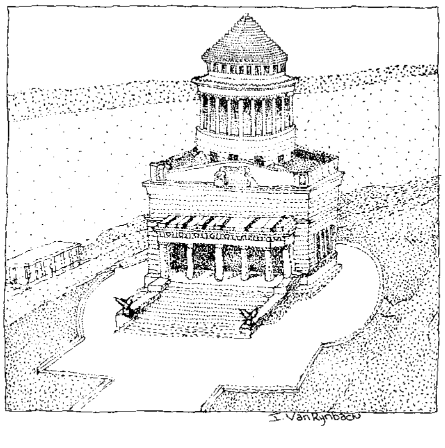
A. R. Penck—Paintings from the past two decades. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Archie Rand / Len Jenshel—Large canvases dotted with discrete figurative tableaux, some of them collaged. / Color photographs of arboretums. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Manès, a new gallery at 177 Prince St.)

Mark Saltz—Abstract paintings incorporating organic forms set off in high relief. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Paul Sisko—Small-scale abstract metal sculptures—maquettes, actually—of works designed for public spaces. Through Sunday, Jan. 29. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Group Shows—At **CONDESO-LAWLER,** 76 Greene St.: Drawings, some in rich colors, by Loretta Barnett, Jackie Lipton, Cynthia Knott, and Matthew Schley. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by ten artists. Through Feb. 18. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ENO,** 101 Wooster St.: This coöperative gallery is showing all kinds of works by its members.



Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Opens at noon.) . . . **HABER,** 133 Greene St.: A painted wood-and-canvas construction depicting a disorderly kitchen, by Mimi Gross, and a mobile of black-painted trapezoidal figures, by Martin Boyle, are among the works in a show representing a dozen artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **INGBER,** 460 West Broadway: Abstractions by more than a dozen painters and sculptors, including James Brooks, Joe Stefanelli, Jack Tworkov, and Rosemary Cove. Through Feb. 11. . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St.: Paintings and constructions meant to convey, in the curator's words, "the raw sting of the city" (New York, that is); Robert Birmelin, Archie Rand, others. Through Feb. 8.

Sculpture—"Varieties of Sculptural Ideas," a show of sixty artists, both contemporary (Bourgeois, Arneson, di Suvero) and from earlier days (Giacometti, Lachaise). Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Judy Rifka—Soldiers, casualties, wrecked buildings, and even the mushroom cloud of an atomic explosion are depicted in these shoot-from-the-hip drawings, which were inspired by events in the Middle East and which cover the walls and ceiling. Through Sunday, Feb. 5. (51X Gallery, 51 St. Marks Pl. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **BROMM,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: Keiko Bonk, Kiki Smith, and Kim Keever are three of the twenty-five relatively unsung artists exhibiting paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **THE CLOCKTOWER,** 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and performance art by the thirty-four artists who were selected by the Institute for Art and Urban Resources for a year-long studio subsidy. Through Feb. 12. (Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: Largely fanciful propositions by architects and artists for altering the landscape of Manhattan; wild animals would roam near Roger Ferri's skyscraper, for instance, while Richard Haas would be content with painting shadows of the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings on the World Trade Center. Drawings, models, etc. Through March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **GARET,** 204 E. 10th St.: Drawings mounted salon style, the work of thirteen artists, each of whom has several pieces. Among those represented: Tom Otterness, Jianni Dessi, and Alice Neel. Through Feb. 19. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **STOLER,** 13 White St.: A dozen painters and sculptors are represented in these works, some of which might easily be mistaken for machines—especially a piece by Alice Aycock involving large circular blades. Through Saturday, Feb. 4.

PHOTOGRAPHY

André Kertész—Twenty-two recently printed color photographs; some of the original transparencies reach back into the early fifties. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Timothy Lamb—Very large prints; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 10. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Solarizations, Rayographs, and other aspects of his photographic work. Through Feb. 11. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Roman Vishniac—About fifty prints by a photographer who, at risk to himself, recorded life in Jewish communities of Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939. Through Sunday, Jan. 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **CAMERA CLUB,** 37 E. 60th St.: Polaroid prints by seven New York photographers, including Denis Sivack and Eve Sonneman. Through Feb. 10. (Opens at 1, Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **JEWISH MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: Two exhibits representing recent efforts to document Jewish experience in the Soviet Union—"Hidden Lives," a collaboration by Nodar Djindjihashvili and Albert Ben-Zion, has fifty-five prints and is the realization of a two-year, twenty-thousand-mile surreptitious odyssey. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight works by Bill Aron, whose subjects live in Leningrad, Minsk, and Mos-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cow. Through March 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **LEDEL,** 168 Mercer St.: Prints of New York City, 1890 to now. Through Feb. 18. (Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **SANDER,** 51 Greene St.: Nineteen-thirties photographs, including some advertising prints, by Europeans affiliated with the Bauhaus and by others. Through Saturday, Jan. 28. . . . **SOHO PHOTO,** 15 White St., between West Broadway and Sixth Ave.: A fourteenth-anniversary exhibition, including photographs by Steve Reichl and Eve Stroh. Through Friday, Feb. 3. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6, and Tuesday evenings from 7 to 9.) . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paul Caponigro's photograph of a face-off between a cloud and a tree nicely illustrates a show of photographs, paintings, and graphics called "Clouds and Trees." Through Feb. 25. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through April 15. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through April 15. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—The museum will be closed for renovations for a few months.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915-1933," a show of paintings and other works by the artist which is supplemented by works by Russian avant-garde artists and Kandinsky's Bauhaus colleagues. Through Feb. 12. A smaller, complementary offering is at the Marisa del Re Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Two concurrent shows of the works of Willem de Kooning: Drawings (close to a hundred and thirty) from the past six decades have been mounted on the second floor. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and sculptures from the past fifty years occupies the fourth-floor galleries. Through Feb. 26. A complementary show (ending Friday, Jan. 27) of recent paintings is at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A recent bequest of nine drawings by sculptor Theodore Roszak (1907-81), plus an outright gift of two more, prompts a small show of sculptures, drawings, and a painting originally seen in the Whitney's second biennial. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of more than a hundred gelatin prints by photographer Karl Gernot Kuehn. Through April 1. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ A display of more than five hundred models that were submitted to the United States Patent Office between 1836 and 1880. One such is Steinway's model for a piano keyboard. Through April 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Étienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—John Singleton Copley's portrait of Mrs. Thomas Gage is on view on the fourth floor through Sunday, Jan. 29. . . . ¶ A loan show, from Paris, of the paintings that took the Grand Prix de Rome at the École des Beaux-Arts from 1797 to 1863, the year Manet's unacceptable "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" was shown at the Salon des Refusés. The award-winning canvases include Ingres's 1801 "Achilles Receiving the Envoys of Agamemnon." Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, et al. Through March 16. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

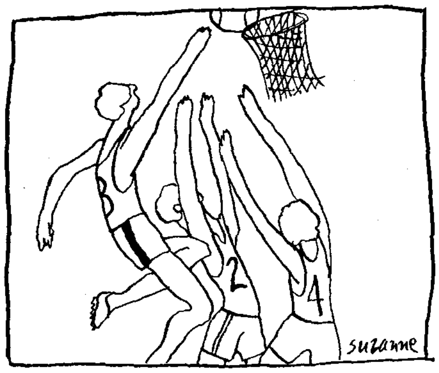
(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A show of sculptures by Belgian artist Didier Vermeiren. Through Feb. 18.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—"Mail Art Then and Now," a show of postcards and other such documents by various theorists of this off-the-wall movement. Through March 10.

THE KITCHEN, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—John Malpede (performance), Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 26-28, at 8:30; Amina Claudine Myers (music-theatre program), Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; Tim Burns, Ann Rupel, D. Zonzinsky (performance), Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A two-channel video installation of Nam June Paik's New Year's Day live-TV program. Through Saturday, Jan. 28.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—Minimalist Robert Grosvenor is exhibiting eight sculptures (using beams, pipes, railroad ties), which fill the main hall, while one of the other current shows consists of sculptures made from found objects by about two dozen artists, including Carolee Schneemann, TODT, Joe Smith, and Marcos Margall. Through March 18.



NOTE—Benefit programs of performance art, music, dance, and short films will be presented at Performance Space 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St.: Friday, Feb. 3, at 8: Molissa Fenley, Mabou Mines, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 11: Dennis Cooper, Stephanie Skura, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8: Douglas Dunn, Bill Gordh, Peter Gordon, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 11: Eric Bogosian, Robert Ashley, Meredith Monk, and others. (For information about tickets, call 477-5288.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Neil Shicoff, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Dano Raffanti; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," with Ariel Bybee, Geraldine Decker, Richard Cassilly, and Robert Nagy; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Neil Shicoff, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and Ariel Bybee; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 30, at 8: A program entitled "Stravinsky," consisting of three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Linda Gelinas and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Philip Creech, and Morley Meredith; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Jessye Norman, Timothy Jenkins, and Franz Mazura. James Levine will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Neil Shicoff, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and Ariel Bybee; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Linda Gelinas and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Philip Creech, and Morley Meredith; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Jessye Norman, Timothy Jenkins, and Franz Mazura. James Levine will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Dano Raffanti; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 1:30: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and Ariel Bybee; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Louis Quilico, Giuliano Ciannella, and Richard Vernon; James Levine.

OPERA ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—A program of scenes and arias from past productions, with Theodor Uppman, baritone; Ruth Bierhoff, piano; and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call 288-1485.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8; Friday, Jan. 27, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7:30: A Webern-Mendelssohn program, with Murray Perahia, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8; Friday, Feb. 3, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8;

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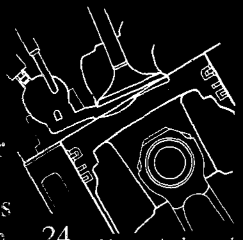

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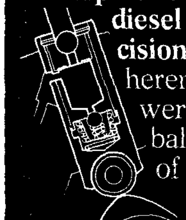

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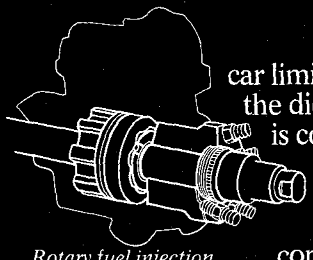
Additional savings with Olds Diesel Traveling Package. Now you can save $300 compared to the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price of the same options purchased separately, on V6 Diesel Traveling Package equipped Olds Cutlass Ciera models with: AM/FM Stereo Radio, Wire Wheel Discs, Power Door Locks and Cruise Control or Rear Window Defogger. See your dealer for details.

3-year/50,000-Mile Protection. Another plus in the diesel Oldsmobile. As part of the Olds new car limited warranty the diesel engine is covered for 3 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first. Subject to a deductible after the first 12 months-12,000 miles.

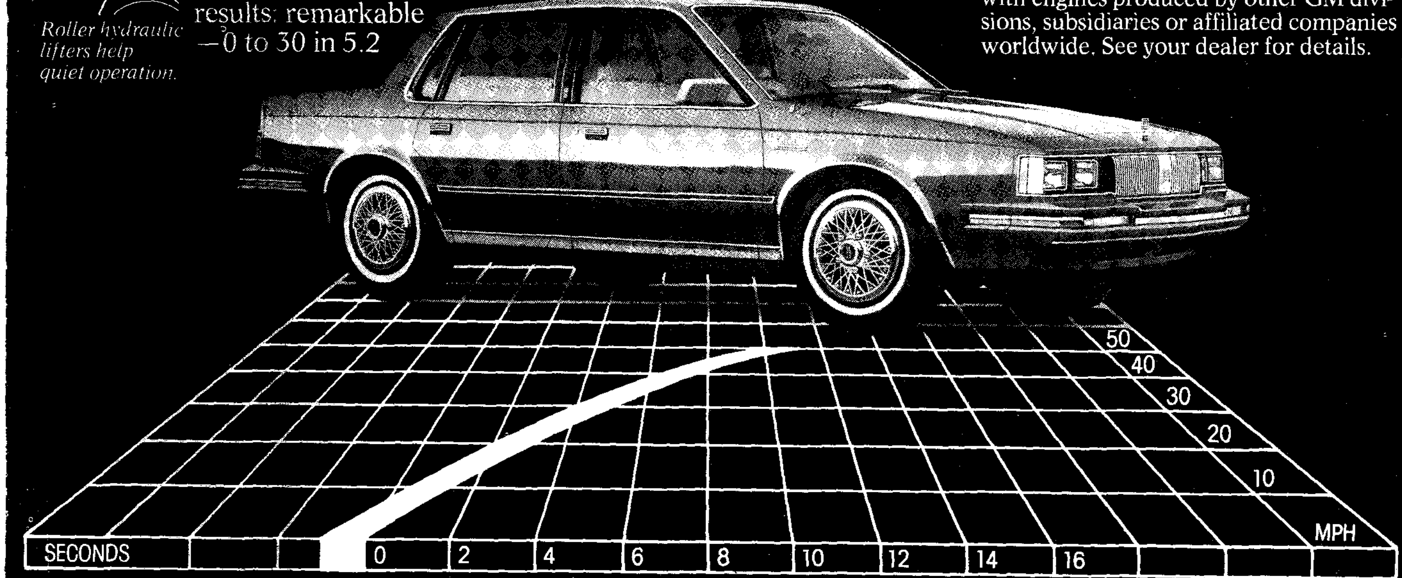


Rotary fuel injection pump precisely measures fuel for each cylinder.

Test-drive a V6 diesel Cutlass Ciera for 1984 at your Oldsmobile dealer. The way you'll feel behind the wheel will be the final and most convincing test of all.

There is a special feel in a diesel Oldsmobile

*Use the estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Estimates lower in California. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.



and Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 7:30: A Haydn-Mahler program, with Brigitte Fassbaender, mezzo-soprano, and Jon Vickers, tenor.

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing Mahler's "Das klagende Lied," with Esther Hinds, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; David Rendall, tenor; Jorma Hynninen, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 1-2, at 8.)

Gewandhaus Bach Orchestra of Leipzig—Gerhard Bosse conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here. With Paula Robison, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 29, at 6.)

Festival Chamber Orchestra—Paul Olefsky conducting and acting as cello soloist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 2.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz directing Handel's oratorio "Alexander's Feast," with Arleen Augér and Katheryn Gamberoni, sopranos; David Gordon, tenor; Ronald Hedlund, bass; and the Y Chorale. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing, with Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Bowen and Ursula Oppens, piano; and the Dave Brubeck Quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 27, at 7:30.)

Opera Ebony—A program of oratorio and opera excerpts, as well as spirituals, with the Opera Ebony Chorus. (Brick Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 91st St. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a program that will include the première of Morton Gould's "Quotations." With Marvis Martin and Jane Bryden, sopranos; Gail Dubinbaum and Shirley Close, mezzo-sopranos; Douglas Perry, tenor; and David Evitts, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

RECITALS

Arleen Augér—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Michael Lorimer—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Boris Pergamenschikow—Cello, with Pavel Gililov, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—An all-Mozart program. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Phoenix—The début concert by this early-music group whose performers include Sarah Brink, harpsichord; Ruth Cunningham, recorder and soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; and Rosamund Morley, viola da gamba. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Chamber Music—An all-Bach program, performed by Alexander Schneider, violin; Marya Martin, flute; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ William Doppmann, piano; Charles Treger, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Leslie Parnas, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 2.)

Emerson String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Paul Badura-Skoda—*Piano, in an all-Beethoven* program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 3.)

Chinese Music Ensemble of New York—Performing traditional and contemporary Chinese music. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Cecile Licad—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3.)

Joseph Schwartz—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 3.)

Ludwig Streicher—Double bass. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 7.)

Sylvia Rosenberg—Violin, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Eugene List—Piano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Montserrat Alavedra—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

On Original Instruments—The second in a series of three concerts, this one with Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Youri Egorov—Piano, in a Schumann-Debussy program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Edith Mathis—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Nathan Brand—Piano, in a Schumann-Chopin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Elizabeth Rich—The second in a series of four concerts presenting the cycle of Mozart piano sonatas. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Classical Quartet—The first of two Mozart-Haydn programs, performed on original instruments. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4037.)

New York New Music Ensemble—With Junko Ota, violin and viola, and Melissa Meell, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program called "From the World of Holbein: A Gallery of Musical Portraits," with LaNoue Davenport, recorder; Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; and Sheila Schonbrun, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Mario Escudero—*Flamenco guitarist.* (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

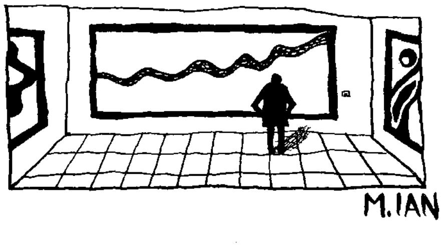
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—A Mozart-Webern-Beethoven program played by the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 5.)

Mozartean Players—The second in a series of three concerts of chamber music, this one an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Dennis Smylie, clarinet, and Raymond Mase, trumpet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Miriam Fried and Luis Batlle—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Continuum—*The first in a series of three concerts*, this one devoted to the music of George Crumb. With Shelia Schonbrun, soprano; Gail August, dancer; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and Joel Sachs acting as pianist and conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)



MISCELLANY

Philip Glass–Robert Moran Program—Performed by the San Francisco New Music Ensemble of New York and the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble, with the composers directing their own works. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Saturday, Jan. 28, at 7, and a repeat performance at 9:30. For information about tickets, call 288-6400, Ext. 286.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Byrne Meadowlands Arena (1-201 935-8888)—Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 7:35: Nets vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 7:35: Nets vs. Kansas City.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Jan. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, Jan. 29, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Jan. 28, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Feb. 4, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): All-Star Game, Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Feb. 2, at 7:35.

Karate—World Team Championships: United States vs. Canada. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Aqueduct Handicap, Sunday, Jan. 29. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 13.

Track Meet—Wanamaker Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 27, at 6.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 31. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Eve Merriam and Ruth Whitman reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Frederick Morgan and Ruth Stone reading from their own poetry. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Calvin Trillin reading from his own works, and Studs Terkel and Colleen Dewhurst reading from Mr. Terkel's works. A benefit program. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Monday, Jan. 30, at 7:30. For tickets, call 472-0600.) . . . ¶ Dave Smith and Rika Lesser reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

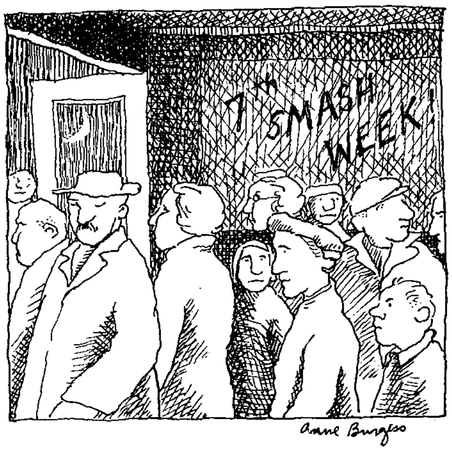
Lecture—Joseph Brodsky speaking about twentieth-century Russian literature. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Winter Antiques Show—The thirtieth annual show, featuring American and European furniture, paintings, silver, porcelains, and other relics, assembled by seventy-two dealers. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 25-28, from 11 to 9, and Sunday, Jan. 29, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.)—Seven sales of Americana. Thursday, Jan. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Prints. . . . Thursday, Jan. 26, at 10:15: Porcelains. . . . Thursday, Jan. 26, at 2: Silver. . . . Friday, Jan. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Paintings. . . . Friday, Jan. 27, at 2: Folk art, furniture, and decorative arts. . . . Saturday, Jan. 28, at 10:15: The Frank and Karen Miele Collection of American folk art. . . . Saturday, Jan. 28, at 2: Furniture.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Wuthering Heights" (1954; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Jan. 26: A festival of films from Libra Cinema 5.
Jan. 27-Feb. 2: "Local Hero" (†).
From Feb. 3: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 26: "Educating Rita" (†) and "Tootsie" (†).
From Jan. 27: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 26: "The Big Chill" (†).
From Jan. 27: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Jan. 26: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton.
From Jan. 27: "Star 80" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Scandalous" (Rob Cohen), with Robert Hays and John Gielgud.
Theatre 2: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 26: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †). From Jan. 27: "Broadway Danny Rose" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Riddle of the Sands" (Tony Maylam), with Michael York and Simon MacCorkindale.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 2: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
From Feb. 3: "A Woman in Flames" (Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 26: "Sudden Impact" (†). From Jan. 27: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: Jan. 25: "Deep in the Heart" (Tony Garnett), with Karen Young and Clayton Day. From Jan. 26: "Star 80" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "El Norte" (Gregory Nava; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Jan. 25: "Star 80" (†). From Jan. 26: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 26: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton. From Jan. 27: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Jan. 26: "The Right Stuff" (†).
From Jan. 27: "Broadway Danny Rose" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 26: "Scandalous" (Rob Cohen), with Robert Hays and John Gielgud. From Jan. 27: "The Big Chill (†).
Theatre 2: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Jan. 31: "Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?" (Henry Jaglom), with Karen Black and Michael Emil.
From Feb. 1: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silkwood" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 26: "Uncommon Valor" (†).
From Jan. 27: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 26: "The Power."
From Jan. 27: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 26: "The Big Chill" (†). From Jan. 27: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 26: "Sudden Impact" (†). From Jan. 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 26: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton. From Jan. 27: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "When the Mountains Tremble" (directed by Pamela Yates and Thomas Sigel; in Spanish); and "Nicaragua: Report from the Front" (Deborah Shaffer and Thomas Sigel). From Feb. 1: "Scrubbers" (1982; Mai Zetterling), with Chrissie Cotterill.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 26: "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter; and "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961; Samuel Fuller), with Cliff Robertson. Jan. 27-28: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. Jan. 29-30: "Tootsie" (†) and "Some Like It Hot" (†). Jan. 31: "Adieu Philippine" (1961; Jacques Rozier; in French); and "Six in Paris" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard, Jean Rouch, Jean-Daniel Pollet, Claude Chabrol, Eric Rohmer, and Jean Douchet; in French). Feb. 1-2: "The Crimson Kimono" (1959; Samuel Fuller), with Victoria Shaw, Glenn Corbett, and James Shigeta; and "China Gate" (†). Feb. 3-4: "It Happened One Night" (†) and "Bringing Up Baby" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Loveless" (Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 26: "Scarface" (†). From Jan. 27: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 26: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell). From Jan. 27: "La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.
Theatre 2: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 3: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 4: "Vertigo."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Backstage at the Kirov" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Yentl" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Educating Rita" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Basileus Quartet" (Fabio Carpi; in Italian and French).
Theatre 2: "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 2: "Kamilla" (Vibeke Løkkeberg; in Norwegian). From Feb. 3: "Dear Maestro" (Luciano Odorisio; in Italian).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 2: "Entre Nous" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "Corrupt" (Roberto Faenza), with Harvey Keitel and John Lydon. From Feb. 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 26: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell). From Jan. 27: "Love Letters" (Amy Jones), with Jamie Lee Curtis.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scandalous" (Rob Cohen), with Robert Hays and John Gielgud.
Theatre 3: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 26: "Sudden Impact" (†). From Jan. 27: "Star 80" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 26: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Diner" (†). From Jan. 27: "Broadway Danny Rose" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 26: "Ziggy Stardust

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and the Spiders from Mars" (D. A. Pennebaker), a film of a 1973 concert, with David Bowie; and "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie.
From Jan. 27: "Broadway Danny Rose."

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 26: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton. From Jan. 27: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 2: "The Big Chill" (†). From Feb. 3: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 2: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell. From Feb. 3: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell); and "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).
Theatre 3: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 26: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews. From Jan. 27: "Gospel" (David Leivick and Frederick A. Ritzenberg), a concert film.
Theatre 5: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.
Theatre 6: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Jan. 26: "Uncommon Valor" (†).
From Jan. 27: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

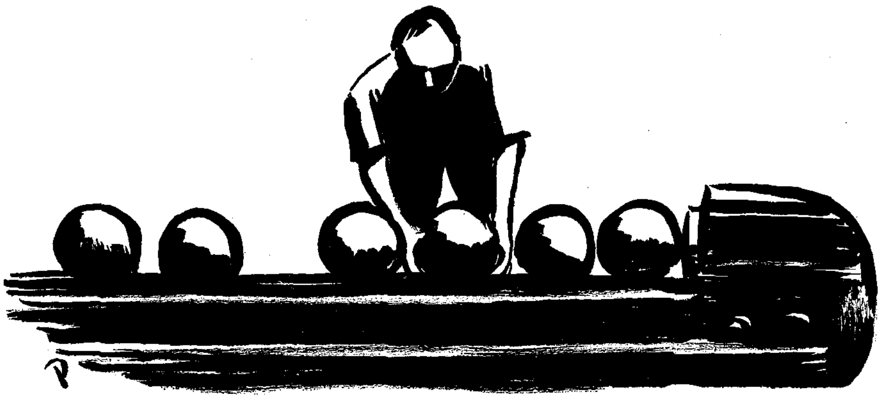
Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 26: "Scandalous" (Rob Cohen), with Robert Hays and John Gielgud. From Jan. 27: "Slayground" (Terry Bedford), with Peter Coyote and Mel Smith.
Theatre 2: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Jan. 26: "Gospel" (David Leivick and Frederick A. Ritzenberg), a concert film.
From Jan. 27: "Star 80" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature film from the Disney Studios.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 26: "Warriors of the Wasteland" and "Mortuary." From Jan. 27: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: "The Power."



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R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 2: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton. From Feb. 3: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 2: "Sudden Impact" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; directed by Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 26: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951; Rudolph Maté), with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.
Jan. 27-28: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, and John Heard.
Jan. 29-31: "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell; and "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree.
Feb. 1-2: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Score" (1974; Radley Metzger), with Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant.
Feb. 3-4: "Phaedra" (†); and "Topkapi" (1964; Jules Dassin), with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 2: "Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars" (1983; D. A. Pennebaker), a film of a 1973 concert, with David Bowie.
From Feb. 3: "Signals Through the Flames" (1984; Sheldon Rochlin and Maxine Harris), a documentary about Julian Beck, Judith Malina, and the Living Theatre.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Jan. 25: "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Candice Bergen, Arthur Garfunkel, and Ann-Margret.
Jan. 26-28: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Britannia Hospital" (1983; Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter and Graham Crowden.
Jan. 29-30: "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974; Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, Jessica Harper, and Gerrit Graham; and "Shock Treatment" (1964; Denis Sanders), with Stuart Whitman, Carol Lynley, Roddy McDowall, and Lauren Bacall.
Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "Burden of Dreams" (†).
Feb. 2-4: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Jan. 26: "The Lion in Winter" (1968; Anthony Harvey), with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn; and "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern.
Jan. 27-28: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (1983; John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller); and "Cujo" (1983; Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.
Jan. 29: "Born Yesterday" (†); and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott.
Jan. 30-31: "Macbeth" (†) and "Richard III" (†).
Feb. 1-2: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "Outland" (†).
Feb. 3-4: "The Grey Fox" (1983; Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth; and "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Jan. 25: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Totò; and "RoGoPaG" (1962; in Italian), a four-episode film, directed by Roberto Rossellini, Jean-Luc Godard, Pier Paolo Pasolini, and Ugo Gregoretti.
Jan. 26: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (1981; Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English); and "Portrait of Teresa" (1981; Pastor Vega; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Daisy Granados.
Jan. 27: "Frantic" ("Elevator to the Gallows;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.
Jan. 28: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 29: "The Barkleys of Broadway" (1949; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Oscar Levant; and "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940; Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy.
Jan. 30: "Harakiri" (†) and "Rebellion" (†).
Jan. 31: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Murder" (1930; Alfred Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.
Feb. 1: "The Sound of Trumpets" (†); and "Charles Dead or Alive" (1969; Alain Tanner; in French), with François Simon.
Feb. 2: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta; and "Tent of Miracles" (1977; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Feb. 3: "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hack-

man, and Joanna Cassidy; and "Burn!" (†).
Feb. 4: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 28: "Around the World in 80 Days" (1956; Michael Anderson), with David Niven and Cantinflas.
Jan. 29-30: "Anna and the King of Siam" (†) and "Kismet" (1944 †).
Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Zorba the Greek" (†).
Feb. 2-4: "Gigi" (†) and "Royal Wedding" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Jan. 25: "Zatoichi and the Drum" (1968; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Akumyo" (1961; Tokuzo Tanaka; in Japanese).
Jan. 26: "Topaze" (1933; Harry D'Arrast), with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy; and "Topaze" (1952; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel.
Jan. 27-28: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
Jan. 29: "Sartre par Lui-Même" (1976; Alexandre Astruc and Michel Contat; in French), an interview with Jean-Paul Sartre in 1972.
Jan. 30: "Lenny" (1974; Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman, Valerie Perrine, and Gary Morton; and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears" (1972).
Jan. 31: "Proud Valley" (1940; Pen Tennyson), with Paul Robeson; and "Song of Freedom" (1936; James Elder Wills), with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.
Feb. 1: "Kyoshiro Nemuri and the Human Tarantula" (1968; Kimiyoshi Yasuda; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "The Thieves' Who's Who" (1966; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
Feb. 2: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (†); and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935 †).
Feb. 3-4: "The Investigation" (1980; Étienne Perier; in French), with Victor Lanoux; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 25: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.
Jan. 26: "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore; and "A Farewell to Arms" (1932; Frank Borzage), with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, and Adolphe Menjou.
Jan. 27-28: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (†).
Jan. 29: "A Slight Case of Murder" (†) and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (†).
Jan. 30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (†); and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
Jan. 31: "Clash by Night" (1952; Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, and Robert Ryan; and "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino, and Rhonda Fleming.
Feb. 1: "Pilgrimage" (1933; John Ford), with Henrietta Crosman, Heather Angel, and Norman Foster; and "Seas Beneath" (1931; John Ford), with George O'Brien, John Loder, and Marion Lessing.
Feb. 2: "Thieves Like Us" (†); and "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.
Feb. 3-4: "Another Thin Man" (†); and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Feb. 4: "PM Magazine," a five-channel video and sound installation by Dara Birnbaum. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

And the Ship Sails On—First presented at the Venice Film Festival, the picture aroused in Italy exactly the sort of heated critical controversy that has raged around Fellini's work ever since "La Dolce Vita," the first of his films to adopt a larger-than-life approach to his material. The basic plot is simplicity itself. The year is 1914, at the time of the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation. The trip by sea toward a mysterious destination, the variety of people and creatures on board, the juxtaposition of rich and poor, the cargo of ashes, many of the conversations and happenings, the name of the vessel itself (for Gloria N., read "*gloria nazionale*")—all set themselves up for facile critical analysis and explanation. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Cinema I; starting Jan. 26.)

Anna and the King of Siam (1946)—In this first movie version of Margaret Landon's account of the Englishwoman who went to Siam in 1862 to teach the multitudinous children of the barbaric king, Irene Dunne is Anna to Rex Harrison's king. Harrison wears a dusky makeup and a pair of short pants that wrap around his haunches, and he speaks in a quaint dialect—a sort of pidgin Piccadilly—but he's never less than magnetically ridiculous. You don't want to take your eyes off him—certainly not to watch Irene Dunne curtsying in her starched petticoats. It's pitifully unauthentic, and not a very good movie, either, but the story itself holds considerable interest. Linda Darnell is brashly American but luscious as the king's favorite wife; with Lee J. Cobb, well-tanned, as the bare-chested Siamese prime minister, and Gale Sondergaard, Mikhail Rasumny, and John Abbott. Directed by John Cromwell, from the script by Talbot Jennings and Sally Benson; score by Bernard Herrmann. (In the 1956 musical version, "The King and I," the leads were Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner.) (Regency; Jan. 29-30.)

Another Thin Man (1939)—The third in the series, and without any new ideas except a bad one: still airily casual, Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) are now the parents of a baby boy. The screenplay (once again by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett) tosses shootings and skulduggery and repartee at us before we're ready, and then Nick Charles takes an unconscionable amount of time sorting things out. The plot involves a weekend at the estate of an explosives manufacturer (C. Aubrey Smith) who expects Sheldon Leonard (looking very young and sleek) to kill him. The film is dispiriting, but a lot of amusingly familiar faces turn up, among them Otto Kruger, Ruth Hussey, Virginia Grey, Nat Pendleton, Tom Neal, Marjorie Main, Abner Biberman, and, of course, Asta. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 3-4.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Adapted from Joseph Kesselring's black comedy, this laborious farce was actually made in 1941, but by contract it couldn't be released until the Broadway production—which ran and ran—finally closed. Maybe the success of the play magically rubbed off on the movie, because it has always been inexplicably popular. The sane theatre-critic hero, Cary Grant, tries to convince his sweetly lethal little aunts (Josephine Hull and Jean Adair) that it isn't nice to put arsenic in the elderberry wine that they serve their guests, but they just don't understand why he gets so upset. You may not, either; the director, Frank Capra, has Grant performing in such a frenzied, dithering manner that during much of the action he seems crazier than anybody else. His role was shaped as if for Fred MacMurray, and Grant was pushed into overreacting—prolonging his stupefied double takes, stretching out his whinny. Capra's hick jollity turns Grant into a manic eunuch. The hero's aggressive fiancée, here rewritten into a cuddly, innocuous little dear, is played by Priscilla Lane. The villains—murderers who are less couth in their methods than the innocently mad aunts—are Peter Lorre, as himself, and Raymond Massey, impersonating Boris Karloff; some people roar at their antics. With James Gleason, Edward Everett Horton, Jack Carson, John Alexander, Grant Mitchell, and the famous thirteen corpses. Adapted by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein; score by Max Steiner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 29.)

Backstage at the Kirov—We are introduced to the new and gifted young ballerina Altynaï Assylmuratova as she prepares for her début in "Swan Lake." Then we are driven mad by camerawork that prevents us from seeing what she looks like dancing. She's hardly ever photographed full length; in the performance scenes (staged especially for this film) the cameraman seems to be on a skateboard, and the object of our attention is perpetually slipping away from us or getting blocked by other dancers. Present-day and former Kirov stars are glimpsed, but few are named; there seems to be only one prima ballerina, the relatively drab Galina Mezentseva, who is also seen in extensive "Swan Lake" footage and for whom, strangely enough, the camera behaves like a dream. (Guild.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Loews Orpheum; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; starting Jan. 27.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday's classic portrait of the dumb blonde—brassy, vacuous Billie Dawn. Broderick Crawford plays the man who "keeps" her—a junkman lately become "a dealer in scrap metal" in the world of cartels. Afraid that Billie will disgrace him in Washington, he hires a newspaperman, William Holden, to make Billie more "couth." Unfortunately for both the junkman and the picture, the journalist reforms Billie, and as she gains in virtue she diminishes in interest. The second half is pretty dreary: the movie, like the Garson Kanin hit play that it's based on, turns into a civics lesson. Broderick Crawford is too heavy and mean to be funny, and Holden's role is colorless. But you'll remember the early, acquisitive Billie with her truculent voice and glassy eyes and her gin-rummy game. Directed by George Cukor, who's not in top form, the movie is visually dead. The play was adapted (insufficiently) by Albert Mannheimer. (Judy Holliday had played the role on Broadway; her inflections are so set that there's not much surprise left in her performance.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 29.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Feld as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hagar Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 27-28. . . . ¶ Film Forum; Feb. 3-4.)

Burden of Dreams (1982)—Les Blank's feature-length documentary on the making of Werner Herzog's "Fitzcarraldo" isn't a major work on its own, but it has an unusual effect: it makes "Fitzcarraldo" crumble in the memory—it merges with it. Blank shows more sensitivity in his shots of the Peruvian Indians than Herzog does, and Blank's footage of Herzog himself, standing and addressing the camera (though with eyes averted), is stronger than anything in "Fitzcarraldo." In these monologues, Herzog seems almost priggish in his dissociation from his own filmmaking methods; he speaks of the mammoth physical challenges he sets up as if they had been imposed on him—as if he had been cursed. He turns the production of a film into a mystic ordeal. (10/18/82) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's luxuriant, ecstatic epic about a mid-nineteenth-century slave uprising on a fictitious Spanish-speaking Caribbean island is told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. It is an attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler—to use a popular costume-adventure form to arouse black revolutionary passions. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who instigates the revolt and then cynically crushes it; he personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. As Pontecorvo demonstrated in "The Battle of Algiers," he has a true gift for epic filmmaking: he can keep masses of people in movement in a way that makes us care about them. And here, in his feeling for crowds and battles, for color and images, and for visual rhythms, he's a sensuous, intoxicating director. When blacks ride white horses that prance to what sounds like syncopated Gregorian chant, the sequence is so shimmering and showy that one knows Pontecorvo and his cinematographer, Marcello Gatti, and his composer, Ennio Morricone, couldn't resist it. This film is deeply flawed—it's politically schematic, and almost every line of dialogue jogs us to fit it into a deterministic theory of history—yet it's large-spirited, and it might have reached a much wider audience if the Spanish government, sensitive about Spaniards being cast as heavies, hadn't applied economic pressure against the producing company, United Artists. Executives at U.A. remembered the huge losses suffered by Columbia when the Spanish government boycotted Columbia pictures because of its displeasure over "Behold a Pale Horse," so parts of this picture were deleted and others reshot, and the Spaniards, who had traditionally dominated the Antilles, were replaced by the Portuguese, who hadn't but aren't a big movie market. After these delays, the picture was given a nervous, half-hearted release. From a script by Pontecorvo, Franco Solinas, and Georgio Arlorio. With Evaristo Marquez as the black leader, and Renato Salvatori as the mulatto puppet. Shot partly in the Colombian seaport Cartagena. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 3.)

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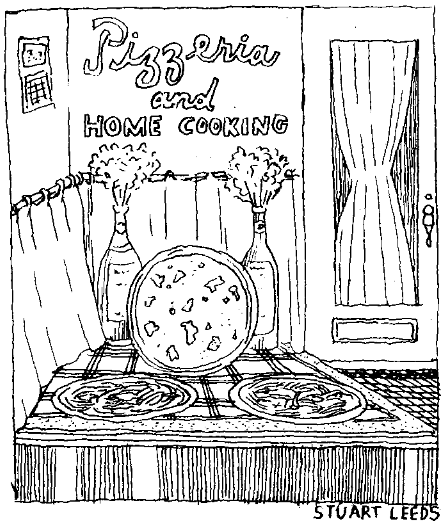
The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The audience, confined in the madman's universe, sees what the madman sees: distorted perspectives, eerie painted lights and shadows, an angular, warped world of fears and menace. The sets are used expressionistically to convey the madman's thoughts, to intensify the characters' emotions, and to emphasize the meanings of the action. This film is so entrenched in the "masterpiece" classification that a few cautionary remarks should be added, lest your initial reaction be disappointment: you may be delighted that the flats express something, because most of the actors don't; you may find that the décor, which is highly experimental in terms of space and distance but is derived from the stage use of Expressionism, is a monotonous zigzag (too many hooks and no fish). "Caligari," the most nearly complete essay in the décor of delirium, is one of the most famous films of all time, and it was considered a radical advance in film technique, yet it is rarely imitated—and you'll know why. Werner Krauss is the hypnotist Caligari, the nightmare image of a psychoanalyst; the somnambulist Cesare is played by the extraordinary young Conrad Veidt. The cast also includes Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher as the student-inmate. Produced by Erich Pommer; directed by Robert Wiene. The scenario, by Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz, was originally intended as an attack on irrational authority, but the meanings got turned around; the art direction is the work of three painters—Hermann Warm, Walter Reiman, and Walter Röhrig. The Nazis labelled the film "degenerate art." Eisenstein, who, in his own way, agreed, called it "this barbaric carnival of the destruction of the healthy human infancy of our art." (A 1962 American film used the same title but has no other connection with the original.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 30.)

China Gate (1957)—Samuel Fuller wrote and directed this sock-it-to-'em action melodrama, in which Nat King Cole appeared, along with Gene Barry, Angie Dickinson, Lee Van Cleef, and Marcel Dalio. Victor Young and Max Steiner were responsible for the music. (Film Forum; Feb. 1-2.)

The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directed her in this clever, perversely dehumanized picture, which was said to have been one of his favorites. With Lionel Atwill and Cesar Romero. (Thalia; Feb. 2.)



STUART LEEDS

Diner (1982)—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Conversations may roll on all night, and they can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke (who was the jailed arsonist in "Body Heat"), Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (New Yorker; through Jan. 26.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney)—a knight of the theatre who is touring the provinces with his dilapidated company during the Second World War—and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. Michael Gough, Edward Fox, and Cathryn Harrison shine in smaller roles; Eileen Atkins is the stage manager and Zena Walker is the old star's "Lady Wife." (1/23/ 84) (Cinema II.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" (see above) was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Festival. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 26.)

Gigi (1958)—A plushy, cheerful, musical version of the Colette story, with Leslie Caron as the adolescent girl who is tutored to be a courtesan but is so enchantingly innocent and eager that she winds up the betrothed of the richest, handsomest young man in Paris. Vincente Minnelli directed, in a confident, confectionery style that carries all—or almost all—before it. The elderly Maurice Chevalier singing "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" may give one pause. With Louis Jourdan as Gigi's catch, and Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, John Abbott, Eva Gabor, Jacques Bergerac, and Monique Van Vooren. Produced by Arthur Freed, book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, and costumes by Cecil Beaton. Ten Academy Awards, including Best Picture and Director. (Regency; Feb. 2-4.)

Harakiri (1962)—As grisly as the title hints, but a classically beautiful film. Directed by Masaki Kobayashi and probably his masterpiece. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 30.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—No one has ever fully explained what gives this basically slight romantic comedy its particular—and enormous—charm. It's no more than the story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a fired newspaperman (Clark Gable) who meet on a long-distance night bus and fall in love. Yet the film (which neither of its stars wanted to appear in) caught on with the public and made audiences happy in a way that only a few films in each era do; in the mid-thirties, the Colbert and the Gable of this film became Americans' idealized view of themselves—breezy, likable, sexy, gallant, and maybe just a little harebrained. (It was the "Annie Hall" of its day—before the invention of anxiety.) It has a special American Depression-era, on-the-road humor and an open, episodic form, with oddball mashers and crooks turning up. There's a classic singing sequence (the passengers on the bus join together for "The Man on the Flying Trapeze") and a classic demonstration of hitchhikers' techniques for stopping cars—Gable's thumb versus Colbert's legs. The two stars interact with easy, on-the-button timing; Gable has a gift for seeming virile even at his most foolish, and when things go wrong Colbert manages to look starry-eyed and blankly depressed at the same time. Frank Capra directed, from Robert Riskin's script, based on Samuel Hopkins Adams' short story "Night Bus." With Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Alan Hale, Ward Bond, Arthur Hoyt, and, as the jilted bridegroom, Jameson Thomas. Five Academy Awards: Picture, Director, Actor, Actress, Script. (Remade in 1956 as "You Can't Run Away from It.") (Film Forum; Feb. 3-4.)

Kismet (1944)—Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich look blithe and take it easy. She dances in the court of the Grand Vizier of Baghdad wearing half a pail of gilt paint, and as the rogue-hero he fusses with sleight-of-hand tricks involving handkerchiefs and knives. This version of Edward Knoblock's durable kitsch (it opened on Broadway in 1911) comes with a harem swimming pool, and it's less strenuous than most costume films of the period. Edward Arnold is the villainous vizier who smiles craftily throughout; when Colman stabs him in that harem pool, he drops his smile—that's as subtle a nuance of the actor's art as you'll find in "Kismet." Joy Ann Page plays Colman's daughter, with James Craig opposite her. William Dieterle directed; Harburg and Arlen provided a couple of songs. (Regency; Jan. 29-30.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy-handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (R.K.O. Century Art; Jan. 27-Feb. 2.)

Macbeth (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 30-31.)

Never Cry Wolf—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Gramercy, U. A. 85th St. East, and Embassy 1; starting Jan. 27.)

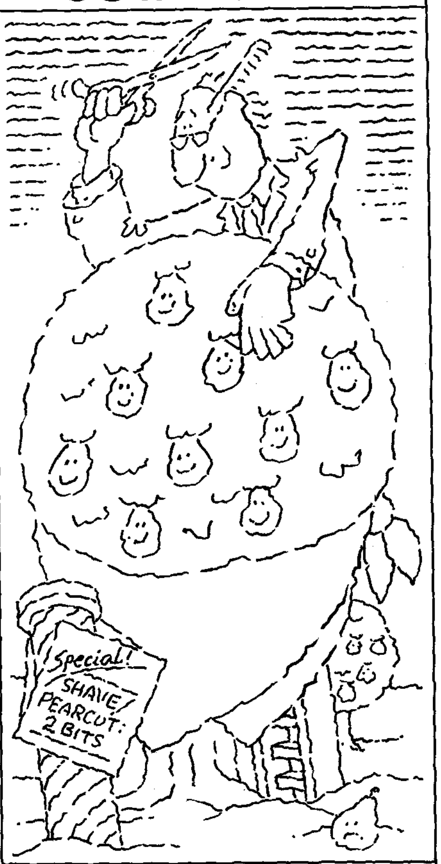
The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion;" and maybe, because it's about the Second World War and Renoir's film was about the First, at times it's like a more deracinated "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. The full fresco treatment that the directors give to the events of that summer is based on their own wartime experiences as adolescents, and on the accounts of others; it's this teeming, fecund mixture, fermenting in their heads for almost forty years, that produces the film's giddy, hallucinated realism. With Omero Antonutti (who was the father in "Padre Padrone") as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (68th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 1.)

Outland (1981)—Science fiction set in a morally grimy future that is conceived as a continuation of capitalist exploitation in space. Sean Connery is the new federal district marshal on Io (a volcanic moon of Jupiter), who learns that Peter Boyle, the boss of the mines on Io, is selling the workers amphetamines that keep them speeding for ten or twelve months, until they go berserk and kill themselves or attack others. When Connery destroys a shipment of the drug, Boyle sends for hired killers, and, just as in "High Noon," the one lone good man finds he has to fight by himself. The sets are great—the industrial-nightmare city on Io is like the offspring of a gigantic pipe organ and an oil rig. And Peter Hyams, who directed, knows how to stage chases and fights. But he also wrote the script, which deadens everything and doesn't even make sense. (It's insane that the miners refuse to help Connery—that they don't mind being exploited, going crazy, and destroying themselves.) It's a noisy, sombre film, with an element of the repugnant (the high spots are the horrible deaths), but with good performances by Connery, Frances Sternhagen as a sour, snappish doctor, and James B. Sikking as Connery's sergeant. Also with Kika Markham. The production designer was Philip Harrison; the art director was Malcolm Middleton; the cinematographer was Stephen Goldblatt. (6/29/81) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 1-2.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelettish version, set in modern Greece, of the classic story that was dramatized by Euripides, Seneca, Racine, and many others. Here, it's undermined by a lunatic piece of miscasting: when Melina Mercouri leaves her rich, powerful bull of a husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with his skinny young son, Anthony Perkins, the audience can't imagine why. She scoops him up in her arms, like a toy. With its snazzy cars and fabulous jewels that can be casually thrown into the sea, this is like a Joan Crawford picture, only more so. Dassin appears as Christo. (Cinema Village; Feb. 3-4.)

Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and

THE HOLIDAY SEASON IS OVER, BUT WE'RE JUST NOW TRIMMING OUR TREES.



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Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed swordfight. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 30.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, Richard was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book of Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear his inflections in lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." With Stanley Baker, Norman Wooland, Pamela Brown, Alec Clunes, Nicholas Hannen, Laurence Naismith, John Laurie, Helen Haye, Michael Gough, and Esmond Knight. The adaptation is by Olivier and Alan Dent; the design and costumes are by Carmen Dillon and Roger Furse; the cinematography is by Otto Heller. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 30-31.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Bay Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ *Beekman; through Jan. 26.* . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Jan. 27.)

Royal Wedding (1951)—The director, Stanley Donen, tries to make this musical buoyant, and Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Sarah Churchill (yes, the daughter), Peter Lawford, and Keenan Wynn all work at it, but the magic isn't there. It's jaunty at times but not more than that. The script is weak, and the songs by Alan Jay Lerner and Burton Lane are not all they are sometimes said to be. (Regency; Feb. 2-4.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Gemini, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Jan. 26.)

Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

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29	30	31	1	2	3	4

A Slight Case of Murder (1938)—A black farce in the manner of "Arsenic and Old Lace" (see above). It's a burlesque of gangster films, with Edward G. Robinson as a bootlegger who turns legitimate and faces one mortifying mess after another. He drives his family out for a weekend in a country house and finds the corpses of four gangsters sitting around a table in the spare bedroom. Eventually, at a party back in town, the four are brought in and strung up on hooks in a closet. The director, Lloyd Bacon, succeeds in getting giggles out of some of these scenes, but his style is too broad, and the tone of the film is archly childish. With Allen Jenkins as a beer salesman, Jane Bryan, Bobby Jordan, Ruth Donnelly, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, John Litel, and Willard Parker. From a play by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay, adapted by Earl Baldwin and Joseph Schrank. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 29.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent, though always on the brink of really disastrous double-entendre. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the musicians who witness the St. Valentine's Day Massacre and then hide out from the mobsters by disguising themselves as women and joining an all-girl band. Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. Curtis demonstrates a gift for parody with an imitation of Cary Grant (which he went on doing for years afterward), and Lemmon is demoniacally funny—he really gives in to women's clothes, and begins to think of himself as a sexy girl. Monroe gives perhaps her most characteristic performance, which means that she's both charming and embarrassing; Brown is inspired, the way he was years before in Max Reinhardt's movie of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when he made some of us weep from laughter. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, Nehemiah Persoff, Mike Mazurki, Tom Kennedy, George E. Stone, and, on the soundtrack, Matty Malneck's orchestra, with Art Pepper, Shelly Manne, Barney Kessel, and Leroy Vinegar. Directed (unevenly) by Billy Wilder, who also collaborated on the screenplay with I. A. L. Diamond. For collectors of useless movie memorabilia: in one of the earlier versions of this material, a German musical film, the orchestra girls were called the Alpine Violets. (Film Forum; Jan. 29-30.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1961; "Il Posto")—A masterpiece by Ermanno Olmi, full of calm good humor, about a boy who goes through a series of ponderous I.Q. tests for his first job and lands a post as a porter in an office where the clerks squat in rows like drugged hens. The observation of the strained dignity of people who have too little to do is precise, comic, and pained. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 1.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Cinema I; Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, *Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland; starting* Jan. 27.)

Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them with his king-size custom-made "44 Auto Mag." The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The script, by Joseph C. Stinson, features lines such as the main sadistic, rotten villain's laying claim to Harriet with "The bitch is mine." The whole thing is so obvious that people in the audience applaud and hoot; it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 26.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Cinema 3.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

That Obscure Object of Desire (1977)—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." In this fifth movie version of "La Femme et le Pantin," Pierre Louÿs' short novel about a femme fatale, the role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, poker-faced except for a squint of amusement and a foxy, crooked smear of a smile, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's physically impulsive, and sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. Buñuel sets up the Louÿs story, then treats it glancingly—as a joke to hang other jokes on—and his jokes now don't have the violence underneath to make connections for us. His style is too serene for his subject. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 2.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—Robert Altman finds a sure, soft tone in this movie and never loses it. His account of Coca-Cola-swigging young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of his films; it's sensuous right from the first pearly-green long shot, and it seems to achieve beauty without artifice. Keith Carradine is Bowie, the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers, Chicamaw and T-Dub (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is Keechie, the girl whose drunken father runs the gas station the convicts hide in. The film is adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." Although Calder Willingham gets a screen credit for the script, his version didn't have the approach Altman wanted, and Altman's former script girl, Joan Tewkesbury, devised another script, in collaboration with the director, which stays on Edward Anderson's narrative line and retains much of his dialogue. Made in the vegetating old towns of Mississippi, the movie has the ambience of a novel, yet it was also the most freely intuitive film Altman had made up to that time. Carradine and Duvall have the easy affinity that they showed in their much smaller roles in "McCabe & Mrs. Miller;" when Keechie and Bowie fall in love it's two-sided, equal, and perfect. As the heavy-drinking, half-mad Chicamaw, Schuck—who has a suggestion of bulldog in his face—gives a performance that in some scenes rivals Bogart's Fred C. Dobbs in "The Treasure of Sierra Madre;" he has a comic, terrifying scene when he's in a home and insists on playacting a robbery with a couple of small children and then explodes in a murderous rage when the kids lose interest. Louise Fletcher is impressively strong as the kids' mother—the no-nonsense Mattie. Cinematography by Jean Boffety. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 2.)

To Be or Not to Be—This remake of Ernst Lubitsch's 1942 picture about a Polish theatre troupe that outwits Nazi officialdom is a mild farce—benign but not really very funny. The roles once played by Jack Benny and Carole Lombard are now filled by Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft. She's friendly and sexy, and she seems more at ease in the general silliness than Brooks does. He rushes around in one disguise after another, pretending to be a whole series of Nazis; he never cuts loose. The tall, dazed Christopher Lloyd has a good moment or two, and Charles Durning (as a Nazi colonel) keeps his energy up high enough to give the picture a boost. Others in the cast include José Ferrer, Jack Riley, Tim Matheson, George Gaynes, and James Haake. Directed by Alan Johnson, who doesn't seize his opportunities to work up a head of steam. The semi-new script is by Thomas Meehan and Ronny Graham. (1/9/84) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, through Jan. 26.)

Tootsie (1982)—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman is both the hero and the target of this satirical farce about actors. He plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as "Dorothy Michaels," and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—not because he has any secret desire to be a woman but because when he's Dorothy he's acting. He's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role—you can see it in his intense, glittering eyes. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him; she says her lines in such a mild, natural way that it makes perfect sense for Michael to stop in his tracks and stare at her in wonder. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Film Forum; Jan. 29-30.)

Uncommon Valor—This realistic action fantasy, in which a group of seven former Marines get together for an expedition into Southeast Asia to bring out the missing-in-action men from their Vietnam unit who have been slave laborers for ten years, is right wing and racist, but the director, Ted Kotcheff, keeps the grandiosity in check and the movie is understated and surprisingly enjoyable. It moves on a strong emotional current. In the film's terms, the ex-Marines' defiance of the United States government—they keep going even after the C.I.A. fingers them to officials in Bangkok and their weapons are confiscated—is enough to make their mission honorable and make them heroes. As their leader, Gene Hackman treats soldiering in a businesslike way, and he offers a range of held-in, adult emotion that you don't expect to see in an action movie. The cinematography by Steven H. Burum and Ric Waite and the smooth authority of the editing by Mark Melnick also help to undercut the cheap jingoism. With the heavyweight prizefighter Randall (Tex) Cobb, who gives an endearing, uninhibited performance as a slobby, self-destructive biker called Sailor (because he used to "take a lot of red wine and uppers and sail away"), and Fred Ward, Harold Sylvester, Reb Brown, Tim Thomerson, Patrick Swayze, and also Robert Stack, Alice Lau, Debi Parker, Kwan Hi Lim, and Gail Strickland. The script is by Joe Gayton. (1/23/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Embassy 1; through Jan. 26.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—A violent old Greek (Anthony Quinn) tries to teach a tame young Englishman (Alan Bates) how to live. The central Life Force conception is banal and pushy, yet there *is* life force in Quinn's performance. The setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Irene Papas is the magnificent widow the young man is drawn to, and Lila Kedrova plays the coquettish old ruin who thinks she can cheat death if she's still attractive enough to get a man. The director, Michael Cacoyannis, lingers too long over this great old tart, wanting a little too much of a good thing; his more serious weakness is for choreographed set pieces—theatrical "classic" sequences. He presses down too hard; the film has its moments, though. From the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis; cinematography by Walter Lassally; music by Mikis Theodorakis. (Regency; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

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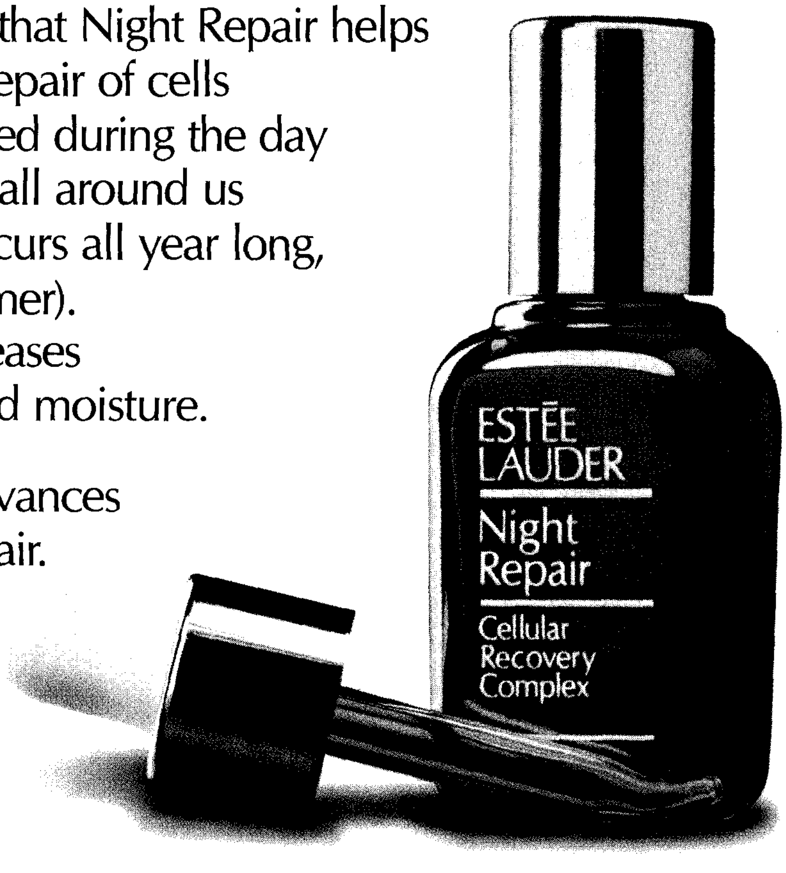

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

According to a recent article in the *Times*, a San Francisco psychologist and two colleagues have determined that "the mechanics of facial muscle movement are closely tied to the autonomic nervous system, which controls heart rate, breathing, and other vital involuntary functions." Other studies have shown that people tend to mimic the facial expressions—including smiles—of those around them. When I read these things, I was happy to get confirmation of a feeling I have often had; namely, that we are all mixed up in one another, and that we murmur continuously to one another in a variety of subtle languages, changing one another's blood pressure, sending heart rates up and down, affecting one another's muscle tension and breathing. In some essential way, we are always speaking the truth to one another and—on a physical level, at least—always understanding one another.

The *Times* article also reminded me of an incident that occurred on the first day of my freshman English class at a university situated on an arid plateau in the driest quadrant of the United States. The instructor, who was young and used big words, began explicating a poem, "A Simile for Her Smile," by Richard Wilbur. I think that most of us were ignorant of poetry and its explication, having come from ranches with more livestock than people and from towns with small schools and even smaller libraries. I remember people scowling and busily writing down everything the instructor said, and occasionally taking anxious glances at the fragrant ditto sheets, with their blurred violet print, of the poem. The first stanza began:

> Your smiling, or the hope, the
>   thought of it,
> Makes in my mind such pause and
>   abrupt ease
> As when the highway bridgegates
>   fall,
> Balking the hasty traffic . . .

After tearing that stanza apart and speaking rapidly about matters of assonance, alliteration, and internal rhyme, the instructor paused and asked if there were any questions. One sunburned kid asked why the poem didn't seem to rhyme. The instructor was momentarily taken aback—maybe this was his first teaching job—and explained that poems did not necessarily have to rhyme at the end of each line. A long, tense silence followed while people took notes on this information. Then a young woman raised her hand. She was very interesting-looking, with glossy black hair, light-brown skin, and angular facial bones. I later learned that she was a Cherokee. The instructor called on her, and it took her a while to prepare to speak. Her lips were tight, her brow wrinkled. "I don't understand the poem," she said softly.

"What don't you understand?" the instructor asked.

"Well, I don't get what bridgegates are," the woman replied.

The instructor, who must have come from the East, where such things perhaps existed, explained that bridgegates were on drawbridges, and that when the drawbridge on a river was raised to allow a boat to pass, the bridgegates fell to stop the traffic.

Again there was silence. Then the woman spoke solemnly and hesitantly. "Then the drawbridge kind of smiles when it's raised?"

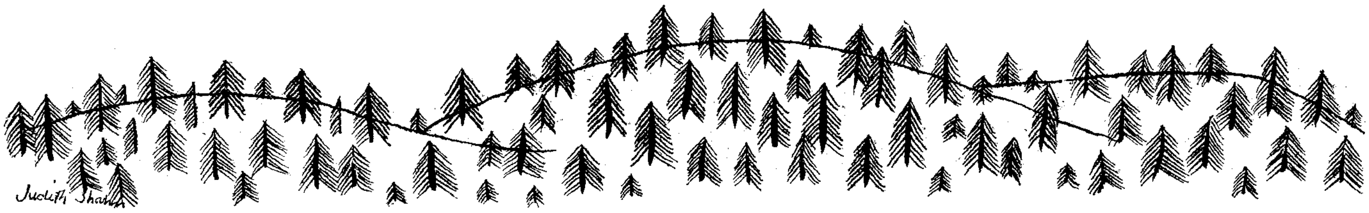
"That's it!" The instructor smacked his lectern. He grinned. "You understand the poem."

Pencils stopped moving. We all looked at the woman. And then a marvellous thing happened: she smiled, revealing even, white teeth. She had a beautiful smile. Everyone saw that. The forced, constricted mood of the classroom instantly vanished. We all understood something new, and smiled.

• •

Young Brains

ON December 29, 1827, Michael Faraday, who has been called the greatest experimenter in the history of science, but who always referred to himself as a natural philosopher, confronted an auditorium full of children in the Royal Institution, in London. The occasion was the first in a series of talks to which Faraday had given the title "The Christmas Courses of Lectures Adapted to a Juvenile Auditory," and that talk dealt with the marvels of chemistry. Faraday had personal reasons for believing that



young people could gain an appreciation of the power and beauty of science from the proper sort of lecture. Fourteen years earlier, as a bookbinder's apprentice with no formal education beyond elementary school, he had sat in the same theatre and heard Sir Humphry Davy discourse on his chemical researches. He had taken careful notes, bound them together, and sent them to Davy as a kind of introduction. The gesture had won him a job as Davy's assistant. And in 1825, with a number of important discoveries in physics and chemistry behind him, he had been named director of the laboratory of the Royal Institution. Among the responsibilities he undertook with great pleasure were the lectures. A memoir of the time described the enthusiasm of the young listeners who came up to Faraday afterward with questions: "Those who like it best come first, and they so crowd round the lecture table as to shut out the others."

In 1959, Dr. Alfred E. Mirsky, a biochemist who was also the librarian of the Rockefeller University, in New York, organized a series of Christmas lectures for young people in frank imitation of Faraday's. When Dr. Mirsky died, in 1974, the series was renamed in his honor, and an endowment to insure its continuation was provided by his widow, Sonya Wohl Mirsky. For the Rockefeller University community, the series is, as it has been from the start, very much a labor of love. Mrs. Mirsky, who has been the university librarian since 1977, and Mrs. Gladys Lewis, who was Dr. Mirsky's secretary for five years, handle all the paperwork, which this year involved correspondence with three hundred and sixty-eight public, private, and parochial schools in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. Outstanding students selected by their teachers attend the lectures, which are free and are held in Caspary Auditorium, on the university's East River campus. The lecturers, who are chosen from the Rockefeller faculty by a committee of Rockefeller professors and administrators, have included Dr. Roger Payne, the man who discovered that humpback whales sing, and Dr. Gerald Edelman, who won a Nobel Prize in 1972 for his studies of the molecular biology of the immune system.

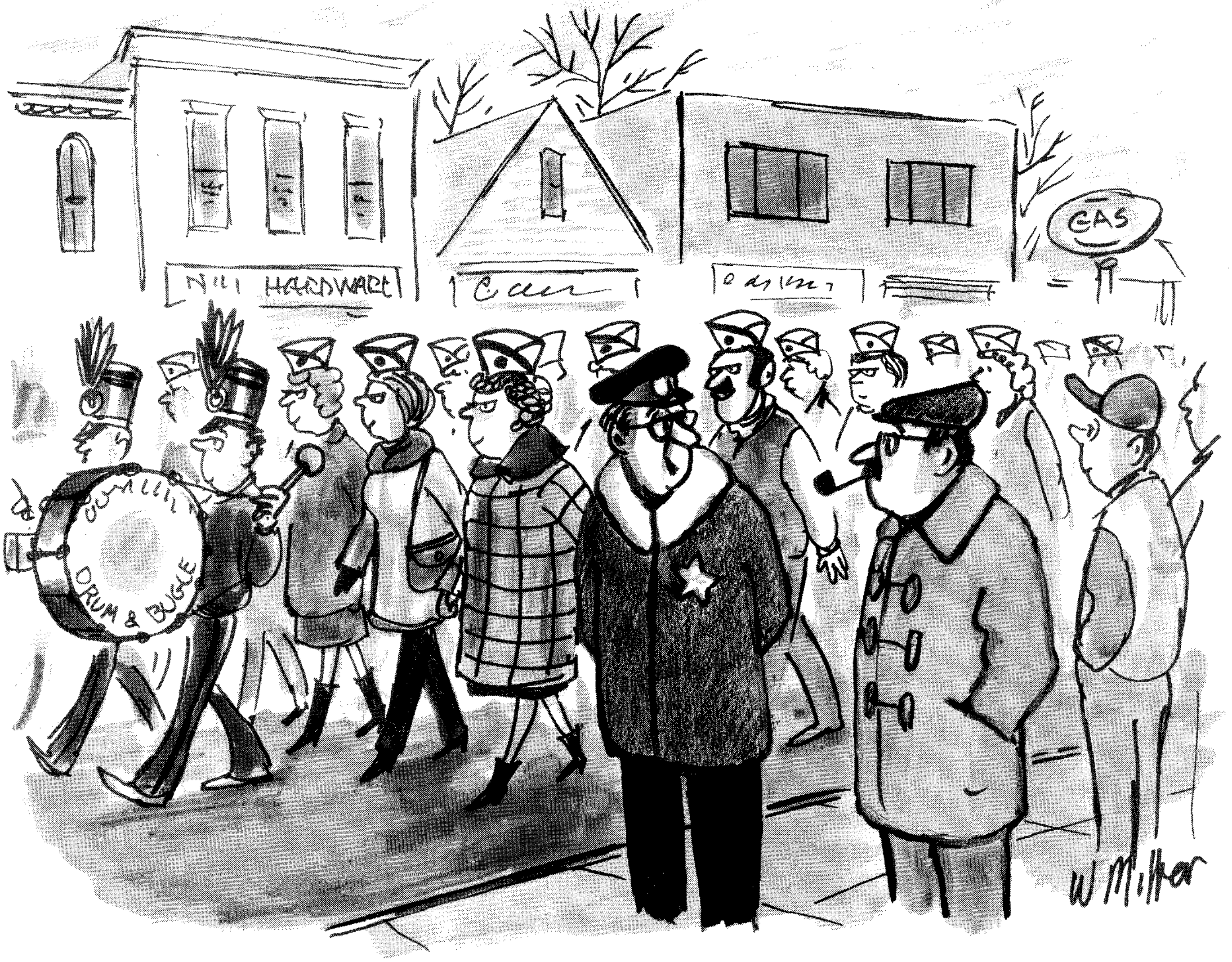
The title of the 1983 lecture series was "Brains." The lecturer was Dr. Fernando Nottebohm, who was born in Buenos Aires in 1940, and who directs the Rockefeller University's Field Research Center for Ecology and Ethology, in Millbrook, New York. Some five hundred high-school students showed up on two afternoons during Christmas vacation to hear Dr. Nottebohm talk about the evolution and the neural basis of vocal learning in songbirds and the implications of research in this area for understanding human brains and behavior.

Dr. Nottebohm made no effort to enliven his presentation with attention-getting demonstrations, as Michael Faraday often did. (For one of his famous lectures on electromagnetism, Faraday set up a large electromagnet on the stage and threw everything but the kitchen sink at it to show his audience what would stick and what wouldn't.) Dr. Nottebohm pulled no canaries—his favorite experimental animals—out of a hat. Instead, showing (along with a few rough doodles of his own) the same slides he displays to professional audiences, he told the story of his lifetime of research, in a soft voice whose accent betrayed a hint of his South American childhood. He began by stating that only male canaries sing, and that each singing canary is capable of learning a new song every year. Then he told the students how, by delving into the brains of canaries, he and his colleagues discovered that singing in canaries is dominated by one side of the brain—the left—and that the areas in the male brain which control vocal behavior are larger than comparable areas in the female. Not only that but during the spring, when the male is learning his song for that year, his vocal-control areas are twice the size they were in the previous fall. Once the song has been mastered, these areas shrink back to their original dimensions. The seasonal swelling and shrinking are related to seasonal changes in the production of the male sex hormone testosterone. When Dr. Nottebohm injected adult females with testosterone, vocal-control areas in the birds' forebrains started to increase in volume, and within ten days the females burst into song.

One consequence of the songbird work, Dr. Nottebohm said, has been a renewed interest in "sexual dimorphism" in the brain anatomy of other species, including the human species. This was a hot topic in the nineteenth century, when eminent researchers claimed they had proved that women were intellectually inferior, because female brains, in general, were smaller than male brains. Once this "proof" was discredited—men, in general, have larger bodies and therefore larger brains, but over-all brain size does *not* correlate with intelligence—the belief took hold that men's and women's brains were virtually indistinguishable. There is an enormous overlap, Dr. Nottebohm agreed, but there may be some important differences as well. Recent studies indicate, for example, that while speech in most men is controlled predominantly by the left side of the brain the cerebral hemispheres in women are not so specialized. Addressing the young women in the audience, Dr. Nottebohm suggested that the answer to Henry Higgins' query in "My Fair Lady"—"Why can't a woman be more like a man?"—may be found in the greater hemispheric specialization of the male brain, which makes males more vulnerable to brain injuries of all kinds. "Men, it seems, are particularly fragile organisms, deserving of your care and respect," Dr. Nottebohm said.

Another dogma of modern brain science which Dr. Nottebohm said has been challenged by work on songbirds is that by the end of infancy we have all the brain cells we will ever have, and that brain cells die in increasing numbers as we get older, and are never replaced. Using radioactive tracers, Dr. Nottebohm and his colleague Steven Goldman have demonstrated that adult canaries are constantly replacing old cells in the forebrain with new ones. Equating this process of neurogenesis with a kind of rejuvenation, Dr. Nottebohm speculated that its function might be to provide fresh brain space for new learning. Whether human brains have a similar capacity is not known, but Dr. Nottebohm said he hoped to be able to answer this question within two years. An affirmative answer might open the door to new kinds of treatment for damaged brains and faulty memories.

Periodically throughout his lectures,



"They're the Veterans of the Cabbage Patch Doll Wars."

• •

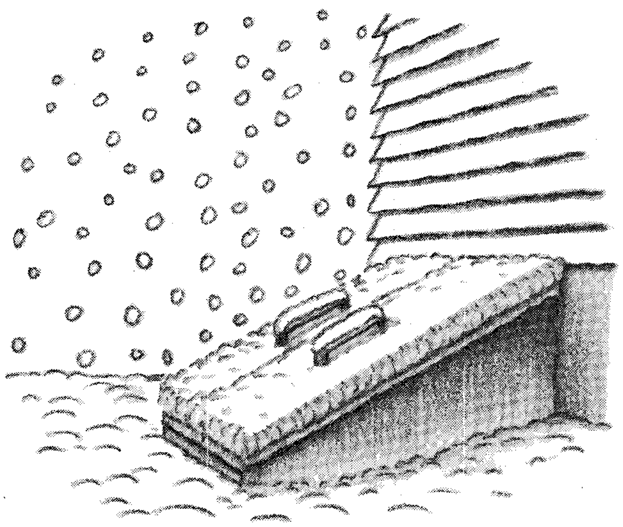
which together occupied seven hours, Dr. Nottebohm reminded his listeners that they were free to interrupt at any time if they had trouble understanding him. He was interrupted only a few times in mid-lecture, but whenever he announced a formal break of a few minutes he was immediately surrounded at the lectern by students eager to learn more. Many of the questions had to do with the relationship between brain anatomy and the so-called higher mental functions, like consciousness. While warning of the dangers of drawing facile parallels between creatures as different as songbirds and people, Dr. Nottebohm encouraged his questioners to speculate about the "deep questions." "These are things you should be concerned with," he said. "I don't have the answers. That's what you young people are here for."

Not all the young people in attendance at the lectures were planning careers in research science. Jaclyn Jhin, a sixteen-year-old sophomore at Bayside High School, had been given a choice by her biology teacher. "Instead of writing a two-page biology report over the vacation, students could summarize Dr. Nottebohm's lectures in note form," Miss Jhin told us, "and I thought this would be easier." Michael Nuzzo, a seventeen-year-old junior at Grover Cleveland High School, also in Queens, had come to learn about "the regeneration of brain cells" because his older brother John was partly paralyzed from a stroke he had suffered six years ago. But one of the students who pressed Dr. Nottebohm with questions after the last lecture was definitely planning a career in science; she was Jeane Holland, a sixteen-year-old senior at Hunter College High School. She could hardly contain her excitement about the fact that neurogenesis occurs in the *forebrain* of the canary. "That's where conscious control takes place," she said. "Why? Do they go together? Is that what happens in senility—that neurogenesis stops? I have so many questions, and if I don't get the answers I'll go nuts."

Boat Show

OUR out-of-town sailing friend has sent us a report on the seventy-fourth National Boat Show, recently at the Coliseum:

Change at the New York Boat Show comes slowly—or, at least, so it seemed to someone like me on being confronted by the familiar spectacle at the head of the escalators on the Coliseum's second floor, where the largest



boats are traditionally displayed, aisle upon glittering aisle. And, in fact, many of the boats that first met the eye were the same models that had been shown last year and, sometimes, the year before. Also, as with automobiles, "new" models, more often than not, bore a strikingly close resemblance to their predecessors, and so the experienced visitor's overwhelming first impression was one of familiarity. Not that this was necessarily unpleasant; seeing the phalanx of shiny motor yachts and sport fishermen lined up right in front of me gave me a comforting feeling of stability in a changing world, even if I had no instant compulsion to climb aboard. After a few minutes of wandering around the second floor, though, signs of a change in the exhibition's pattern began to register. Compared with what I saw the last couple of years, when the show (mirroring the industry it represents) had a rather meagre air, this year's exhibition was a self-assured affair, and the atmosphere of recovered expectations seemed to me to be most pronounced among the powerboats. Not that the largest boats on exhibit this year were as big as some that appeared a few years back; it was the smallish family cruiser, rather than the high-rolling sybarite's motor yacht, that was most in evidence. But I did have the feeling of a mild powerboat resurgence, and a corresponding deflation among the sailboat representatives. The absence of worries about fuel probably accounted for the slight sense of optimism; the man who owns a power yacht of some size can look forward to blowing away fifty gallons of gasoline or diesel oil in the space of an afternoon, and he seldom considers time spent hunting for more fuel to be part of the advertised joys of boating. And, of course, the general upturn of the economy could account for some of the cheerfulness. It is part of the folklore of boating that a yachtsman will sell his wife before he will let the bank foreclose on his boat, but in hard times he is unlikely to make the annual or biennial investments in new vessels which keep the boating industry going.

Year before last, it looked as if the Windsurfers and their competitors were going to take over the sailing world. This year, most of these sailing surfboards had been relegated to the show's fourth floor, where they were clustered alongside the inflatables and were not a great distance from the perennial pitchmen—the hawkers of knives that never need sharpening and cleansers that clean everything. By contrast, electronic navigational devices appeared to have solidified their foothold. The prices of many such contrivances, like the prices of computers, had remained stationary, or even declined, and a new generation of wishful thinkers had appeared to patronize the whirring, clicking, and (occasionally) speaking dials that purport to tell you where you are with a precision that would have astonished Gerardus Mercator.

On the second floor, I noticed one new vessel that may embody a trend. The boat is called the *Lancer 27 Powersailer,* and she represents an attempt to fuse the contemplative joys of sailboat cruising with the speed and range of a planing powerboat. According to an enthusiastic leaflet thrust into my hand by the salesman in attendance, the Powersailer will charge along at twenty miles an hour, propelled by a two-hundred-horsepower outboard motor, or, with that motor hydraulically retracted, will sail well enough to satisfy a sailing aficionado. Down below, the boat has the customary appurtenances of the small cruising yacht, power or sail: up forward, a V-shaped double berth that may also serve as a dinette; a galley and a toilet compartment amidships; and, tucked beneath the cockpit aft, a curtained-off double berth. The Powersailer is not the first attempt to enable boat owners to eat their cake and have it, too, and it does offer possibilities for the sailor too sunk in depravity to enjoy being becalmed and for the powerboatman so lost to decency as to want an hour or two of silent progress. Even so, the prospect boggles the orthodox mind: imagine, if you can, a yachting world in which those familiar terms of denigration "stinkpotter" and "ragman" cannot be flung back and forth. There will be nothing left to do but snarl at one's loran—which, in the nature of things, will probably snarl right back. This may be progress, but it seems improper, somehow.

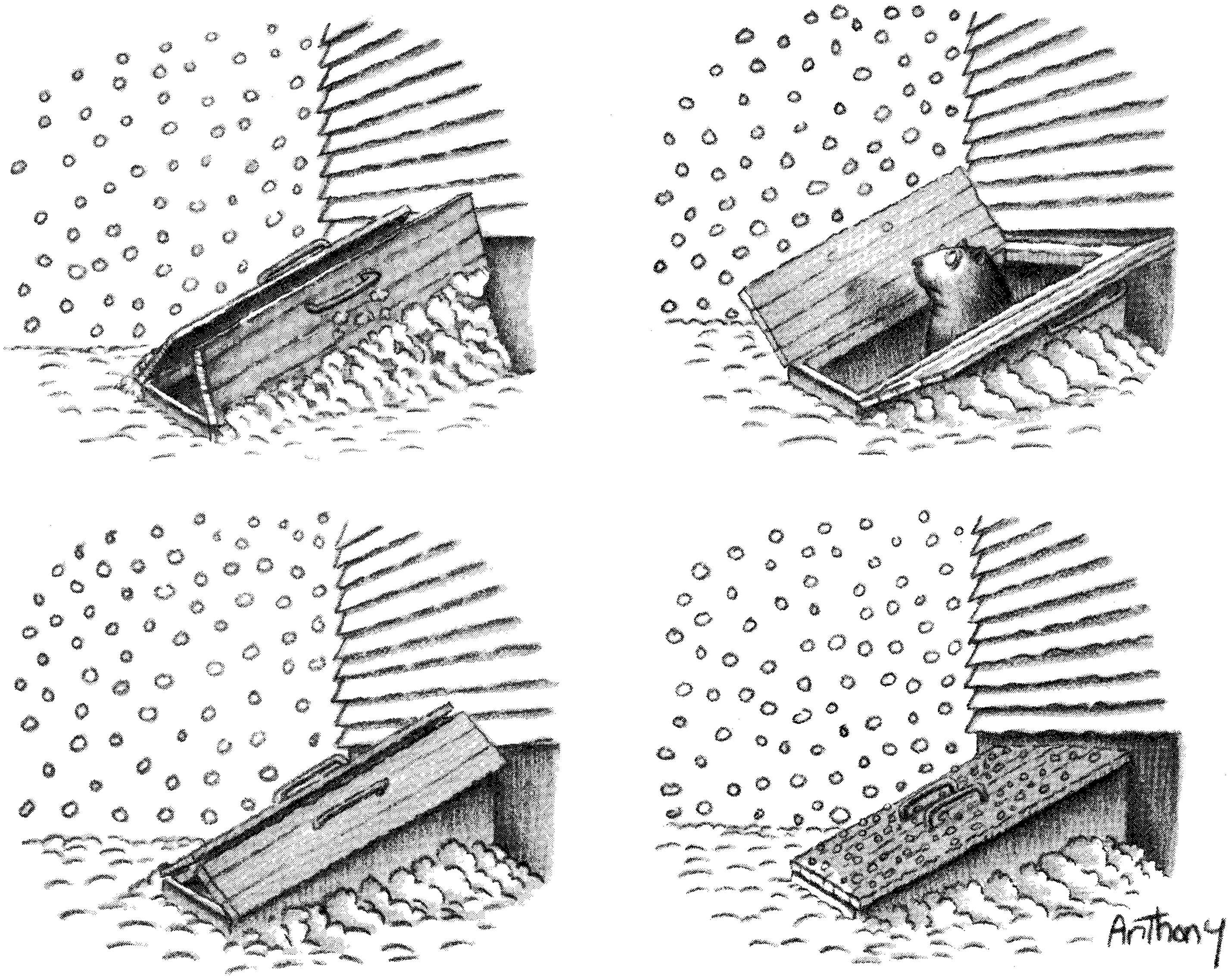
Message ends.

The Big House

NO! Calm down! You, of Your Street, Your Town, U.S.A., have not already won Your Fabulous Dream Mansion in Romantic Ireland. Definitely. For one thing, the drawing hasn't been held yet. And, for another, you have to hand two hundred and seventy-five dollars to a man who has made his living betting on horses to even have a chance.

Barney Curley, whom we met last week over breakfast at the Berkshire Place Hotel, lives in a big house—Middleton Park—in central Ireland. He desires to move. Instead of putting a sign in his front yard and an ad in the paper, Mr. Curley is raffling off the property. "All my life, I've been different. I've never gone through ordinary channels," he said. A maximum of nine thousand tickets, each costing two hundred Irish pounds, or two hundred and seventy-five American dollars, will be issued to the public. Early in February, an Irish horse-race commentator named Michael O'Hehir, whom Mr. Curley described as being to Ireland what the Pope is to Italy, will reach into a hat and draw one of the tickets, and the owner of that ticket will win Middleton Park.

"I play badminton in the halls with my children," Mr. Curley said when he was asked to describe his property. "It was built in 1843 by one of the big landlord families of Ireland. It started off with twenty thousand acres, peasant farmers, and the like, and it ends up



today with three hundred and seventy-seven acres and me. If you win it, you're not winning the house and land alone. You're also winning a bit of Irish history. Lawrence of Arabia galloped his ponies there when he was a lad. Sir Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the personal horse trainer to the English Royal Family, lived there." Along with the pedigree come ten bedrooms, a gun room, two kitchens, a breakfast room, a dining room, a study, a library, a conservatory, a drawing room, a strong room, a reception hall, a wine cellar, forty-eight horse stalls, two foaling boxes, some stone-built piggeries and calf houses, two silage pits, a cattle shed, a tack room, and three two-car garages. Oh, and the separate lodge by the rear gate. "It's very homey and comfortable, though," Mr. Curley assured us. "We were familiar with it within a fortnight."

Born in a three-room house with a store in front, Mr. Curley was for a time a Jesuit novice. He began his involvement in public life by promoting Frankie McBride's sorrowful tune "Five Little Fingers," which, sure enough, became the first Irish single to make the British Top Twenty. He rose to prominence one fine June day in 1975 when Yellow Sam, a horse he owned, and had bet on with some gusto, went off at odds of twenty to one. Yellow Sam earned Mr. Curley six hundred thousand dollars that afternoon—money he immediately used to buy Middleton Park. "I wanted to put the money in something solid right away," Mr. Curley said, adding that he lost a hundred and fifty thousand pounds betting on the Epsom Derby two years ago. Mr. Curley credits hard work, and not an ingenious system, for his turf triumphs. "One bit of advice, though," he told us. "Never chase after your money if you're losing. It's a sure bet you'll have another chance—they're unlikely to abandon racing tomorrow."

Middleton Park is on the block because Mr. Curley has decided to turn horse trainer, and the grounds of the estate, while not hilly, are too lumpy and uneven for running expensive horses. "I got the raffle idea in my head, and all my friends said I was absolutely mad—crackers—and that was enough to make me do it," said Mr. Curley, who was in New York trying to sell raffle tickets to Americans. "I'm not sure there's ever been anything else that could give you back as much for as little. And Middleton Park! What a house! With the sun coming up, it's something like 'Dallas,' that thing on TV. The one with J.R. But it's as if J.R. had racehorses. Yes, that's it. If you could imagine 'Dallas,' except not always sunny. With a fair bit of rain. And with racehorses."

MY FATHER'S FRIENDS

MY father died in 1958, a few months after his eightieth—and my fiftieth—birthday. The day after he was buried, my stepmother brought out two heavy winter overcoats for me to try on, and then she and my older brother and I went to the storeroom above the garage, and she showed me a brown leather suitcase of my father's, a much more expensive piece of luggage than I had ever owned. None of this was my idea, but I nevertheless could feel on my face an expression of embarrassment, as if I had been caught out in something. My stepmother was not given to thinking ill of people but when my brother and I were children he had assumed the role of the prosecuting attorney. I glanced at his face now; nothing unkind there. The coats wouldn't have fitted him, or my younger brother, and since I was named after my father, the initials on the suitcase were mine, and who would want a suitcase with somebody else's initials on it? So why did I feel that I had appeared to be showing a too avid interest in the spoils?

Later on that afternoon I started out on foot to call on two of my father's friends who were not well enough to come to the funeral. The first, Dean Hill, was a man my father went fishing with. He was also a cousin of my stepmother. He had inherited a great many acres of Illinois farmland, and he had a beautiful wife. Apart from a trip to Biloxi in the dead of winter, they lived very much as other Lincoln people of moderate means did. I had known him since I was a young boy, and never had a conversation with him. When I go home to Lincoln I tend to put aside whatever in my life I suspect would be of no interest to people there, and sometimes this results in my feeling that I am going around with my head in a brown paper bag. But on this occasion I felt I could be my true self. To my surprise I found that he read books. In Lincoln the women put their names down for best-sellers at the desk of the public library, and the men read the evening newspaper. "What the book is about is a matter of indifference to me," Dean Hill said. "I am interested in the writer—in what he is carefully not saying, or saying and doesn't know that he is. What his real position is, as distinct from the stated one. It keeps me amused. All forms of deception are entertaining to contemplate, don't you find? Particularly self-deception, which is what life is largely made up of."

I found myself telling him about my guilty feelings at accepting my father's things, and he nodded and said, "Once when I was sitting in a jury box the judge said, 'Will the defendant rise,' and I caught myself just in time. If one isn't guilty of one thing one is certainly guilty of another is perhaps the only explanation for this kind of irrational behavior. . . . I'm glad you have the coats and the suitcase, and I'm sure your father would be too. Enjoy them." He then went on to speak affectionately of my father. "I have no other friend like him," he said. "I am already beginning to feel the loss. Most people have a hidden side. Your father was exactly what he appeared to be. It is very rare."

I left the house with a feeling of exhilaration. I couldn't help feeling that my father's part in this old friendship had somehow been handed on to me, like the overcoats and the suitcase. And in fact it had. When Dean Hill and his wife came to New York six months later, he invited me to lunch at the Plaza, and the conversation was easy and intimate. Everything that he had to say interested me because of its originality and wisdom. While living all his life in a very small Middle Western town and keeping his eye on his farms, he had managed to be aware of the world outside in a way that no one else there was. Or at least no one I knew. He was worried about my stepmother. It was a case of the oak and the ivy, he said, and he didn't think she would manage very well without my father. (He was quite right. She was ten years younger than my father, and when he was alive she was perky and energetic and always talking about taking off for somewhere—except that they couldn't, because of his emphy-

"Can you believe it? Another pair we're always bumping into going around the reservoir."

sema. After he was gone, the tears she wiped away with her handkerchief were simply followed by more tears. She spent the remaining fifteen years of her life in nursing homes, unable to deal with her sadness.)

I wrote to Dean Hill, and he answered my letters. The last time I saw him, in Lincoln, twenty years ago, I could talk to him but he couldn't talk to me. He had had a stroke. His speech was garbled and unintelligible. He appeared to feel that it was his fault.

MY second call, the day after the funeral, was on Aaron McIvor, who for ten years was a golfing companion of my father's. They also occasionally did some business together. Mr. McIvor dabbled in a number of things, including local politics, and he must have made a living out of all this or he would have gone to work for somebody else. My father was the state agent for a fire-insurance company. Now and then he would be asked to handle an insurance policy personally, and in doing so he used the name of Maxwell, McIvor & Company as agent.

Though it would be accurate to say that Aaron McIvor was not like anybody else in Lincoln, it would also, in a way, be meaningless, since small-town people of that period were so differentiated that the same thing could have been said of nearly everybody. He had sad eyes and a sallow complexion and two deep furrows running down his cheeks. The tips of his fingers were stained with nicotine and the whites of his eyes were yellowish also, in a way more often found in dogs than in human beings. Nothing that he said was ever calculated to make people feel better about themselves, but he could be very funny.

As I zigzagged the five or six blocks between Dean Hill's house and the McIvors' that afternoon, I was struck by how little the older residential part of Lincoln had changed in the thirty-five years since I had lived there. A house now and then where no house was before. A huge old mansion gone.

Aaron McIvor's daughter-in-law directed me up the stairs to his bedroom. The ashtray on a chair beside his bed was full of cigarette butts. He looked the same, only old. I didn't stay long and I wished I hadn't gone to see him, because he had things to say against my father that, the day after his funeral, I didn't feel like listening to.

Four Beers

• •

"McIvor is eccentric," my father would say, when his name came up in conversation. It was not something my father would have wanted anybody to say about him. But he did not expect people to be perfect, and Mr. McIvor's eccentricities in no way interfered with the friendship. Because he said so many unflattering things, it was assumed that he was a truthful man. I don't think this necessarily follows. But if you wanted him you had to take him as he was. The caustic remarks were brushed aside or forgiven. And people loved to tell how, when he was courting his wife, he never brought her candy or flowers but simply appeared, in the evening after supper, and stretched out in the porch swing with his head in her lap and went to sleep.

His wife, whom I called "Aunt" Thelma, was my mother's closest friend. When I shut my eyes now, I see her affectionate smile, and the way her brown eyes lighted up. People loved her because she was so radiant. It cannot have been true that she was never tired or that there was nothing in her life to make her unhappy or depressed or complaining, but that is how I remember her.

When I was a little boy of six I met her on a cinder path at the Chautauqua grounds one day and she opened her purse and took out a dime and gave it to me. "I don't think my father would want me to take it," I said. My father knew a spendthrift when he saw one, and, hoping to teach me the value of money, he had put me on an allowance of ten cents a week, with the understanding that when the ten cents was gone I was not to ask for more. Also, if possible, I was to save part of the ten cents. "It's perfectly all right," Aunt Thelma said. "Don't you worry. I'll explain it to him." I took off for the place where they sold Cracker Jack. And she stands forever, on the cinder path at the Chautauqua grounds, smiling at the happiness she has just set free. I long to compare her with something appropriate, and nothing is, quite, except the goodness of being alive.

The thing about my mother and Aunt Thelma was that they were always so lighthearted when they were together. Sometimes I understood what they were laughing about, sometimes it would be over my head. My father and mother were both mad about golf. I used to caddie for my father, and if he made a bad approach shot he was inconsolable. He would pick his ball out of the cup and walk toward the next tee still analyzing what he had done that made the ball end up in a bunker instead of on the green near the flag. You felt he felt that if he could only have lived that moment over again and kept his shoulder down and followed through properly, the whole rest of his life might have been different. And that Aaron McIvor mournfully agreed with him. The two women were unfazed by such disasters. My mother would send a fountain of sand into the air and go right on describing a dress pattern or some china she had seen in a house in Kentucky. When she and Aunt Thelma had talked their way around nine holes—usually my father and Mr. McIvor played in a foursome of men—they would add up their scores and sit down on the balcony of the clubhouse until their husbands joined them. Then, more often than not, they would come back to our house for Sunday-night supper. When my mother went out to the kitchen, Mr. McIvor would get up from his chair and follow her with the intent to ruffle her feathers. My mother had no use for the family her younger sister, my Aunt Annette, had married into. Perched on the kitchen stool, Mr. McIvor said admiring things about them. How well educated they were. How good they were at hanging on to their money. How one of them found a mistake of twenty-seven cents in his monthly bank statement and raised such Cain about it that the president of the bank came to him finally in tears. How no tenant farmer of theirs ever drew a simple breath that they didn't know about. And so on. My mother would emerge from the pantry with a plate of hot baking-powder biscuits in her hand and her face flushed with outrage, and we would sit down to scrambled eggs and bacon.

VACANT LOT WITH TUMBLEWEED AND PIGEONS

The rooms gone, hallways and stairwells
air, the cornices and fire escapes
where troops of sunning pigeons spun
from common-garden opalescence
the transience of some other thing
more rich and strange, two summers
and a winter solstice since

a dozen dumpsterloads of rubble dis-
embodied what had once seemed settled
here, effaced: the ricepaper
of the first December snowfall
inscribed with a not-yet-uprooted
tumbleweed's whip-limber pyramid,
spare, see-through, symmetrical,

an evergreen in one dimension, each
brushed-in, accidental grass-stroke
beside it letter-perfect. Two
summers and a winter solstice
since their perching places went,
pigeons still arrive from somewhere,
and as in a liturgy retrace,

descending yet again the roofless
staircase of outmoded custom, the
soon-to-be-obliterated stations
of nostalgia—as though the air
itself might wince at the stigmata
of the dispossessed, the razed,
the *triste*, the unaccounted-for.

—Amy Clampitt

• •

IN my Aunt Annette's sun parlor there was a wicker porch swing that hung on chains from the ceiling. *Creak . . . creak . . .* Just as if you were outdoors, only you weren't. It was a good place from which to survey what went on in Lincoln Avenue. Sitting with her arm resting on the back of the swing, my aunt was alternately there and not there, like cloud shadows. Now her attention would be focussed on me (for I was twelve years old and I had lost my mother a couple of years before and my father was on the point of remarrying and I needed her), now on a past that stretched well beyond the confines of my remembering. I didn't mind when she withdrew into her own thoughts; her physical presence was enough. One day I saw, on the sidewalk in front of the house, a very small woman in a big black hat. Not just the brim, the whole hat was big, an elaborate structure of ribbon and straw and jet hatpins that she moved under without disturbing.

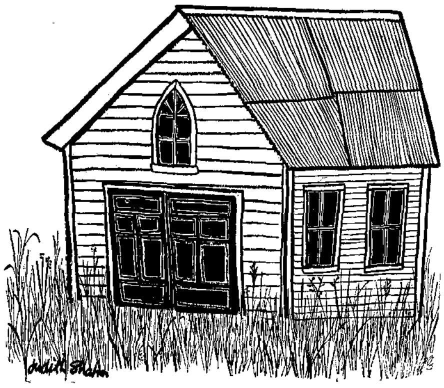
"Who is *that*?" I asked.

Turning her head, my aunt said, "Old Mrs. McIvor. Aaron's mother. She was born in England."

"Some hat," I said.

"She's been going by the house for many years and I have never seen her without it."

The things I am curious about now I was not curious about then. Where, in that small town of twelve thousand people, did Aaron McIvor's mother live? Did she live by herself? And if so, on what? And what brought her all the way across the Atlantic? And what happened to his father? And how on earth did she come by that hat? None of these questions will I ever know the answer to.



Preadolescent boys, at a certain point, become limp, pale, undemanding, unable to think of anything to do, so saturated with protective coloration that they are hardly distinguishable from the furniture, and not much more aware of what is going on around them. I'm not quite sure when Aunt Thelma and Mr. McIvor adopted a baby, but it didn't occur to me that any disappointment or heartache had preceded this decision. If I ever saw the baby, lack of interest prevented me from remembering it.

I must have been thirteen or fourteen when I heard that Aunt Thelma had cancer and was in the hospital. I felt I ought to go see her. I thought my mother would want me to. My Aunt Annette was in Florida and there was no one to enlighten me about what to expect. I went from room to room of the hospital, reading the cards on the doors and peering past the white cloth screens, and on the second floor, in the corridor, I ran into her. She was wearing a hospital gown and her hair was in two braids down her back. Her color was ashen. She saw me, but it was as if she were looking at somebody she had never seen before. Since then, I have watched beloved animals dying. The withdrawal. Into some part of themselves that only they know about. It is, I think, not unknown to any living creature. A doctor passed, in a white coat, and she turned and called after him urgently. I skittered down the stairs and got on my bicycle and rode away from the hospital feeling I had made a mistake. I had and I hadn't. She was in no condition to receive visitors, but I had acquired an important item of knowledge—dying is something people have to live through, and while they are doing it, unless you are much closer to them than I was to her, you have little or no claim on them.

After she was gone, when I rode past her house, I always thought of her. The house had a flat roof and the living-room windows came almost to the floor of the front porch. The fact that there were so few lights burning on winter evenings may have accounted for the look of sadness. Or it could have been my imagination.

"Phil Donahue and I were talking about you today."

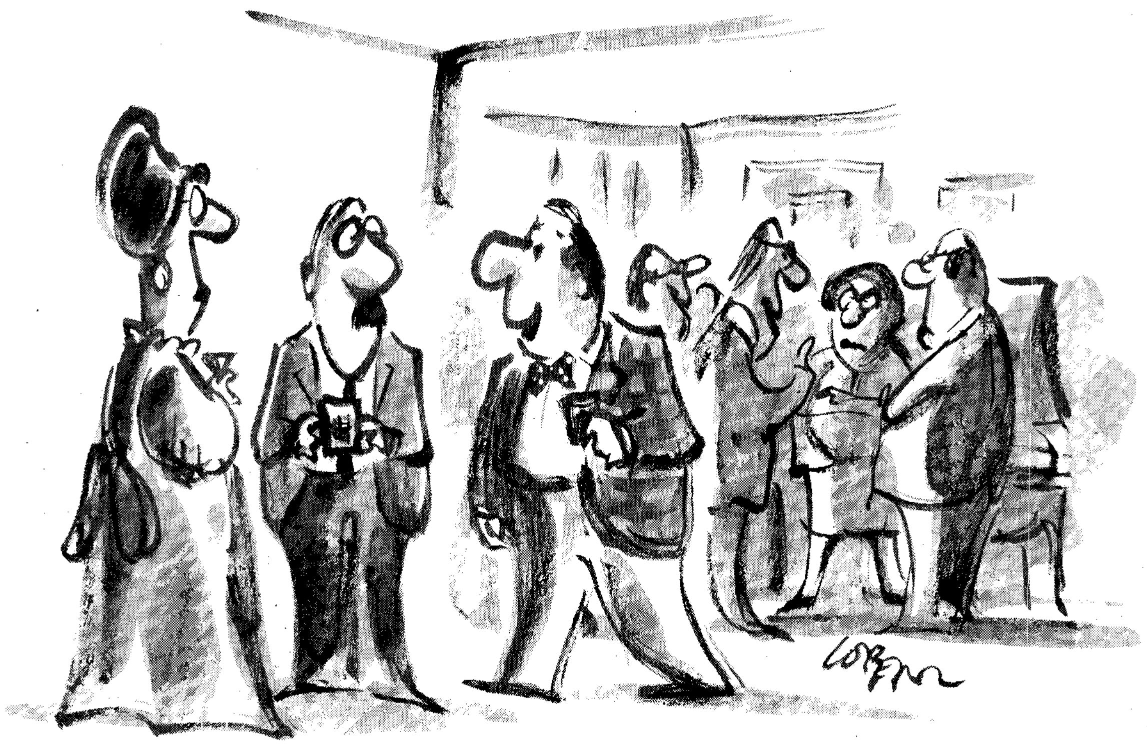
• •

MY father was promoted and moved us all to Chicago in 1923. For years after that, my stepmother was homesick and we always went down to Lincoln for the holidays so that she could be with her family. One evening, a couple of days after Christmas, I happened to be walking down Keokuk Street, and when I came to the McIvors' house I turned in at the front walk. I don't know what made me do it. Recollection of those Sunday-night suppers when my mother was alive, perhaps, or of my father and Mr. McIvor retiring to his den, where he kept the whiskey bottle, for a nightcap. The housekeeper let me in. The little boy—I had almost forgotten about him—who peered at me from behind her skirt must have been six or seven. Mr. McIvor hadn't come home from his office yet, she said, and retired to the kitchen.

I couldn't remember ever having been inside the house before, and I looked around the living room: dark varnished woodwork, Mission furniture, brown wallpaper, brown lampshades. It didn't seem at all likely that after Aunt Thelma died Mr. McIvor destroyed all traces of her, but neither did it seem possible that she would have chosen to live with this disheartening furniture. There were brass andirons in the fireplace but no logs on them and no indication that the fireplace was ever used. No books or magazines lying around, not even the *Saturday Evening Post*. The little boy wanted to show me the Christmas tree, in the front window. The tree lights were not on, and he explained that they were broken. The opened presents under the tree—a cowboy suit, a puzzle, a Parcheesi board, and so on—were still in the boxes they had come in. With a screwdriver that the housekeeper produced for me I located the defective bulb, and the colored lights shone on the child's pleased face. The stillness I heard as I stood looking at the lighted tree was beyond my power to do anything about. I said goodbye to the little boy and picked up my hat and coat and left, without waiting for Mr. McIvor to come home.

WHEN I married I took my wife to Lincoln to meet my family. By that time my father had retired from business and he and my stepmother had moved back to the same street, though not the same house, that they had lived in before. They had an evening party for us, and my wife was introduced to all the friends of the family, including Aaron McIvor, whom she was charmed by. She told me afterward that at one point in their conversation he turned and looked at me and then said, "He's a nice boy but queer—very queer."

WHEN I went to see Mr. McIvor on the day after my father's funeral, his criticism boiled down to the



"Mind if I join you folks? Everyone else here is too smart for me."

• •

fact that my father liked women too much, and let them twist him around their little finger.

My father was an indulgent husband, but he hated change and was devoted to his habits, and it took a prolonged campaign and all sorts of stratagems on my stepmother's part to get him to agree to enclose the screened porch or buy a new car. In any case, he was not a skirt chaser. So what did all this mean?

I think even more than by what he said I was upset by his matter-of-fact tone of voice—as if my father's death had aroused no feelings in him whatever. There was no question that my father considered Aaron McIvor his friend. Could it be that he disliked my father, and perhaps always had? Or did he dislike everybody, pretty much?

As I listened to him, I wondered if he had been envious of my father—of his success in business, and of the fact that he was, many people would have said, as fortunate in his second marriage as he was in his first. Because Aaron McIvor had made a decision and stuck to it didn't mean that he never considered the alternative. And even a so-so marriage might have been better than the unshared bed and the unending solitude he came home to day after day for something like forty years.

"I don't agree with you," I said, and "I don't think that's right." And he said with a sniff, "I knew him better than you did."

It crossed my mind, after I had left the house, that he might have been playing with me the game he used to play with my mother. But on those far-off Sunday evenings he had a look of glee in his eyes, where now there was simply animosity. From which it did not appear that I was excluded.

I always assumed he was fond of my mother or he wouldn't have enjoyed teasing her. Was it on her account that he resented the fact that my father had remarried—if he did resent it? If I had had my wits about me, I would have retraced my steps and asked Dean Hill what he thought. He and Aaron McIvor were not, so far as I know, friends, but they had spent a lifetime in the same small town, where everything is known, about everybody. Also, they were direct opposites—the one so even-tempered and observant and responsive to any kind of cordiality, the other so abrasive. And opposites often instinctively understand each other. Whether Dean Hill came up with a believable explanation or not, ambiguity was meat and drink to him, and he would probably have considered the conversation in that bleak upstairs bedroom from angles I hadn't thought of. He might even have suggested, tactfully, that in my being so hot under the collar there just could be something worth looking into. My father and I were of very different temperaments, and he didn't know anything about the kind of life I was blindly feeling my way toward. He had only my best interests at heart, but as an adolescent and in my early twenties I had resented his advice and some-times taken pleasure in doing the opposite of what he urged me to do.

Instead, I stopped off at my Aunt Annette's. The slipcovers in the sun parlor must have worn out and been replaced, but to me they looked the same, and there had been very little change in her appearance also with the years. She listened to my account of the visit to Aaron McIvor and did not attempt to explain his behavior, beyond saying he had always been that way. She then told me something I didn't know: "As Thelma lay dying, she said to Aaron, 'You are the dearest husband any woman ever had.' "

In the face of that, nothing I had been thinking seemed worth giving serious consideration to. She was his life. There wasn't the faintest chance of his finding another woman like her, and it was not in his nature to make concessions. So he made do with housekeepers, and brought up his son. When he was stumped by something he went to see the old woman with the big black hat, who knew a thing or two about bringing up children (or so I like to think) and who was not put off by anything he said, being of the opinion that his bark was worse than his bite.

—William Maxwell

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8:00 12 "Anastasia" Drama. ★★★ An opportunist educates an amnesiac so that she will pose as the daughter of the Czar of Germany. Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, Helen Hayes.—*Allentown (Pa.) Morning Call.*

Which one plays Bismarck?

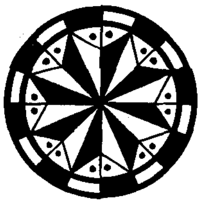
BACHELOR OF ARTS

HENRY's last term at college, compared to the balmy springs of most graduating seniors, was a cool, gray, and rainy fall. Two years before, as an imagined remedy for academic fatigue and as a needed respite from a long, strenuous love affair, he had taken a term off, tripped aimlessly around Europe for several months, and then gone back to his summer job at a local tennis club, raking clay and laying tapes and repairing dilapidated fences. He returned to college the following fall, but as a consequence of this term-long hiatus the symmetry of his four years was disrupted—transformed into a rather lopsided three springs and five autumns. As he began his courses the next September, he felt he was reliving part of his past or, like a man cast as himself in his own play, taking an active role in the enactment of his own nostalgia. Added to this were his academic foibles of the previous spring, when for the first time in his life he had failed a course, so that he was now obliged to take five courses instead of the usual four. With a novel air of gravity surrounding his schooling, and feeling he had outgrown the cloistered world of the dormitory, he moved from his old college room to a large wooden house not far away, sharing his new adult life with a middle-aged lawyer, her carpenter boyfriend, and a young man named Jim, who was trying to break into the music business by producing a radio program entitled "Country Greats in Concert." Henry lived alone on the third floor, and as he lay in bed at night he could hear the melancholy strains of "Country Greats" wafting up the stairs to his room. From his window he could look down onto the tops of the trees and watch as, for no apparent reason, a leaf would suddenly release itself, fall from a motionless branch, and drift down onto the windshield of a parked car, its reflection falling upward through the tinted glass.

By day, he attended his classes with a regularity previously unknown to him—trudging off in the morning with an armful of books, cutting a clean line across the campus, finding a seat in the auditorium and leaning back as the lecture began, recording its "salient points" in his notebook in a small, dutiful script. But as he followed the happy throng of students between classes he noticed that these were people he did not know. In extending his education beyond the projected four years, he had outlived the presence of his peers and come into an unimagined era of strangers. College was something constant, ongoing, he realized, and for all the people he knew there were countless others coming up behind, usurping them, taking their places in a world of transients. He had lived into a time that no longer included him and was already reaching to embrace the hopeful lives of younger, fresher students.

Now and then he would come upon familiar faces. In "Classics of Historical Literature," for example, taught by a booming, bearlike man whose eyes would clamp shut in a kind of rapturous swoon as he recalled, for the thousandth time, an anecdote about one of his heroes, Henry was amused to discover the nape of his first girlfriend, the familiar inclination of her head, three rows down to the right. As the professor marched through the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and the class transcribed his ramblings in their varied hands, Henry examined the down on the back of her neck, amazed that she, for whom he would once have given a finger in sacrifice, now elicited only a distant wash of fondness, which did not lapse into regret. Instead, he felt a faint pity for her new boyfriend, in whom, when he met him once after class, he detected the same glint of hopelessness he had once felt in himself.

One day, when he sat beside her, he was amused by her industry, the ceaseless stream of notes that flowed from her purple pen, the way she frantically flopped the notebook pages over in midsentence, as if in fear of missing a single word. A beam of sunlight fell through the window and bathed them both in a warm, autumnal glow; he leaned toward her and tried to inhale the fragrance that had once tortured him—it was there, but it did not draw him nearer. He was touched by the trappings of her new life: new haircut and shoes, unfamiliar clothes, the sky-blue bicycle she hurriedly unlocked and on which, like a man in a silent movie, she teetered away across the campus.



After class Henry went out through the iron gates, across the avenue, and turned in to his favorite Chinese restaurant, and there, with one of his schoolbooks for company, he ordered a bowl of soup and fried rice and, as he ate, listened to the quarrel of two young lovers and the exchange of an old man and his grandson debating the contents of an eggroll. As he walked home he could hear the sound of "Country Greats" a block away, and on his way upstairs he looked in as Jim and a friend played and replayed a single song. "Hey, Henry!" Jim said suddenly, noticing him in the doorway. "How's school?"

That night, when Henry finished all his studying and found that the few friends he called weren't home, he went out by himself, strolling in and out of bookstores, pausing for a cup of coffee, looking into bars for someone he knew, and then drifted back to his room. On this and other walks, he discovered the first strange lesson of adulthood: its inescapable loneliness.

HIS courses went well. His method of studying was foolproof, and for the first time he felt the yeomanlike satisfaction of diligence. He was amused by simple things—the interrelatedness of his subjects. In the week he was studying Gibbon's "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," for example, he learned in Anthropology 99 that gibbons, tree-swinging apes, were prone to humanlike error: a random sampling of skeletons from a certain Asian jungle revealed that a high percentage of the gibbons had at one time or another suffered broken bones, presumably caused by their airborne miscalculations—a branch missed and a long, bloodcurdling scream as they fell like stones, carrying fistfuls of shredded leaves to the jungle floor. The two teachers of this course seemed to mimic the characteristics of two distinct varieties of primates: the one short, rotund, and stout, with a head of auburn hair, distant kin of the chimpanzee, orangutan, gorilla, and other slow-moving apes; the other light-limbed, delicate, bifocaled, resembling the nimble, arboreal vegetarians—lemurs, spider monkeys—who spent their entire simian lives, Henry read, in the "verdant, airy world of the forest canopy."

The teacher of Russian 102 was an affable, limping Russian with a cane. The class, the last of Henry's morning, was held at eleven in a cozy, coffin-shaped room in Bartram, in the middle of the campus. The seats were upholstered and, in conjunction with the sonorous voice of Professor Slokov, induced in Henry a half-reclining position of daydreaming contemplation. The autumn gave way to a succession of gray, rainy, wintry days, and from his seat he could look out and up at the falling leaves as they were swept past the window, only to tumble, he imagined, to a resting place under a bush or pasted to the sole of a nervous freshman's plodding shoe. In time, Henry's attention turned toward a young woman he distantly knew, sitting a few rows in front of him and wearing glasses. His interest in Russian literature was slowly displaced, and each successive class witnessed his steady migration across the room, the gap between his seat and hers diminishing until there was only one seat between them, and then, on the next day, no seat at all. They eventually began to have small pre- and post-class conversations, and during class, as they leaned back in their chairs, they would exchange whispered imitations of Professor Slokov's Russian accent. Sandra was a Russian major and, she later told him, part Russian, and so she would point out the connotations of certain words, the nuances of certain phrases. But mostly they just sat in a kind of happy silence, Henry pleased there was someone to share this sleepy interim of the day with. One morning he wore a short-sleeved shirt and the back of his arm lightly touched against the back of hers, and to his surprise she didn't move her arm away. He closed his eyes and listened to the sound of rain as drops began to pelt against the window, and felt, in this faint exchange of heat, a distant signal of acquiescence.

Several days later he ran into her at the athletic fields during halftime of an intramural soccer game he was playing in. She was wearing high leather boots, a plaid skirt, a low-cut sweater almost the color of her own pale skin. As they stood together, talking, the light mist that had begun to fall gathered like beads in her hair, and the smell of grass and mud mingled with the distant scent of her perfume.

"So how've you been?" he said, tossing a muddy soccer ball up into the air and catching it.

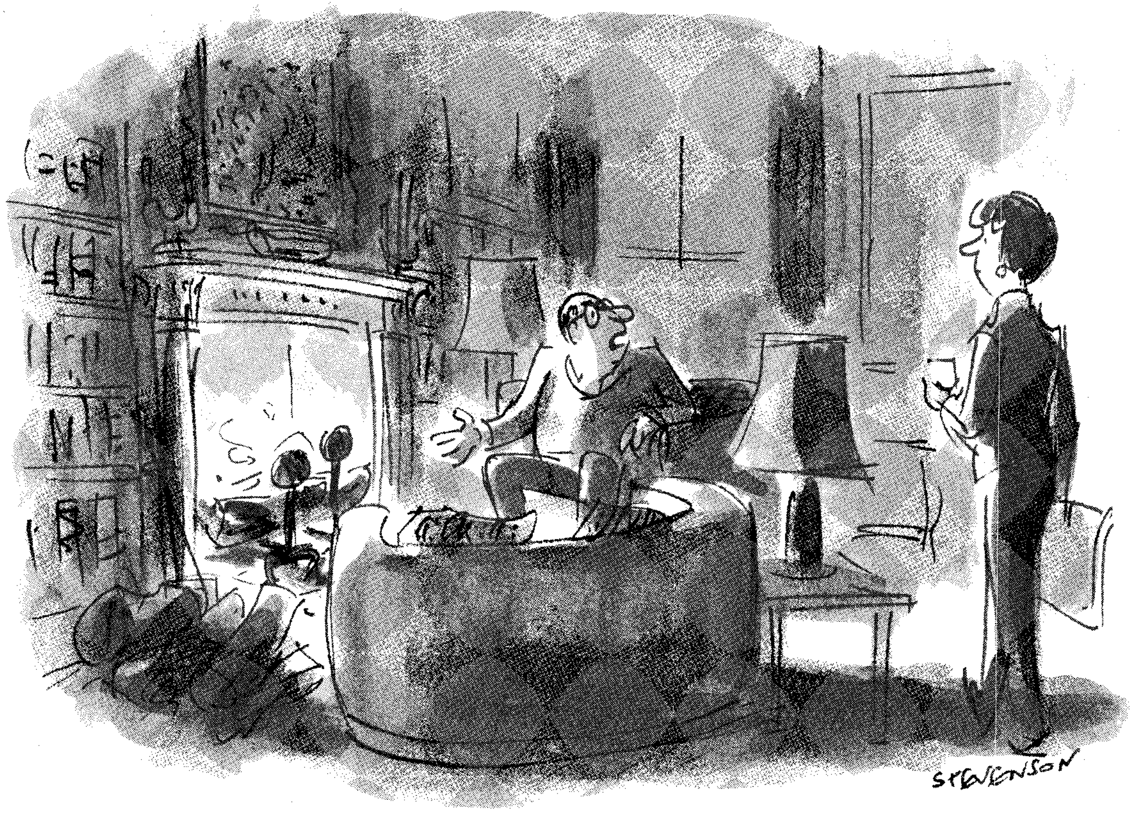
"Oh, all right," she answered, staring distractedly away across the fields. "A little horny, I guess."

He was so surprised by this simple self-observation—by this word he had never heard spoken by a woman before—that he laughed. "Well, you can't have everything," he said, intending to make *her* laugh, though she didn't. A shrill whistle blew, and he said goodbye and sprinted back into the game.

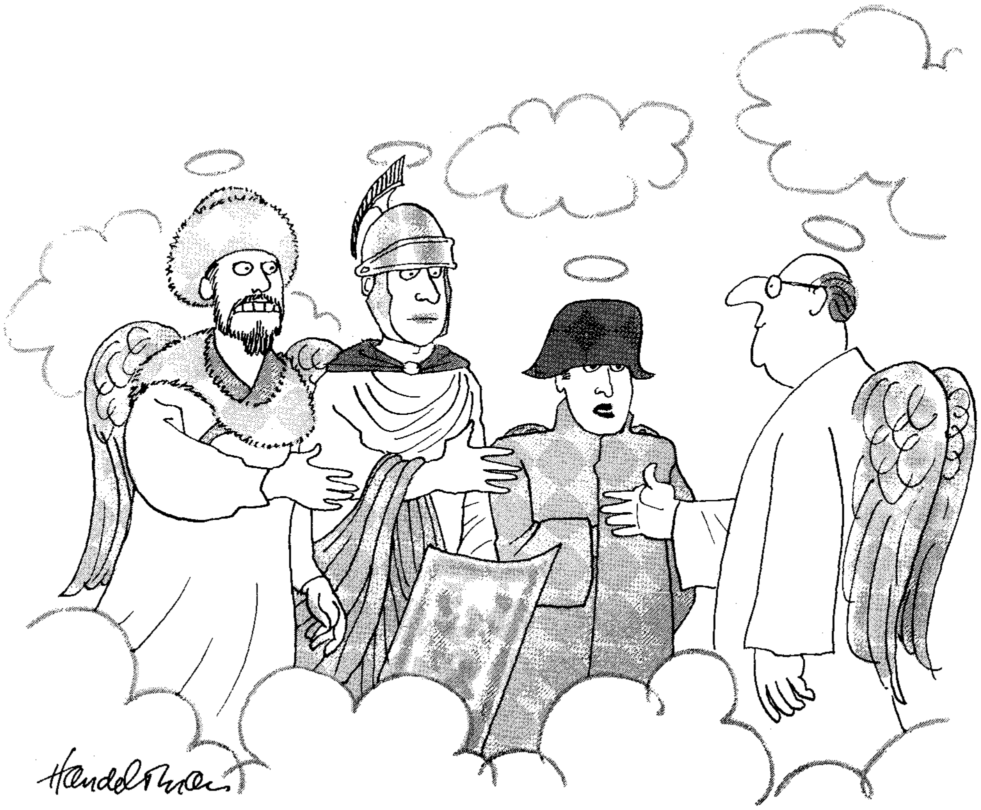
A few weeks later he called Sandra impulsively on a cold, rainy night, and they met at a small bar near his house. Outside of class, she seemed different, transformed. She wore the same low-cut sweater and had exchanged her glasses for contacts. They spoke of inconsequential things—Professor Slokov, the thesis she was writing on Pushkin, the six months she had once spent in Russia. As they talked Henry gathered she had a boyfriend somewhere, hidden away in another city. He soon learned that the boyfriend was French, that the city was Paris, and that she had met him the year before, when he was a graduate student in medieval history. It also became apparent that her happiness hinged on the tenor of her weekly phone conversations with him, and that in his absence she suffered a certain sense of displacement, dislocation—as if the world to which she had previously belonged no longer existed. Like Henry, she was living out her last college year more from necessity than desire.

On the way home he invited her into his house, but she begged off. "Some other time," she said, and then, as if in consolation, she suddenly, passionately kissed him, her hand landing like a bird on the curve of his hip, his cupping the hollow of her back. "See you in class," she said, finally, and kissed him again.

Henry went up to his room with a sudden sense of good fortune and a peculiar gratitude for being alone. He did not immediately go to sleep but sat up in the dark-



"Will you please come sit down, Margot? This stuff cost a hundred and fifty bucks a cord."



"Genghis Khan, Alexander the Great, meet a man with branches in all major cities."

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ness looking out the window and listening to the sound of leaves falling through the windless air.

In class, they continued to sit together, to whisper and talk, and did so with the pleasant sensation of a shared secret. In the chaste light of Russian literature her beauty seemed to take on softer, richer tones. They met again at a small subterranean bistro near her dorm and had several drinks—he beer, she 7 and 7.

"So how's your boyfriend?" Henry asked.

"Oh, not too good," she said, looking down at the table, tapping together two coins with two pale fingers. "I talked to him last night and he told me he wasn't coming for Christmas, and so I got mad and told him I was going there, and then he started talking about his mother, how there wasn't any room in the house, blah, blah, blah . . ."

"Well, he'll call back," Henry weakly offered.

"Yeah, well, he's supposed to call tomorrow," she said. "It's just a pain." With that, the conversation shifted; their mutual acceptance of this boyfriend seemed to offer safety somehow—a necessary, unspoken boundary.

On the way back he repeated his previous invitation, she accepted, and he led her up the dark diagonal of the stairway to his room. They knelt on the bed by the window looking out on the street below, and watched as a small dog tugged its master from hedge to hydrant and a man on a bicycle glided by beneath them. While trying to see a cat creeping along the top of a picket fence, they touched shoulders and then, with the sure, inevitable pull of gravity, they resumed the kiss with which they had parted the last time he had seen her. But as Henry watched her face in the muted darkness of the room, her eyes closed like two translucent shells, it suddenly came to him, with the abrupt clarity of a dream, that her expression was no longer her own but, rather, that of someone he had never met before. She seemed distant, alone—as if what she was thinking could not be shared. He wanted to say something to break the silence, but then realized he didn't know her well enough to know what to say. He was relieved when she kissed him goodbye and went quietly from his room; he listened as her footsteps receded down the stairs and the front door thumped shut behind her.

THE next day, she was not in class; the day after, he was not; and then, like little lights going out, each of Henry's classes ended to a faint smattering of student applause. Professor Slokov gave a little bow, and the term was suddenly over.

In the week before final exams Henry methodically reviewed for each of his courses, finished a paper on "The Idiosyncrasies of Primate Evolution," and otherwise tied up the loose ends of his formal education. Even if he failed his exams, he calculated, he would still pass and graduate. He knew most of his grades already: A, A-, B, C. The C was in Russian.

He ran into Sandra one afternoon as he was walking slowly home from a bout with sleep at the library and she tripped into his path down the steps of Fowler.

"What are your plans?" she asked him, but he didn't really know.

"I might go skiing for a while," he said, "and then I should find a job—gardening, maybe."

Although it was December, the weather was warm and Henry was dressed in a worn-out sports jacket, in the standard style of the college. He stood talking with her in the dying light; the wind whipped up the scents of the decaying autumn, and she lightly held, tugging and releasing by turns, the tired cloth of his lapel. He was moved more by this small gesture than he had been by her visit to his room. As she fastened and unfastened a single button on his coat, he was also moved by the sudden, impromptu conjunction of impressions, and by a premonition that they would be the last things he would remember of college: the faint fragrances of leaves, wet wool, perfume; the wonderful hovering sense of enclosing dusk. He looked up toward the lit windows of the college rooms and felt safe, protected, and, if only for the moment, loved.

—DAVID UPDIKE

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Chicago Sun-Times*]

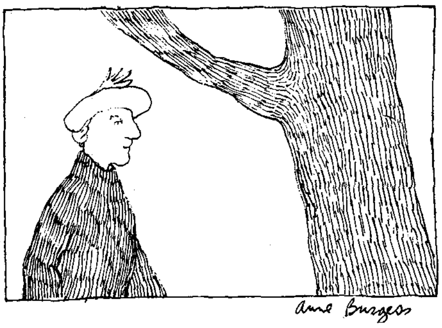
Businesses planning sales strategy perceive buying power as a gauge of the general ability of potential customers to buy their products.

A POLITICAL JOURNAL

JANUARY 3

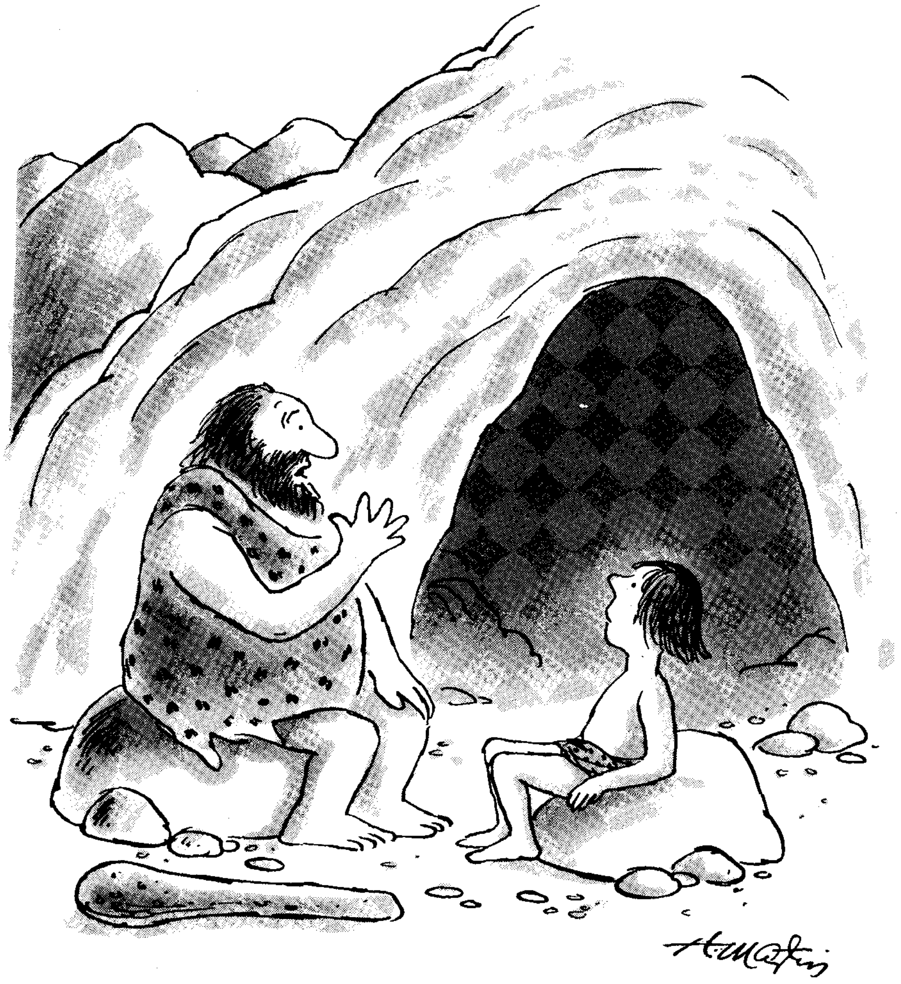
WASHINGTON. Today, another round of the 1984 Presidential campaign begins. Last year, there were the preliminaries—which might turn out to have been more than preliminaries—and now the candidates are facing the real contests, and will be subjected to greater scrutiny as the press coverage increases and the public tunes in. An unusual mystery hangs over the Democratic contest at this point: one candidate, Walter Mondale, is, by just about every measurable standard, so far ahead of his rivals that there is a large body of opinion that the race is, in effect, over. By these measures—polls, money, endorsements, organizational strength—Mondale may, in fact, be farther ahead of his rivals than a front-runner has been in any really contested race in memory. Analogies with previous front-runners fail. However, the public is just beginning to pay attention; the kinds of events that can sway opinion, such as televised debates, have yet to occur; and unexpected developments, by definition, have not yet happened. So the mystery is whether a race that so many people assume is over is really over. An important question, even if Mondale does stumble, is who would be in a position to pick up the pieces and win. John Glenn, presumably the next-strongest candidate, has not had a particularly good last few months. In December, the Gallup poll had him twenty-eight points behind Mondale (in the previous poll, he had been eleven points behind); his campaign has seemed to lack definition; and he is running into money problems. The costs of maintaining a campaign staff and sending the candidate out on the road, not to mention the buying of advertising time, which has barely begun, are so great as to squeeze the resources of all the candidates. Other candidates—Reubin Askew, Alan Cranston, Gary Hart, Fritz Hollings, and George McGovern—have not broken through yet, and not because the press hasn't paid them attention: they have received more attention than back-of-the-pack candidates ordinarily do in a preëlection year. And they have had several opportunities to break through—straw polls, joint appearances of candidates, and so on. And if one of them should break through in an early contest there is some question of how—given the clustering of the contests this year, and the tremendous amount of money and, presumably, organization required—he could capitalize on that sufficiently. But part of the charm of politics is its mysteriousness and capacity for surprise. Jesse Jackson, who entered the race November 3rd, keeps scrambling the picture and the calculations by virtue of his verve and his highly developed sense of theatre. Jackson has always known how to get attention, often at the expense of others (which is one reason he has many antagonists in the black community). Now he has scored a spectacular by going to Syria and obtaining this morning the release of Navy Lieutenant Robert Goodman, the airman who was shot down during a bombing raid over Syrian-held Lebanese territory on December 4th. Among other things, Jackson's feat will interfere with, if not ruin, Mondale's day. Today, Tuesday, the first day after the New Year's weekend, Mondale is to open his 1984 campaign with a speech on foreign policy to the National Press Club—a speech long in the planning and considered important to the campaign—and then go on the road for a trip that his staff considers to be of much significance: to the South, where he will compete with Glenn, and where the share of the black vote that Jackson gets could be decisive.

But beyond the question of where each of the candidates stands in the ranking at this point are the questions about what the candidates are saying and, related to that, about the nature of the race that is shaping up among the Democrats against the Republicans. While Democrats are fighting each other in the next few months, the themes that the nominee will use against his Republican opponent will be developing. There can be no question that this will be an important election—especially if Reagan runs. Reagan has brought about probably the most dramatic change in the nature and the direction of government since the New Deal; he has a view of the world and of the conduct of foreign policy which represents a break with his Republican, not to mention his Democratic, predecessors. Whoever is elected in 1984 could well have an opportunity to make a number of Supreme Court appointments, and perhaps determine the Court's direction for decades. Moreover, it is an article of faith among many Democrats that America is in the midst of a changing economy and that Americans are looking for someone who can guide them into the future. This assumption has its tactical basis, of course, and may involve some wishful thinking: that Reagan, whatever his strengths, does not come across as someone who can guide the country into the future. One important thing that Reagan has done for politics is make it clear that—whatever one's point of view—it does matter who is President. This has already led to more intensity about the 1984 election than any in a long time—more involvement by more groups, a more widespread sense that there are stakes.



Today, with his speech and his trip, Mondale is raising the curtain on the next round. Glenn's campaign will effectively begin in a few days. Now the candidates will have to clarify their messages and have little time to do so, and will be under pressure from the others and not left alone to do so. I have decided to spend some time on the road with Mondale and Glenn, and talk with their aides and advisers, to see how each is handling the situation now and what they are saying.

THE Capital Hilton Hotel. Noon. A large crowd has turned out for Mondale's speech, to be given here in the Presidential Ballroom, a big room, decorated in gold, that is the site of the annual Gridiron Dinner. (The National Press Club's building is being refurbished, so the luncheon address is being staged here.) A large segment of the crowd consists of Mondale supporters, and many others are here because this is the first political event of the new year, after a relatively peaceful holiday lull. With Congress gone since November 18th and the President out of town for a week, until yesterday, it has been fairly quiet, even though there were events to react to. Washington needed a break, and took one. But a lot of people are here because of the drama of Mondale's



"There are five elements, son—earth, air, fire, water, and women."

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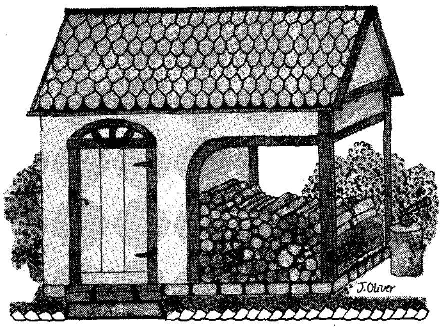
situation right now. The mechanics of his campaign thus far have been impressive—even, in the minds of some, brilliant. Mondale himself has been deft. Still—and not entirely through fault of his own—his voice has not yet come through. He has said no memorable thing. Strong position though he may be in, this is the period of maximum peril for Mondale. He will be receiving closer scrutiny than ever before and, as the front-runner, than any of his rivals. And all his rivals will be taking aim at him. Because of his position, more will be demanded of him. When a front-runner stumbles, the pouncing on him is relentless, if sometimes disproportionate. No politician wants to be, or is at his best, on the defensive. The Mondale group has felt that a lot is riding on this speech: on the quality of his performance, and on the political effectiveness of the substance. He must look like a leader —and a winner.

The speech has gone through something like nine drafts (at one point, thanks to all the experts who had a hand in it, it resembled a musty government policy paper), but the central theme was settled on weeks ago: creating a safer world. Dealing with such a theme enables Mondale to do three things at once: to display his experience with and grasp of foreign policy (with the implicit contrast with Reagan and Glenn) and present himself as capable of being a world leader; to deal with a subject on which Reagan is quite vulnerable; and to take some swipes at Glenn. As Mondale and his advisers see it, Mondale has the good, and unusual, fortune to be able to run a campaign simultaneously against both his chief opponent for the nomination and his presumed opponent for the general election. Often, a candidate for the Democratic nomination has to do battle on his left and then reach for the centrist vote in the general election, but the Mondale people see no serious, or unmanageable, threat on the left just now, and Mondale has been able to occupy a broad spectrum of the Party. The two most important issues that Mondale has against Reagan he also has, in a form, against Glenn: Reagan's economic program, which Glenn voted for in 1981; and arms control, since Glenn's opposition to the SALT II treaty was a major factor in its death in the Senate. By making a strong case against Reagan, as Mondale will do in this speech and during the rest of the nomination contest, he not only gets in position for the fall but implicitly makes the case that he can wage a tough campaign against Reagan—one of Glenn's principal arguments having been that he would be the stronger candidate against Reagan. For this speech, and for the rest of the campaign, Mondale has settled on three themes: "a more competitive economy, a more just society, and a safer world."

Mondale, arriving at the head table, looks ruddy and healthy. He took a week's skiing vacation in Vail, Colorado, over Christmas, and then returned for a week of intense meetings with his staff and outside advisers on a wide range of subjects. This was probably the last chance for sustained attention to these things until the nomination fight is settled. What much of the press here wants to know is how Mondale will respond to the story of the day—Jackson's successful mission to Syria. Reagan, who had kept his distance from the venture, has now embraced it, which is the only sensible thing to do politically. It's a bit embarrassing that Jackson succeeded where the Administration had not, and even more so since Reagan's special Mideast envoy, Donald Rumsfeld, had failed to bring up the question of Goodman's release when he talked with Syrian officials recently. But, despite his associating himself with the airman's release, Reagan is still saddled with a Lebanon policy that is fast losing political support. The report, released last week, of a Pentagon-appointed commission headed by retired Admiral Robert L. J. Long not only was a devastating indictment of the security arrangements that led to the death of two hundred and forty-one Marines as a result of a truck-bomb attack in October but called into question the President's entire Lebanon policy. (It had become known by then that the Joint Chiefs of Staff had unanimously opposed sending the Marines into Lebanon.) Reagan, in an attempt to minimize the damage to himself and preëmpt debate on the report, said last week that he took responsibility for the lack of security measures, and that local commanders on the ground should not be punished—that they had "suffered enough." But this theatrical and somewhat belated gesture did not allay the questions about a policy that had, among other things, caused the death of over two hundred and sixty Marines and led the United States into confrontation on yet another front.

On Saturday, Mondale, breaking with his previous position, called for withdrawal of the Marines from Lebanon within forty-five days. Before that, he had had a five-point program of steps for the Administration to take. His aides explained that the change of position came as a result of his reading the Long Commission report and an earlier one, by the House Armed Services Committee, and of the failure of the Lebanese government to take effective steps that might lead to a settlement. But there were, obviously, other imperatives as well: If Mondale did not move, he risked being left behind by both Democrats and Republicans who were talking about withdrawing their support of the Administration's policy, and it was not inconceivable that the President would find a way to extricate himself before long. And if Mondale was to move, the sooner the better. His announcement was deliberately made three days before the Press Club speech, so that it would not take the headlines from other things he wanted to say in the speech, and had he not got the subject out of the way he would have had to spend some time during the question period at the Press Club defending a policy on which time was running out. Other candidates had already called for withdrawal of the Marines—leaving only Mondale and Glenn in support of the Marines' presence. (Glenn's aides had hoped that he would change his policy in recent weeks, but he balked.) Mondale's statement, when one gets to the fine print, is not so radical as it first appears: he calls for maintaining the United States naval forces off the Lebanese shore—a concession to supporters of Israel who support the Lebanon policy—and he makes other bows in the direction of Israel.

Today, at the Press Club luncheon, Mondale begins by praising Jackson's feat; there is nothing else he can do. One of the curiosities of the hullabaloo over Jackson's exploit is the amount of comment suggesting that it shows how much more verve Jackson has than his rivals; yet if any of Jackson's rivals had tried a similar thing they'd have been subjected to merciless criticism for involving themselves in foreign affairs for their own political gain. Jackson has got away with it to the extent he has because he is extra-political—and provides wonderful theatre. Politics is much more of an entertainment business than we care to admit. The one theatrical line in a debate gets far more attention than all the rest of what happens. The more contention there is in a debate, the more it is valued—never mind substance, or what all this has to do with the capacity for being President. (Who remembers what happened in the Republican debate in Nashua, New Hampshire, in 1980 except that Reagan said, "I am paying for this microphone, Mr. Green"?) The Mondale people are concerned not just about how many black votes Jackson will take from Mondale but also about Jackson's capacity for roiling the waters over the next several months. He has already challenged the rules under which the nominating contest is being fought, arguing that they discriminate against minority candidates as well as candidates who are not front-runners. In fact, the rules were approved by a number of black officials, including some who are supporting Jackson (and the Party has strong affirmative-action rules), and what they were designed to do was produce consensus and a winner. Whatever way the rules are written works to the advantage of someone: this time, the Party's interest was in preventing a long-shot candidacy and in getting the thing over with. The more graciously the Mondale people and Party officials treat Jackson, the thinking is, the more reasonable he might be, and the less likely it is that blacks sympathetic to Jackson will be alienated.



In his speech, Mondale begins by arguing that "this election in my

UNLESS IT WAS COURAGE

Again today, balloons aloft in the hazy *here*,
three heated, airy, basket-toting balloons,
three triangular boasts ahead against the haze
of summer and the gravity of onrushing fall—
these win me from the wavery *chrr*-ing of locusts
that fills these days the air between the trees,
from the three trembly outspreading cocoons hanging
on an oak so old it might have been weighed down
by the very thought of hundreds of new butterflies,
and from all other things that come in threes
or seem to be arranged. These *are* arranged,
they are the perfection of mathematics as idea,
they have lifted off by making the air greater—
nothing else was needed unless it was courage—
and today they do not even drag a shadow.

It was only a week ago I ran beneath one.
All month overhead had passed the jetliners,
the decorated company planes, the prop jobs
and great crows of greed and damage (I saw one
dangle a white snake from its bill as it flew),
and all month I had looked up from everywhere
to see what must seem from other galaxies
the flies of heaven. Then quickly my chance came,
and I ran foolish on the grass with my neck bent
to see straight up into the great resonant cavity
of one grandly wafting, rising, bulbous, whole
balloon, just to see nothing for myself. That
was enough, it seemed, as it ran skyward and away.
There I was, unable to say what I'd seen.
But I was happy, and my happiness made others happy.

—MARVIN BELL

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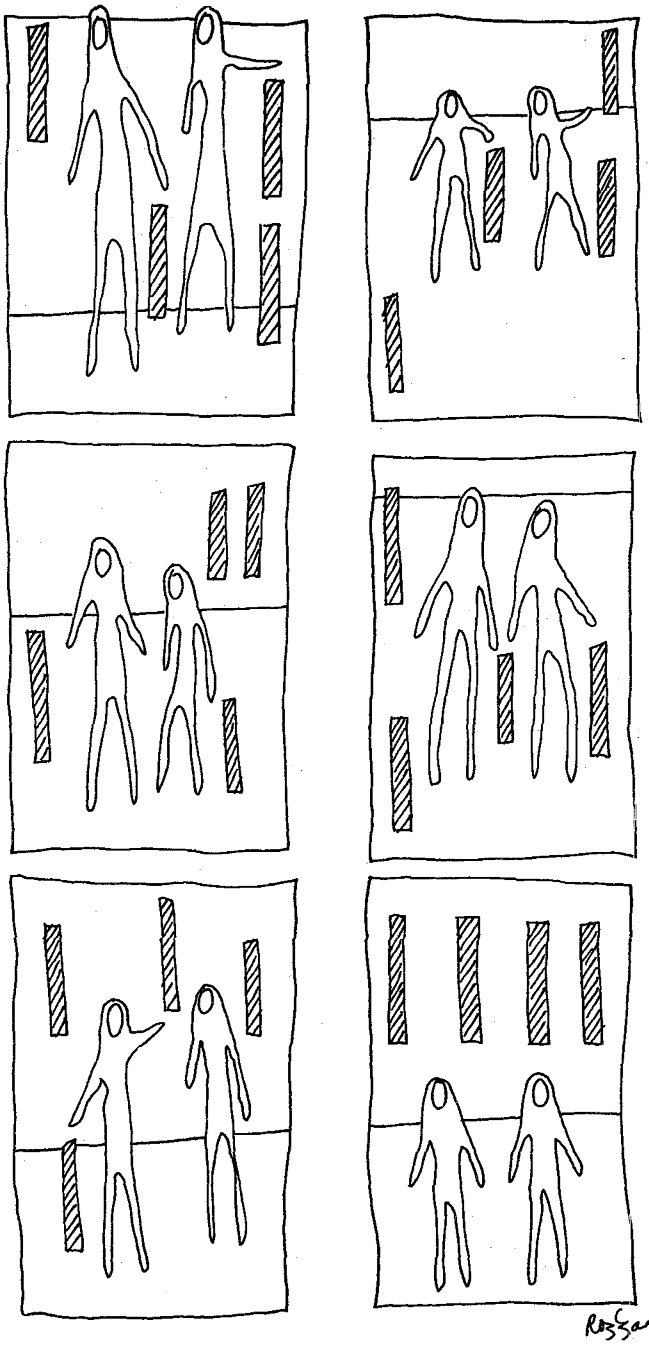
Donald Reilly

"It's been up two days. If there are no damn birds by tomorrow, down it comes!"

• •

opinion is a turning point for America, for we must decide many things," and he raises the questions that must be answered, under the headings of his themes. These themes will, to the extent Mondale can control the debate, constitute his case for himself, and against Reagan. "First," he says, "we'll be deciding what kind of economy we'll have. Will America get its competitive edge back and lead the world economy again? Or will we saddle our kids with debt, second-rate jobs, impossible interest rates, and a falling standard of living?" With the economy improving (if it continues to improve), the Democrats will have to make their case against the immediate and long-run effects of one result of Reagan's program—the staggering budget deficits—and also against the program's "unfairness." "Second," Mondale says, "we must decide what kind of people we are. Will we restore a sense of fairness and decency in American life? Or will it be the rich against the rest?" He continues, "Third, we must decide what kind of future we will have—if any," and he talks about the danger of nuclear weapons. Mondale goes after Glenn and Reagan simultaneously when he talks about the need to make "tough choices" on defense; and when he talks about "compassion" he is taking direct aim at Reagan but indirect aim at Glenn, who has chosen to run a relatively conservative campaign. This speech, Mondale explains, will be focussed on the third theme, and he turns back on Reagan the famous question Reagan asked in his debate with Carter in 1980. (The memorable line from that debate: "Are you better off than you were four years ago?") "Do we live in a safer world than we did three years ago?" Mondale asks. "Are we further from nuclear war? After a thousand days of Mr. Reagan, is the world anywhere less tense, anywhere closer to peace?" Then he cites the wars in the Middle East and Central America, the low state of United States–Soviet relations, the collapse of all arms talks between the United States and the Soviet Union, the escalation of the arms race. And then he hits at what he believes to be a Reagan vulnerability—the impression that Reagan isn't very well informed, or in command: "When the globe is a tinderbox, we need a President who knows what he's doing." Continuing to make the case against Reagan, and attempting to draw an implicit contrast with himself, Mondale says, "We need a President who sees the world as it is, in all of its subtleties, its complexities, its dangers, and its potential; who's been tested by experience; who's read and remembers history; who will reduce the risk of nuclear war; who sees force as a last and not a first resort; who will speak up for American values; and who knows that it's the President himself who must command and drive American policy." To protect himself from a charge of being "soft," Mondale cites the record of Soviet actions that cannot be approved of. Actually, Mondale's political roots are in the wing of the Democratic Party which was highly anti-Communist in the forties and fifties, and this still affects his thinking. But he goes on to make the case for a more sophisticated way of dealing with the Soviet Union than the Reagan Administration has followed: "The job of a President is both to check the Soviets through means short of war and to meet them on the common ground of survival." He talks of the need to keep up communications, on several levels ("The superpowers cannot communicate only by growling through megaphones"), and repeats a proposal he has made before—for annual summit conferences. He calls for a "strong defense" but says, "I refuse to support Mr. Reagan's incoherent program or sign Mr. Weinberger's"—Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger—"blank check," and he attacks in specific terms the Reagan defense program: he says that the Navy's new mission, of stationing ships off the Soviet Union, to be in a position to attack the Soviet land mass, "is irrational," and he says that "where a President must make choices, Mr. Reagan can't say no." Running through this are implicit attacks on Glenn as well—raising the question of whether Glenn is sufficiently experienced for the job, and whether Glenn would be sufficiently rigorous about defense spending. And when Mondale now criticizes Reagan for opposing "every effort of every President of both parties to control nuclear weapons," and attacks him for the lack of any progress on arms control, he also gets in a dig at Glenn, by saying that the SALT II agreement "should have been approved, and I wish every senator had voted for it."


THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN UNDERSTANDING

Mondale's delivery is strong but not theatrical; he simply isn't a theatrical man. "Flair" is not a word one would apply to him. But he does speak as if from conviction and thought, and this is what he is trying to get across: that he has thought about the important questions (Mondale actually enjoys getting deeply involved in substance, and he is an avid reader of history); that he cares about important things; that he is the most knowledgeable and experienced of the candidates. He talks about a deterioration in relations with our allies, and about the importance of stressing human rights ("America must not only stand tall, it must stand for something"). And then he goes at Reagan's management of foreign policy, citing the turnover in top foreign-policy officials and the zigs and zags on Middle East policy. He cites the contrast with the achievement of the Camp David agreement between Egypt and Israel, which President Carter brought about through his personal attention, and which was to be an ongoing process, but which the Reagan Administration let lapse. "A President cannot ad-lib foreign policy," Mondale says. "He cannot delegate war and peace." Mondale clearly feels that this is a good issue against Reagan. He cites a number of things he would do, including update SALT II and resubmit it, and seek deeper cuts within the SALT II framework; repropose the agreement that was tentatively reached between American and Soviet negotiators on intermediate-range nuclear forces during their famous "walk in the woods" (an agreement that was turned down by both governments but apparently by the American government first); kill the MX missile and proceed with the smaller Midgetman (here Glenn agrees); kill the B-1 bomber (here Glenn disagrees); renew the fight against nuclear proliferation (Glenn has sponsored legislation on this); push for a mutual, verifiable freeze on nuclear weapons (all the candidates except Askew favor this, despite its many complications); block production of what Mondale chooses to refer to as "poison nerve gas" (Glenn voted last year to renew production of it); reaffirm America's commitment to the anti-ballistic-missile treaty, which Reagan's "Star Wars" program of developing defensive weapons systems in outer space would destroy; and a number of other steps. Under the "walk in the woods" agreement, the United States and the Soviet Union would have been limited to seventy-five cruise-missile launchers and seventy-five SS-20s respectively, and the United States would not have installed Pershing 2 missiles. Again making his case against both Reagan and Glenn, Mondale says, "The 1984 election will pose sharp tests for all candidates. Americans will be asking, Who will lead us toward a safer world? Who has the best record of support of arms control? Who has made the tough choices in weapons systems? Who has the depth of understanding in national security and diplomacy? Who has been the most outspoken advocate of American values in the world? Who is the most ready to run an organization as complex as our government?" One of Mondale's major refrains last year was "I'm ready." Mondale has given an effective speech, and one that is important to his campaign—but television coverage of it will be essentially blanked out by Jesse Jackson.

During the question period, Mondale is asked whether there is any special-interest group that he has not sought the support of or made promises to. Mondale is clearly prepared for this sort of question, and he gives his best-developed response thus far. Looking as if he isn't the least fazed, he smiles broadly and says, "This issue is going to be the most fun in 1984. Let me tell you where I stand: I think there are millions of unemployed who ought to have jobs, and I am very interested in putting them back to work. I think there are millions of children, young people, who need good educations and are being denied it by this Reagan Administration, and I'm going to make certain that this next generation is the best educated in American history. I think that in this country discrimination based on race or sex is inexcusable and intolerable. And I think this Administration has a shameful record of nonenforcement and I intend to turn that around. I think our children are entitled to have those environmental laws protected—our air, our water, our land, our public health—and I intend to, as I said, fire everybody they hired and hire everybody they fired and get on with enforcing the law."

Mondale continues, "I believe this country is not a selfish nation. Matter of fact, I know it isn't. And when people are suffering from hunger, at a time when we can deduct three-hundred-dollar business lunches without a whimper, at a time when under the mismanagement of this agriculture policy they're spending something like twenty-one billion or thirty-one billion dollars to reduce food production—I would much prefer to be on the side of using American agricultural funds to feed the hungry here and to help people around the world who are starving and will not have a chance without our help. I think it's long overdue that the Equal Rights Amendment be ratified, and that we have an all-out attack against the cruellest thing going on in our country—the feminization of poverty. And, finally, in international affairs, as I've spelled out today, I'm for a strong defense, but I want that defense used in peace, and I want our strength used to reduce the risk of nuclear war. If those are special interests, count me in. I'm proud of every one of them."

Then he is asked another question that comes at him with some frequency, in various forms: "How do you plan to address the perception by some that you are an uninspiring candidate?"

Mondale replies, "I know only one way to work in public life, and that is to first of all believe in what I'm trying to do, be personally persuaded that it's essential, and then to go on out and on

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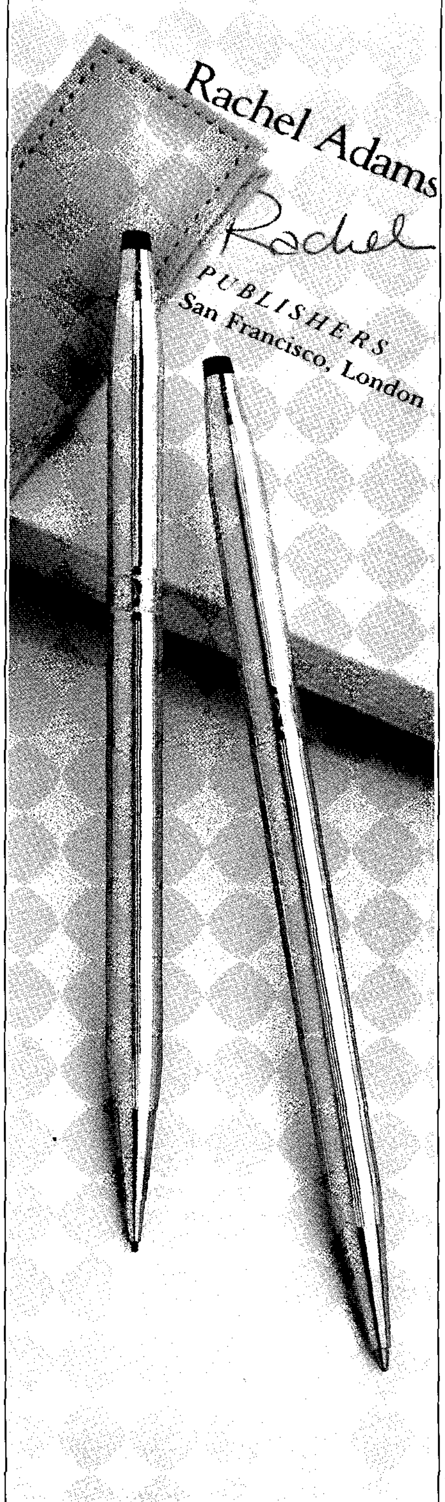

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the basis of that conviction try to persuade the American people to come along with me. It's going very well. We have, I think, in this past year made more progress than anybody expected." He refers to house parties held on Saturday, December 10th, which were attended by over a hundred thousand people and raised $1.4 million dollars in small amounts. "You can't order people to do that," Mondale says. "They wanted to do it." (On that same Saturday, Mondale received the endorsements of the National Organization of Women and the Alabama Democratic Conference—the black wing of the state Democratic Party. Jackson contested Mondale for the latter endorsement, and a compromise was worked out whereby the organization endorsed Mondale for President and Jackson for Vice-President. Mondale had, of course, already received the endorsements of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the National Education Association, and the American Federation of Teachers, and on December 14th he was endorsed by the United Mine Workers.) Under questioning, he makes a strong indictment of the Administration's conduct of foreign policy in Central America (it "Americanized the dispute, widened it, and militarized it"), and he tempers his acceptance of the invasion of Grenada—he says that if he thought American lives were at risk he would use force, and that he was impressed by the support of the action by some Democratic congressmen who visited the area—by adding that the Administration is now, in effect, seeking "to dominate the transitional life of that island" and "we should have gotten out."

AFTER his Press Club appearance, I speak with Mondale for a few minutes. I want to try to assess his state of mind at this point.

"I feel good," Mondale says. "As a matter of fact, I think the issues that are developing in 1984 are developing in a way that enhances our chances. I don't say that loosely. I think people are increasingly concerned about the safety of the world and are jumpy about Reagan's instincts and feel he's not in charge. I think that will be big in '84. I think the fairness issue is building, as well as where is America going in terms of its competitive edge. I think the issues are building as well as you can hope."

I ask him what he thinks his biggest challenge is right now.

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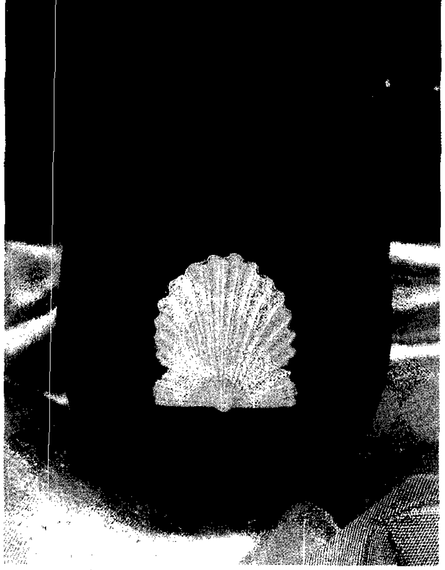

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Referring to a conversation we had last fall, he says, "It's the same as it was when we talked the last time: to make the case, and to be seen and understood as a President, with the abilities and experience and all that goes into that job. That's what I tried to do today—not just give a speech but show how my mind works, where I'm coming from."

I ask Mondale if it isn't the case that since last fall he has got further along in developing his themes.

He replies that he has, and cites his three themes, but, he adds, "I still have to end up with some overarching something. We still don't have that yet—it'll come." He continues, "You notice that I talked more than I have before about a President who is in charge. I think that question worries Americans. I didn't give a stump speech. I gave a twenty-five-minute, serious speech about how I view the Presidency, and I spelled out the contrasts in Reagan's and my views of the alliance, arms-control strategy, and so on."

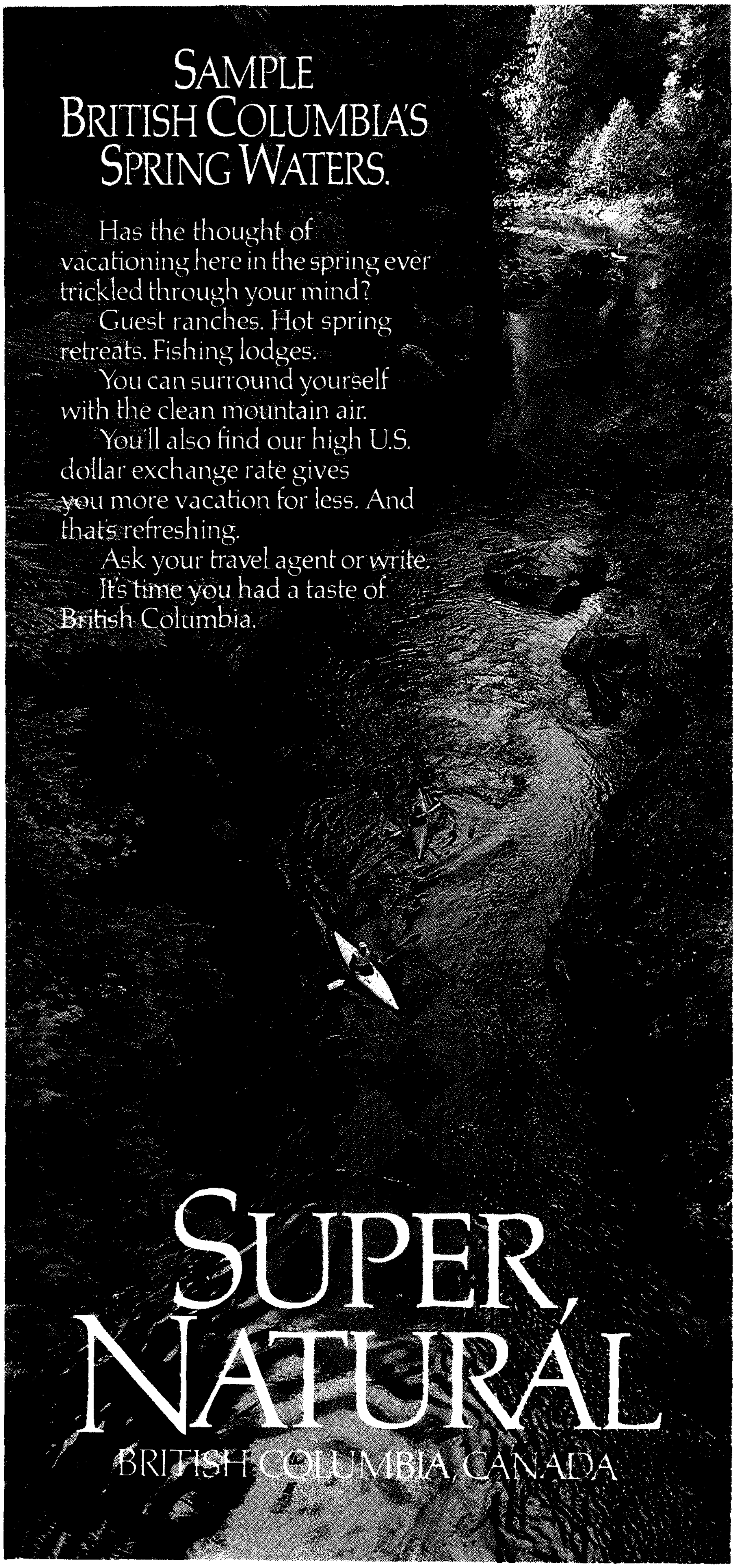
I ask him how he feels about being questioned, as he was today, about his ability to light a fire.

He replies, "I can't stand up and say I do light fires. That's not an answer. But I think things are going fine—I get a good response. I answer by showing what's happening: the polls, the ability to raise money. I think that talk is just rumble. Things are happening."

I ask him what he thinks is his greatest peril now.

He replies, "The reverse of what we've been talking about. If people are not reassured in their answer to the question of what kind of President I would be, I'm in trouble."

Jackson, Mississippi. On this, the first stop of his Southern swing, Mondale is attending a reception of "Mississippians for Mondale," his state campaign steering committee—a biracial group of more than two hundred and fifty members, representing all the state's eighty-two counties. This trip, which is to cover Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, was thought up six weeks ago by James Johnson, Mondale's campaign chairman, and has several concurrent purposes, among them to get the jump on Glenn, who is counting on a strong showing in the South, and to show that Mondale has strong Southern support. (The Mondale organization has taken its own polls in



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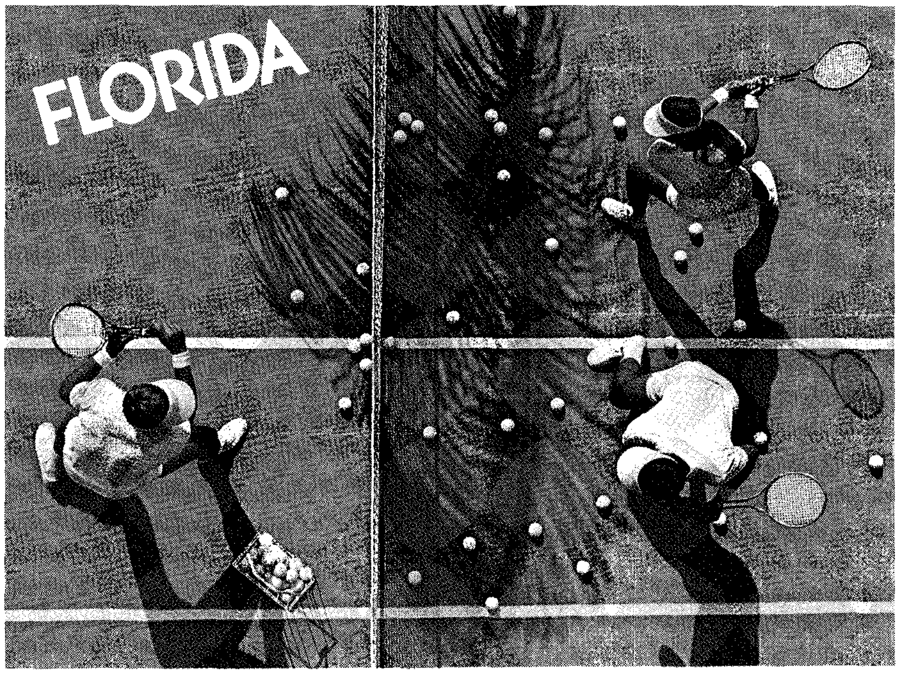

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Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, and, according to Johnson, Mondale is ahead of Glenn and Jackson in all three states—and Mondale is very far ahead of Glenn, with Jackson trailing far behind, in Georgia and Alabama. The Glenn people dispute the Alabama finding. The Florida poll also indicated that if Askew, who is running a conservative campaign, pulled out, his support would be divided evenly between Mondale and Glenn.) Another reason for this trip is to show that Mondale is solidifying his Southern base. It is the Mondale camp's belief, based on its polling, that Glenn's principal problem is that people do not see him as a future President—that he has failed to establish himself in the voters' minds as being in the Presidential league. One important Republican strategist in Washington says he believes that Glenn may have made a fatal mistake in attacking Mondale last fall, before he had established his own credentials as Presidential material.

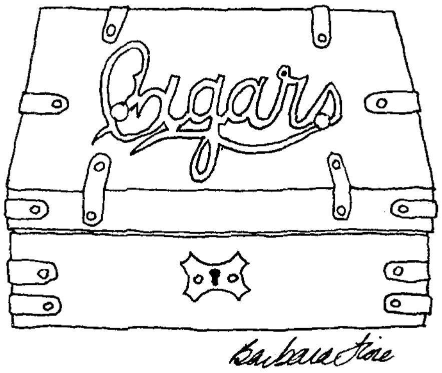
There has been a widespread assumption that Glenn would be stronger in the South, because it is considered more pro-defense and more conservative than other areas, and because Glenn has been saying that he would be strong in the South, but the politics of several Southern states (and also Texas) might belie this, since they have progressive Democratic governors who were elected by coalitions that included labor and blacks (and, in the case of Texas, Hispanics), and also farmers. Mondale is trying to put together this sort of coalition for himself in the Southern states. Alabama, Florida, and Georgia will hold their nomination contests on March 13th and Mississippi and Arkansas on March 17th—a crucial period in the Democratic calendar. Mississippi and Arkansas will select their Convention delegates by caucus, a process that is even more dependent on good organization than a primary is. The idea, Johnson says, is that "in the caucus states we would focus on building our organization, motivating our supporters, and putting them in a position to sustain organizing activities through a long absence on our part, while we campaign in Iowa and New Hampshire and the Southern primary states." He continues, "We have believed all along that we could be competitive in the South, and have tried at every juncture to make symbolic gestures so that everyone who followed politics in the South would see how serious we were.” Moreover, the Democrats are not prepared to concede these, or a number of other Southern states, to the Republicans in 1984. Reagan carried several of them narrowly in 1980.

To Johnson, it is important to be putting the pressure on Glenn, rather than have it the other way around. Later this week, Bob Beckel, the campaign manager, will go to Cleveland and announce that Mondale will be campaigning actively for the Ohio primary, which takes place on May 8th; this, too, was a Johnson idea—he figures that the very thought that Mondale will challenge Glenn in his own territory will throw Glenn off, and might even lead him to spend additional time shoring up his base in Ohio. Also, working through an ally in Cleveland, Tim Hagan, who was formerly the Democratic chairman of Cuyahoga County and is now a county commissioner, the Mondale people succeeded in seeing to it that the rules by which Ohio selects its delegates will not be as favorable to Glenn as they might have been. And the Ohio primary was moved up in the schedule, as the Glenn people sought, but not by nearly as much as they wanted.

And so Mondale came to Jackson on his first trip after he announced for the Presidency last February, and he is making his first campaign stop of 1984 here this afternoon. Arrayed behind Mondale on the stage is his Mississippi steering committee. And symbolic of what has happened to Mississippi in the last twenty years is that Mondale’s co-chairmen are Unita Blackwell, a black woman who was a member of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party at the 1964 Convention and is now vice-chairman of the state party and mayor of Mayersville, and Carroll Ingram, a white former state senator. The audience, of about five hundred, is also biracial and is made up largely of union members and teachers. The incumbent governor, William Winter, a progressive, is here, as is his successor-elect, William Allain. Neither man has endorsed a candidate, but Winter, who is considering running for the Senate, gives Mondale a warm introduction—one that indicates the benefits of Mondale’s many years in political life. “He comes to Mississippi as no stranger,” Winter says of Mondale. “He won many friends here as Vice-President—coming here and demonstrating his understanding of the problems we have here.” Expressing his gratitude to Mondale for coming to Mississippi at the beginning of his campaign last year and this, Winter says, “I’m glad that we are finding ourselves now in the mainstream of the political process.”

Mondale, familiar with Mississippi’s political landscape, makes some jokes about local politics. And then he goes into his new stump speech, honed from the speeches he gave last year, and made to fit more tightly around the three themes of his campaign. He says he has travelled this country in the past three years more than any other living American, and that Americans “are asking for a new President who will take charge and do three things: One, lead this nation and lead this world toward a safer world, where peace is more possible. The second is to restore the competitive posture of the American economy so we can grow and grow and put our people back to work. And the third is to restore a sense of fairness in American life again”—he is applauded—“so that when we look to the White House and listen to the President we hear words that tell us that we’re not in this world just by ourselves and for ourselves but we’re in it to be kind and caring toward one another as Americans and human beings.” Mondale speaks without notes and with feeling. He goes on, “We need a President who will take charge, we need a President who will keep us strong, and we need to use that strength to keep the peace. We need to reach agreements to control those god-awful nuclear weapons.”

Then Mondale launches into an attack on the Reagan economic program, bringing it to the local level. Unemployment is very high in Mississippi—over ten per cent—and the state is very dependent on agricultural exports. “Reaganomics has attacked the state of Mississippi in ways that have given you inordinately high unemployment and personal suffering,” he says. “The bottom fell out of the nation’s economy and the economy here in Mississippi as a result of Reaganomics.” Then he explains in simple terms what the theory of Reaganomics was, and says that the result was “to create deficits of two hundred billion dollars a year as far as the eye can see.” He continues, “Just as soon as that program went in place, real interest rates doubled, the housing and the other industries of this country stopped, we were driven into the deepest recession since the Great Depression. The effect of this economic policy has been to push us off the field in terms of international play—not only in terms of industrial products, but in this great state of Mississippi, where you have all this agriculture, it has pushed agriculture exports back, the worst they have ever been in over four years. And the result is high unemployment in Mississippi, the worst suffering in rural Mississippi in recent times, deep deficits here at home, and next year could well be worse than this year under the policies of this Administration.” He speaks slowly and with assurance; this is the case he will be making against the Reagan economic program. “I’m going to turn that around,” he says. “I’m going to bring those deficits down. I’m going to cut Reagan’s deficits by more than half.” This, he says, will lower interest rates, restore competitiveness in international markets, restore jobs, and “add wealth and add strength to this country, including the state of Mississippi.”



Turning to another of his major subjects, Mondale says that “the next thing we’ve got to do to be competitive is to make sure that these young people here that are coming along, this next generation, is the best educated in the history of our country,” and he praises Winter for progress that has been made in Mississippi. Mondale now fits education, which used to be a separate topic, under the theme of a more competitive America: that we need better education so that our country can be more competitive with the rest of the world.

Mondale’s delivery is polished. He is not an especially handsome man—he has a slightly beaked nose (the result of football injuries) and prominent blue eyes—but when he is rested he gives off an aura of fitness and well-being. His straight, dark-blond hair has more gray in it these days, giving it a silvery tone. Mondale’s public persona is an odd combination of the gregarious politician and the contained private man. He has been in public life for a long, long time, and he shakes hands and makes small talk with the best of them, and his public smile is a wide, openmouthed grin. Mondale is an undemonstrative man, publicly and privately—a trait that is often attributed to his Norwegian heritage and his childhood as a minister's son. People who know him well know that there are both private matters and public issues that he cares very much about, and have seen him moved to joy and grief, but he is generally uncomfortable about showing his emotions. When he relaxes among friends and close associates, he can be witty, and even uproarious, but, despite the urging of his advisers, he is still reluctant to let much of his humor show in public.

"Finally," Mondale says, "we need a President to restore a sense of fairness in American life—and that's what I rejoice about in Mississippi. You are starting to give an example to the rest of the nation of how things can change, how progress can be made, how people can work together when they put their differences behind them." And then he says, "Someone once said ours is a government of the people, by the people, for the people; but what we've got today is government of the rich, by the rich, for the rich." He says, "We're becoming two Americas—one for that thin veneer of the wealthiest who are doing better and better, and the other for the rest of America who are doing less and less well. Whether it's utility bills or telephone bills or taxes or health costs or heating costs, it seems that the cost of the average family raising their family is going up and up and up and increasingly beyond the reach of decent, hardworking Americans. And they're trying to solve that by cutting back on Social Security, cutting back on Medicare, cutting back on student loans, cutting back on the very things that people of modest incomes cannot do without if they are going to have a decent life." And then, in a revealing line, Mondale declares, "I am a people's Democrat." He is running as a populist, setting himself as the defender of the middle class and the poor against a government that he characterizes as being for the rich. He explains how the Reagan tax cut helped the rich at the expense of the middle class and the poor. "If you make two hundred thousand dollars a year, you get sixty thousand in tax relief from the federal government. But if you make thirty thousand a year, or less, all taxes considered, your taxes went up." In part, this populism stems from his Midwestern progressive Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party background, and in part it is a way of attempting to collect a majority against Reagan. (And his aides believe that this is not an approach Glenn can follow, on the basis of his record or his instincts.) Mondale is presenting himself as a friend of the poor but is also saying that middle-income people have been hurt by the Reagan policies. And he has a list of examples that he draws upon in various appearances: the deductibility of three-hundred-dollar lunches; tax shelters; low corporate taxes; the rise in phone bills as a result of the recent breakup of A.T. & T. (which someone I know refers to as the Vietnam of deregulation); utility rates; the tax cut; and so on. "A people's Democrat" is redolent of Harry Truman, summoning up the image of a scrapper against the big guys, but whether Mondale has the inner assurance, the decisiveness, of Truman is not clear. "I want a nation in which the White House fights to prohibit discrimination," Mondale tells this racially mixed Mississippi audience. Referring to, and somewhat exaggerating, White House Counsellor Edwin Meese's famous pre-Christmas remarks, he says, "A few weeks ago, we were told everyone in America who's hungry is a hustler. They never raise a whimper when somebody deducts a three-hundred-dollar business lunch. But if you want to feed a hungry child in this country there's supposed to be something wrong with you. That's why I want to be President. To get on with the blessed work of our marvellous nation. To restore our competition, so we can grow and prosper and have the jobs and the wealth coming to our country for our people. To restore a sense of fairness, so that everyone has an equal chance for the fullness of American life. And to keep us strong but to use that strength to keep the peace and to reflect American values. If you'll help me here in Mississippi to be nominated, if you'll help me here in Mississippi to be elected, I'll be that kind of President, and Mississippi will have a good friend."

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS. The chartered DC-9 in which we have been travelling—carrying thirteen Mondale staff members as well as the candidate, thirty-three reporters, and eleven still photographers, members of television crews, and television producers—arrived here early this evening. Mondale also has Zell Miller, the Lieutenant Governor of Georgia, and Ned McWherter, the Speaker of the House of Tennessee, travelling with him, and he introduces them at his various stops. Mondale was met here this evening by Arkansas's Governor Bill Clinton, who has not endorsed a candidate but is an old friend of Mondale's. (Like Winter, Clinton, who is thirty-seven, has his own political exigencies. He must seek reëlection this year, and was once turned out of the governorship. Neither man, therefore, wants to split his state party. This is the meaning of the expression "All politics is local.") Now, at shortly after eight, Mondale is holding a news conference at the Excelsior Hotel and announcing another steering committee. Bill Alexander, a forty-nine-year-old congressman from Osceola, and Chief Deputy Majority Whip, who endorsed Mondale some time ago, tells the audience (made up of the press and some Mondale supporters) that Mondale "can embrace a wide range of interests of the Democratic Party under one banner," and that he "knows what to do when he becomes President of the United States." Mondale has begun to look tired; it's been a long day (we're on Central Time here, so it's an hour later in Washington, where he started out), and he's put a lot into it. When Mondale becomes tired, pouches grow under his eyes. In a quieter voice than before, he states his rationale for seeking the Presidency ("The only justification for seeking the Presidency is that a person has a vision of the future") and summarizes briefly his three themes. He points out that Arkansas is a farm state, dependent on exports. When he gets to fairness, he says, "We are not a jungle where just the fittest and the richest survive in our country."

When Mondale takes questions, he is asked what effect he thinks the release of Lieutenant Goodman will have on Jackson's candidacy. Jackson has been hovering over this trip all day—and he dominated the news tonight. Only NBC even mentioned the substance of Mondale's Press Club speech. In response to the question, Mondale repeats the praise he gave Jackson at the Press Club, and adds, "I am, however, confident that I will be nominated. I've got to earn it, but I feel good about it."

He is asked how he plans to cut the budget deficit by more than half, and he replies that he will be making a

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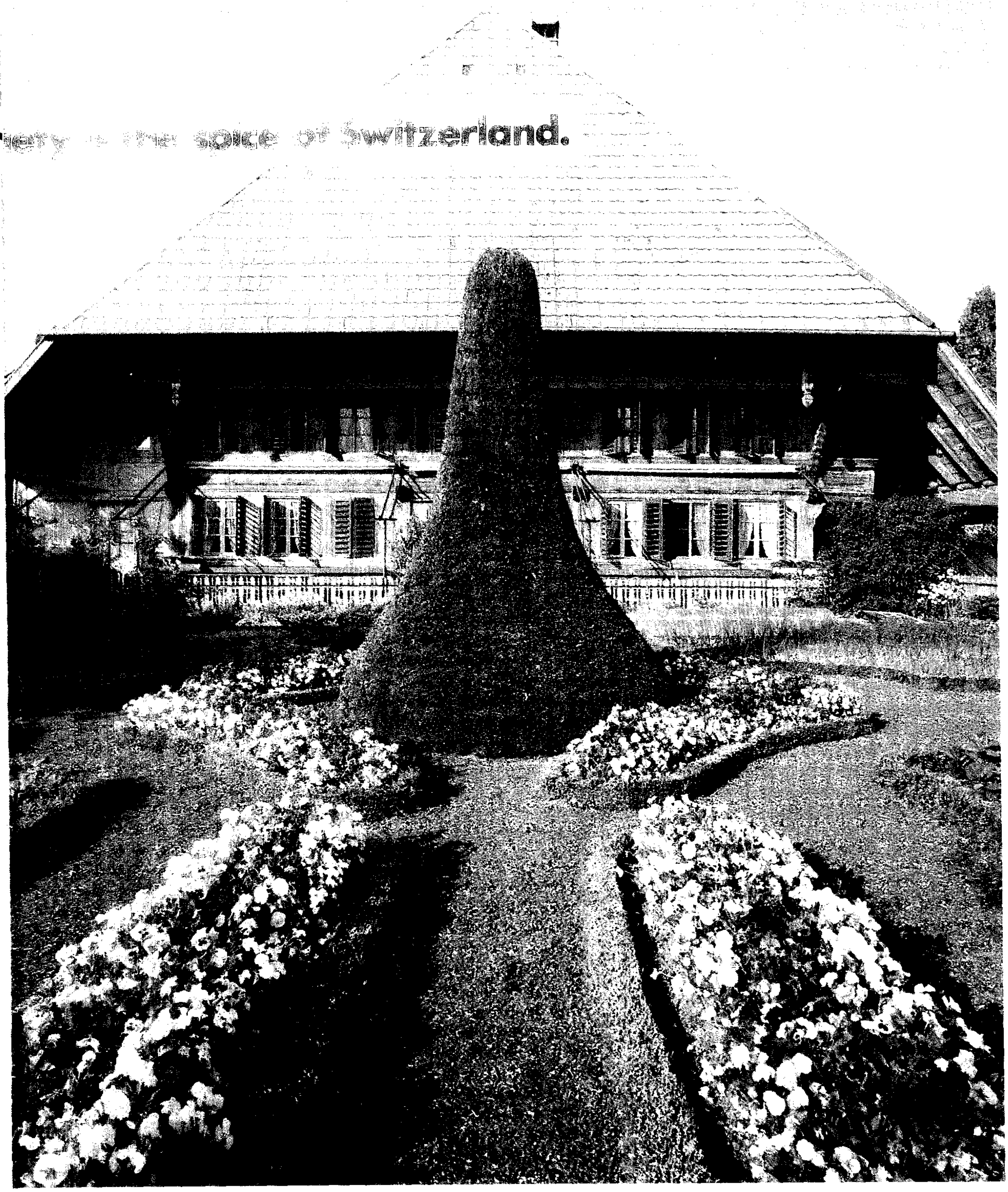

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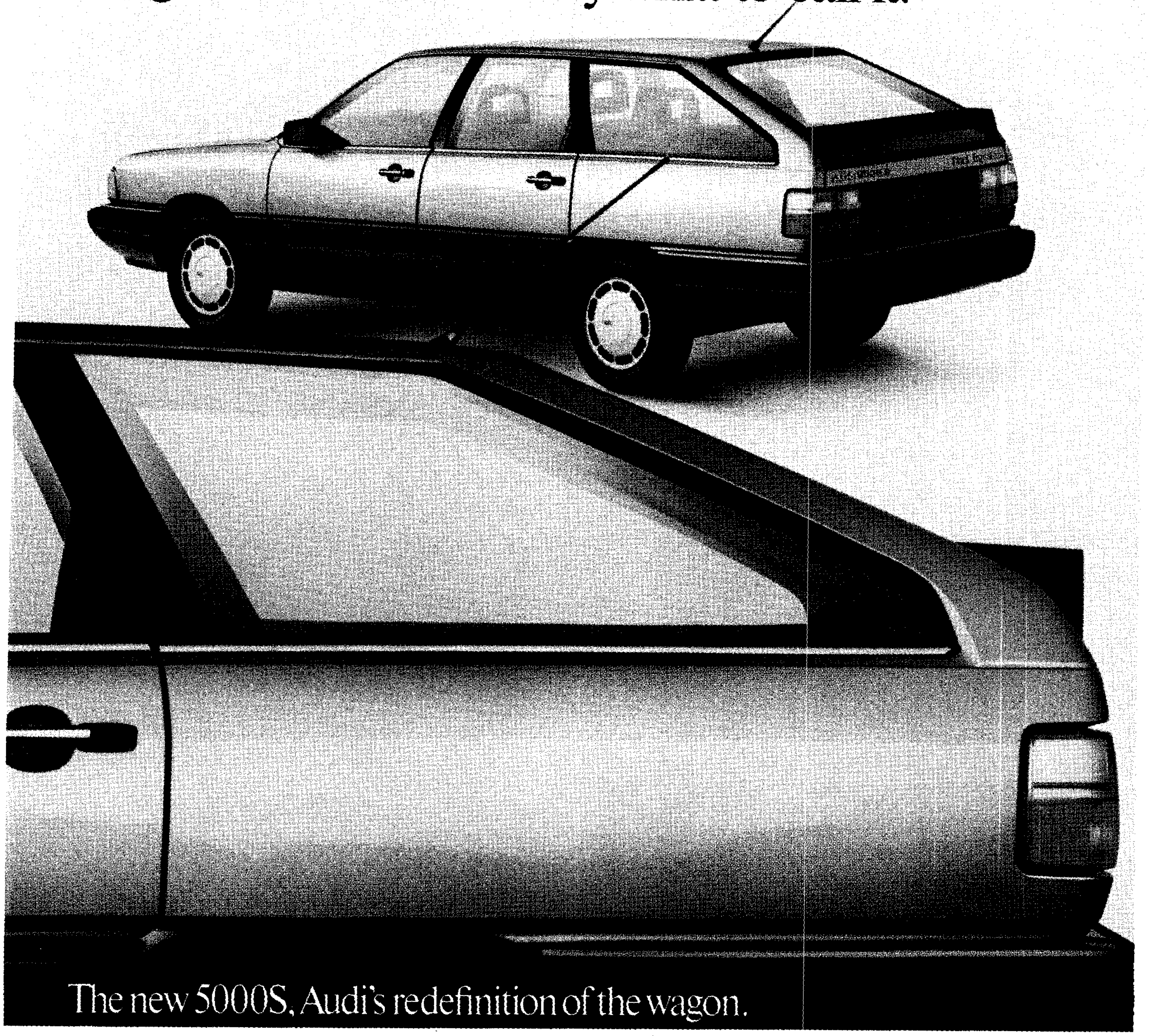

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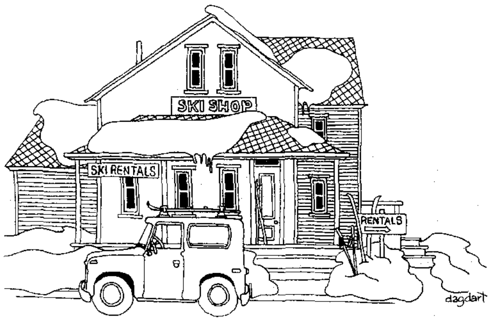
series of recommendations in the course of the campaign. The plan is that he will spell out his deficit-cutting proposals incrementally. One component, cutting the costs of health care by means of a health-care-cost-containment program, will be spelled out in Florida on Friday. He also says that he can cut the cost of farm programs substantially without hurting farmers, and he has said that he favors increasing the defense budget by four or five per cent after inflation. His savings, he argues, will lead to reduced interest costs to the government through both a lower deficit and lower interest rates.

Mondale's aides say that the point of not laying out all his deficit-reduction proposals in one speech is to have each component get separate attention. They add that he cannot offer specific tax-increase plans until Reagan's own budget is announced, and analyzed independently, so that it can be seen how much revenue must be raised. Mondale has made some proposals for raising revenues: putting a cap on the third year of Reagan's tax cut, and thus reducing the benefits to the very rich; repealing the provision of the 1981 tax-cut law which will index taxes for inflation as of January 1, 1985 (the repeal could actually hurt low- and middle-income people); increasing some business taxes; and closing some loopholes. He has preferred not to get more specific, but he is considering a list of loophole-closing, revenue-raising proposals. He is said to understand that he will be under pressure for specificity (Reagan did not spell out his economic proposals until September of 1980, in his so-called "mirrors speech"), and Mondale's advisers say that he will offer more detailed proposals later and that the only question is one of timing. Offering a detailed tax program at this point in a campaign is a bit unusual, even absurd—and it would serve to stir up opponents of reform. Mondale will try to deny Reagan credibility on the subject of the deficit, and show that the way he would cut the deficit is fairer than the way either Reagan or Glenn would do it. Glenn has proposed what he describes as a ten-per-cent "progressive" surtax on personal income; Mondale says that Glenn's proposal compounds the inequities of the tax code. (Glenn also proposed raising corporate taxes through a ten-per-cent surtax, but after it was pointed out that corporate taxes are already so low that this would make little difference he modified his proposal somewhat. A recent congressional study indicates that corporations in 1982 paid taxes on only sixteen per cent of their income, and therefore a ten-per-cent increase would raise this to 17.6 per cent. When Glenn was asked about this on "Meet the Press" in December, he replied that since corporate taxes were so low, little revenue could be raised even from doubling them. Two days later, he proposed a modest additional corporate tax.)

Still, perhaps because of his fatigue, Mondale seems on uncertain ground tonight when he is faced with more questions about his deficit-cutting plan. On being asked how soon he would cut the deficit in half, he responds, "We want to do it as quickly as possible, but by the end of the first term." Then he perks up and says, "I see the outsized size of the Reagan deficit as being one of the incredible problems of our time," and he cites the effects of the deficit. He adds, "There's a dirty little secret about this Reagan Administration, and that is that they haven't cut spending. They are perhaps, as a percentage of national wealth, the biggest peacetime spenders in the nation's history. They are spending a much higher percentage of the nation's wealth than we did, but it's not going for people or for jobs or for our future—it's going for defense costs, it's going for a soaring interest bill, it's going for the cost of paying for unemployment."

A reporter asks him, "Can you really overcome the perception that you are a tired old liberal with tired old coalitions and tired old answers?"

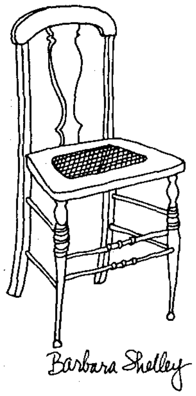
Now he gets worked up, and says, "My only reason for seeking the Presidency is to deal with our future. In order to have a sound economic policy, you can't borrow massively to deal with that future; you've got to bring those deficits down, and our generation has to pay its own way—to prune budgetary policies. In order to deal with that future, we've got to educate this next generation as the best educated in American history. We have to reinvest in science and technology and training so that they are prepared for the knowledge-intensive life that they will undoubtedly lead. I don't know whether it's old or new, but the idea of being fair, of prohibiting discrimination, of making it possible for senior citizens to retire on Social Security and to have their Medicare and to have a little decency in this country—if that's old, count me in."



THE Bethel Baptist Church, Little Rock. About three hundred people, almost all of them black, are gathered in this small, simple building at shortly before 9 P.M. About a dozen Jackson supporters outside the church are noisily chanting "We want Jackson!" and some are holding up large posters with a photograph of Jackson and Goodman. Word has come that tomorrow Reagan will greet Goodman and Jackson at the White House, and the event will undoubtedly once again have Jackson dominating the news and increase his standing among blacks, but no one—not even in the Mondale group, which has followed the signs of Jackson's standing among blacks closely, and nervously—can judge what all this will mean in terms of Jackson's ability to win votes, or delegates. The Mondale people stress that Jackson has little organization or money, and that in caucus states, like Arkansas and Mississippi, he will need strong organization to get results. Another view might be that Jackson's campaign, being extra-political and extraordinarily successful at getting press coverage, is less dependent on mechanics than other campaigns, such as Mondale's. Johnson's view is that Jackson's achievement will have an effect on the campaign, but that it will not be a substantial electoral effect. He argues that while people are saying that Jackson has taken the limelight from Mondale, Mondale, being the front-runner, is in the limelight, and the effect is far worse for the other candidates, who are more in need of attention at this point.

At the Bethel church tonight, the invocation is given by the minister, who is, as it happens, a Jackson supporter, and there are a number of people in the audience wearing Jackson buttons. A Mondale aide said that the Mondale group was aware that there was substantial support for Jackson in this area. The man who introduces Mondale tonight says, "This is the first time a person who is running for President of the United States has taken the time to come into our community."

Mondale, who seems to have revived, begins with some friendly jokes about members of the audience he knows. And then he goes into a talk in which he makes his case to these people. Again, he speaks slowly and clearly, and draws on the things in his own experience, and the issues he has been talking about, which he hopes will convince these people. He's no match for Jimmy Carter in black churches, for Carter had grown up among them and could speak with their language and rhythms, but Mondale knows how to talk to these audiences, and he has a long record of commitment to civil rights to draw upon. He often tells audiences, as he does this one, that he grew up poor. "I wanted to be with you tonight because we've got a lot of work to do," he begins. "You know it, and I know it. This government of ours is supposed to be of the people, by the people, and for the people; what we've got is government of the rich, and by the rich, and for the rich." He tells them, "I am a people's Democrat," and he tells them, "I was trained by the best—Hubert Humphrey." He continues, "This government, this nation of ours, is not what it should be unless we have a President in that White House who is working for all of us." And the audience is still as he says, "America is not a jungle for just the richest or the fittest to survive and prosper. America is a community, a family, a nation for all of us. We are all children of God. We are all Americans, and we're entitled to a President that pursues that fundamental, basic philosophy that makes us one nation." He tells them, "We need a President that knows how it hurts to be without a job, what it's like to go home and to be unable to care for your family. We need a President who understands what it's like to be young and to believe every minute of your life that you've failed, that you're not learning, that you can't make it, that you can't find a job, that you're a failure. We can't tolerate that. We need a President who understands the sting and the curse of discrimination. We can't permit that in this country."



When Mondale speaks to these audiences, he conveys that he cares about what he is saying, that he is indignant about the inequities he is describing. The indignation is authentic—it is a characteristic he has shown over the years. It fits in with the populism. Much is made of Mondale's "caution," especially in this campaign, but what comes across as caution has several origins. One is his personal inhibition, his lack of theatricality and flair. Another is the way his mind works: Mondale knows that things are complicated and is not given to simplification—and this can be a political drawback. He has taken on some issues of importance in his political career, but his political style in general is to work with the givens. He is often hesitant to move until he is certain what all the givens are. He is a coalition-builder. The whole question of caution and daring in politics is often mixed up with style: Some politicians seem more daring because of the style with which they make an argument. And some, of course, are temperamentally more willing to go against the grain than Mondale typically is. He supported the Johnson Administration on the Vietnam War until September of 1968—a position he later described to me as "the biggest mistake of my public career." But it seemed at the time that he was trapped in part at least by his loyalty to Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson's Vice-President, who was running for President in 1968 (Mondale was his co-campaign manager), and who himself could not break free of Johnson's policy. Mondale had, in fact, urged Humphrey to give a speech breaking with the Johnson policy, but Humphrey had declined. So what comes across as caution in Mondale's current campaign is a product of certain personality traits and also of the position he's in. Front-runners tend not to take chances; it's for those who have less, or nothing, to lose to roll the dice. Daring in a President is not necessarily a good thing. The heart of the question about Mondale's caution is whether it represents a combination of good sense and recognition of the political position he's in or whether it represents a certain weakness—a tendency to follow rather than lead, an indecisiveness. If it's the latter, he would have difficulty governing.

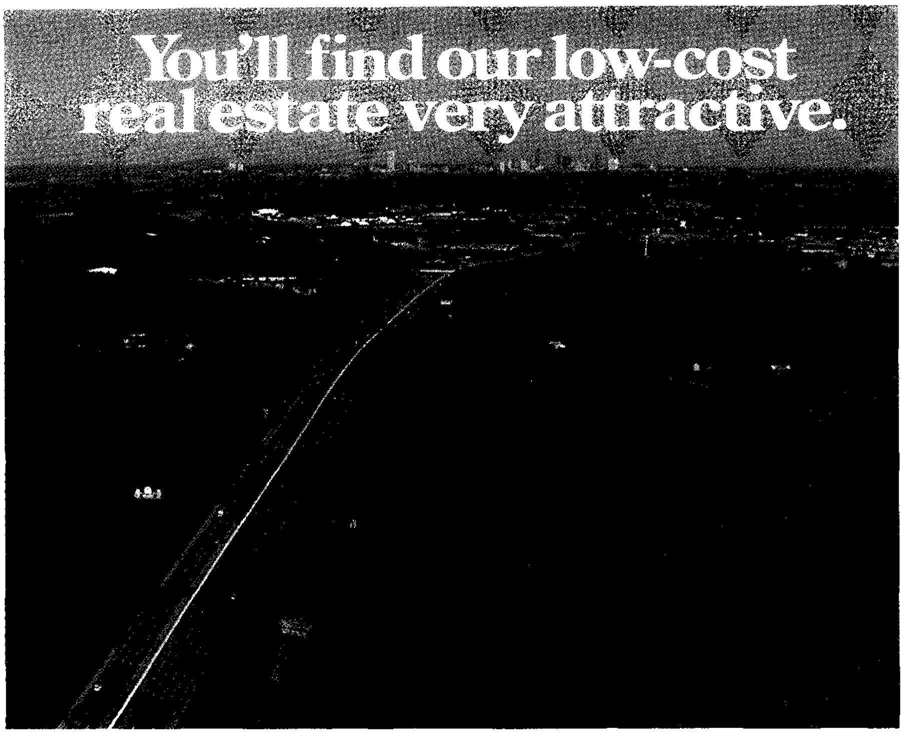
Now, at the black church, Mondale refers to the Administration's recent reconstruction of the Civil Rights Commission to make it more to its liking. He says, "Does this President and that Administration know what it feels like to read that the Civil Rights Commission has been trashed? Do they know what that signal is? For twenty-five years, every President, including Mr. Nixon—and he was not my favorite President—not even he trashed that Civil Rights Commission." Sometimes Mondale tells black audiences that if Reagan is reëlected he might be able to shape a majority on the Supreme Court. Tonight, Mondale talks about the need for better education, saying, "We've got to build again on the strength of those black colleges," and the audience applauds. "For a hundred years, those colleges were the only avenue for generation after generation—many of you are in this room, aren't you?" Mondale says. "There weren't many black middle class in this country at all or black trained professionals—and just as then, those colleges are reaching out and extending help and education to thousands and thousands and thousands of young Americans who wouldn't have a chance." (Reagan cutbacks in student aid have hit black colleges especially hard.) Mondale tells the audience, "As President, I promise to build again from that White House the strength of those black colleges—to pass a special title that goes directly to those schools." Mondale has an ineluctably programmatic mind. Jesse Jackson can't promise these people more money for black colleges. Mondale talks about how the Carter Administration had begun to build minority entrepreneurship. He says, "Reagan says he has a perception problem when it comes to you. And he does. He can't see you at all. But you can see right through him." The audience laughs and applauds. He says that the Carter Administration enforced the civil-rights laws and appointed many blacks to federal judgeships. "You know me," Mondale tells the audience. "I haven't just been right, I've been there."

It's now 11 P.M. Washington time, and Mondale has agreed to stop by two more gatherings: one of state legislators and one of black businessmen who have raised money for him. He can't not stop by: they know he's here, and he may not be back in Arkansas for a long time, if ever, during the nomination contest. What he does here has to last while he seeks votes in other states.

JANUARY 4

MONDALE has had a fund-raising breakfast, and now, at shortly before nine, he is meeting with a large group of farmers and people in farm-related businesses who have been having a breakfast in a showroom at the Arkansas State Fairgrounds. The farmers are wearing blue-and-white farm caps with Mondale's name printed over an outline of the state of Arkansas. When Mondale arrives, the television lights go on, and, as a bluegrass group plays, Mondale spends quite a bit of time shaking hands with people, smiling and talking with them. One reason he fits in with all these groups is that he has been there: he has been involved in civil-rights fights; he comes from a rural background and has been involved in farm policy; he has worked on issues that concern the elderly; and he has been an ally of labor for all his political life. He knows what is on these groups' minds and how to talk to them. One question about Mondale is the ratio between his ability to relate to these groups and his ability to be independent of them.

Representative Alexander gives Mondale an enthusiastic introduction. Mondale begins by establishing his familiarity with several of the people here, and talking about the number of times he has been in the area. "This could well be the worst farm year in American history," he tells the audience, and he adds, "Unless we change economic policy in a few years, something that's indispensable, if not sacred, to American life will be gone—this thing called the family farmer." And he tells the group, "Americans must understand again what farmers have meant to this nation and what a farm recession means to non-farmers." He talks of the importance of farm products as an export commodity, and says, "What's the biggest business in America today? Agriculture." He explains, "When farmers are doing well and they can buy a tractor and that equipment and the things they need for modern farming, the rest of the economy does well." He says, "It's been a long time since a candidate for President has talked directly and specifically to farmers. I am the only farm kid running for President." He tells them that the first major speech he gave after he announced for the Presidency was on the subject of agriculture, to a farm co-op. And then he goes into a



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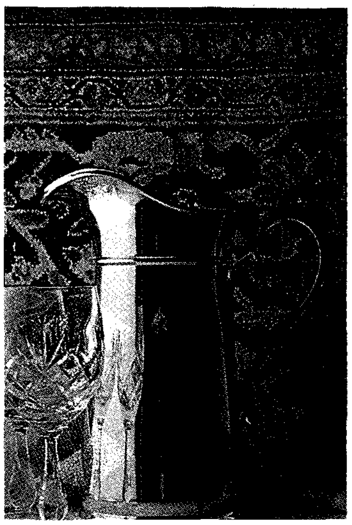

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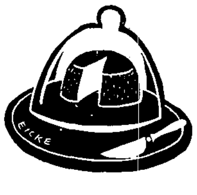
clear, careful explanation of the relationship of the deficits to the agricultural economy. The deficits "caused a gross distortion in the value of international currencies," he explains. "And the value of the dollar has shot up in a distorted way, and the value of the currencies of our major trading partners—Japan, Western Europe, name it, all the agricultural producing areas, Brazil, Argentina, Australia, name it—went straight downhill. And the result is that every time something you produce competes in international markets with another source, their stuff is cheaper than yours even though you're the most efficient, competitive farmers on earth. What happened two years ago? Did you suddenly become inefficient? Did you forget how to farm?"



It is a part of Mondale's strategy to explain to farmers, and to other groups as well, how the deficit is affecting them adversely. Mondale is quite interested in the subject of the misalignment of currencies—to the consternation of some of his advisers, who fear that he will get into an abstruse-seeming subject in his campaign appearances. In his talk here, he is trying to explain the subject in simple terms—and the words "misalignment of currencies" do not cross his lips. A number of people have advised Mondale to drop the subject from his speeches, but he refuses to do so. This issue and the connected issue of trade are very important in Mondale's mind. He believes that the trade issue includes jobs, the economy, the Third World debt, how Americans feel about themselves vis-à-vis the rest of the world, and so on. And trade is a classic upper-Midwest theme, so this, too, comes right out of Mondale's roots. Moreover, a big part of Mondale's case is that he is the person best prepared to be President, and the assumption is that when the contrast is drawn between him and Glenn he will win.

In his speech, Mondale says that agricultural exports went up for twelve consecutive years, but since 1981 they have dropped by more than twenty per cent. He says, "And they're going to be worse next year than this year, and it's like a dagger in the heart of the farmers of Arkansas." He says, "We need a President who makes sense." He tells them, "I believe in free international competition, but increasingly two or three things are happening that are robbing you of your competitive posture. I don't say this to flatter you, but there's no agriculture on earth that produces like American agriculture." He tells the audience, "And if you can play on a level table, if the rules are fair, you'll beat them all." He mentions other nations' "lowballing credit terms"—in effect, supporting agricultural exports with a public bank that extends credit terms. Then he refers to the European Common Market, which subsidizes European products. "You must be expected to compete with the foreign farmer—that's your business," Mondale says. "But you cannot be asked to compete against a foreign government." He continues, "And what I want to do as President of the United States is tell our friends, 'That's enough of that.' I'm going to be the President of the United States that stands up for American workers and American businesses and American farmers again and insists on a fair deal in international competition that protects your rights in international competition."

Last year, Mondale received criticism for using strident rhetoric on the subject of trade and for seeming to want to introduce protectionist policies. (He and Glenn both back the "domestic content" legislation, supported by the United Auto Workers, which would require that all cars sold in the United States contain a certain percentage of American parts and labor.) Mondale has since calmed the rhetoric, and says that what he wants to do is strengthen America's trade-negotiating position by threatening to retaliate. Glenn, in attacking Mondale for "overpromising," cites Mondale's telling the A.F.L.-C.I.O. last October, when he accepted its endorsement, that he would "match other countries' export subsidies product for product and dollar for dollar." Glenn points out that Reubin Askew, who was formerly the Special Trade Representative, has said that this would cost a hundred and thirty billion dollars. Maxine Isaacs, Mondale's press secretary, says that Mondale was simply saying that he would threaten to do these things, for negotiating purposes.

Mondale points out to the farm community gathered here that Jimmy Carter wrote in his book that Mondale opposed the grain embargo imposed after the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan. Mondale says he didn't think the embargo would work—he thought that other countries would pick up our markets, and that is what happened. And he says, "As President of the United States, I'm not going to embargo the export of American goods." And then he says something else that is important to the rationale of his campaign: to try to get across that by winning the endorsement and trust of various groups in American society he can work with them and bring them together. He now stresses this in another attempt to take the edge off the "special interests" argument: "Rural America must stand together. In fact, America must stand together. We've got to quit snarling at each other. We've got to start working together—labor and management have to sit down together and work these problems out." And then he lambastes the Reagan Administration's handling of farm policy, which led to great surpluses in 1981 and 1982, thus reducing farm income, and points out that this was followed by a hugely expensive one-year program—the Payment-in-Kind program, or PIK—to reduce those surpluses. Mondale says, "I think they're trying to destroy public respect for those basic commodity programs." The cost of all farm programs came to twenty-one billion dollars in the last fiscal year, and PIK cost another ten to twelve billion dollars. Mondale points out that before the Reagan Administration took office farm programs had not cost more than five billion dollars, and he argues that he can save a great deal of money through better management of those programs. Mondale's talking about the Administration's farm policy, then, is meant to do two other things: to stir farmers' concern that another Republican Administration would be detrimental to their interests (Harry Truman's successful stirring of farmers' fears was an important ingredient of his 1948 victory), and to offer another example of where he would cut the deficit. Johnson says that the fact that Mondale has credibility on rural issues will be a major advantage both in the primaries and in the general election in the South.

Mondale links the issue of agricultural policy to the fairness issue—one of his three themes—to show that he is stressing the same themes everywhere. "I would like to see some of those resources used to pay farmers to produce," Mondale says. "That's what you're good at—not reducing production but producing, to feed hun-

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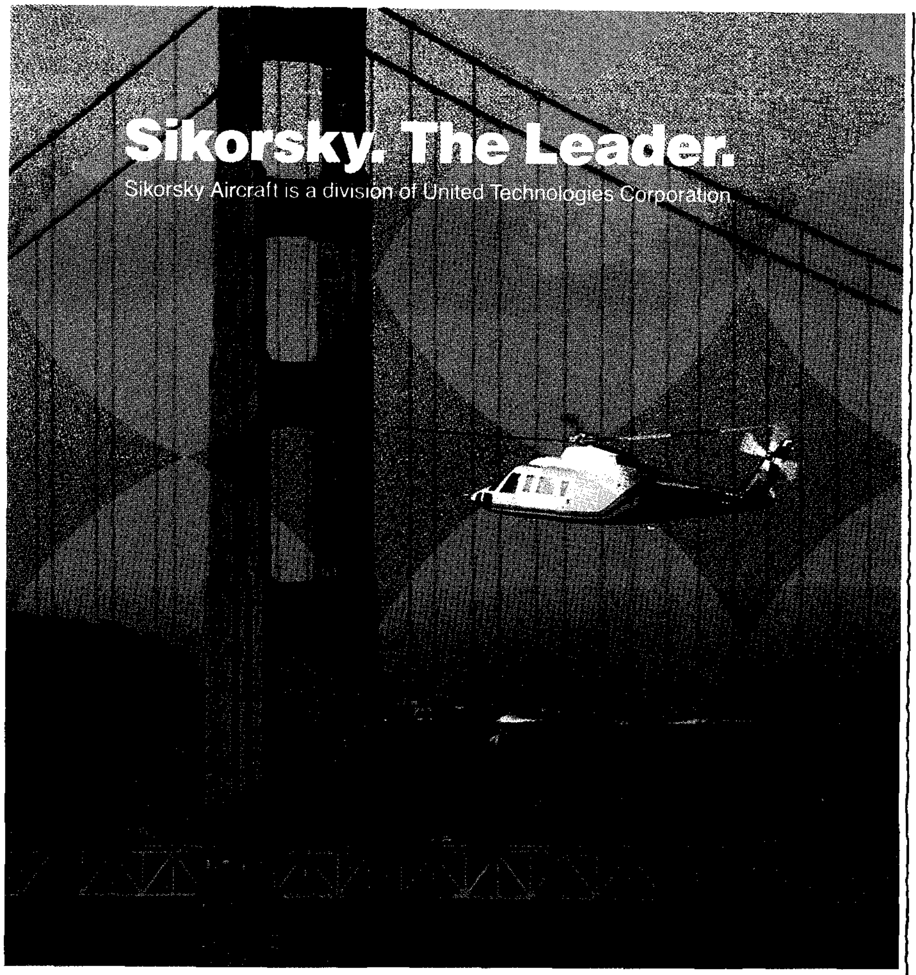
gry people. Look, it isn't a child's fault when they're hungry." Mondale is speaking with feeling, as he has done throughout this speech, and he has the close attention of the audience. He says, "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves that we can't match agricultural abundance with nutritional needs in our own country." He adds, "We're peddling arms all over the world, and I'd like to see us come to some of those countries in the form of food." He recalls the Food for Peace program, and he talks about the Sahel: "There are millions of fellow human beings without enough to get them through the next day." He says, "We can't afford a lot of new money, we know that. But can't we shape our policies so that America again is seen as a nation that uses its resources, its people, its genius, its spirit to reach out and touch in a good and a decent way the lives of other human beings on earth?" And he finishes by saying, with some passion, "I see American family farmers and American agriculture as one of the greatest assets and marvels of America. And I *don't* want to see it ended. I want to strengthen rural America. I want to be your President and I want to work for you to get it done."

Following Mondale's presentation, Alexander asks the audience whether it can imagine John Glenn or Ronald Reagan making such a clear explanation of farm policy. The Mondale staff is delighted.

On one level, the Mondale campaign is quite confident—and also wants to get across the impression that it is a winner. On another level, the chief Mondale strategists do not want to appear overconfident—and, in fact, being experienced in politics, they know that there is room for doubt. In talking about this dilemma, Johnson says, "One concept of confidence has to do with how you stand with those things that are predictable and measurable; the other is confidence that you're going to win. There are so many uncertainties, unexplainable variables, possible turns in the road, that if you're confident you're going to win at this stage you don't understand Presidential politics. I am very confident that we are doing very well in working toward all the objectives we can clearly perceive; I am very confident we perceive many of the critical elements; I'm not the least bit confident that we have perceived all the critical elements, and there will be a



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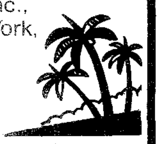

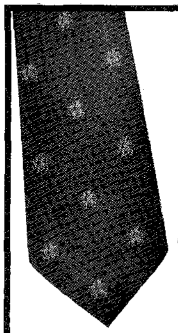

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number of developments, thoroughly unexpected, that will test us." Johnson, who recently turned forty, is a tall man who dresses conservatively and wears round tortoiseshell glasses. He is probably Mondale's closest political confidant, and in some ways the two men are alike. Johnson, like Mondale, is a Minnesotan of Norwegian extraction, somewhat inhibited and outwardly contained. But he has a fine sense of humor, a big laugh, and enjoys the teasing of his friends about his Norwegian roots and his methodical approach to life. (One of Johnson's friends once joked, "Jim lays out his sentences in the morning.") Johnson grew up in politics; his father was Speaker of the Minnesota House. The other member of the Mondale entourage who is quite close to the candidate is John Reilly, a fifty-five-year-old lawyer who entered politics with the Kennedys, and who brought Mondale into his law firm after the 1980 election, giving him a base from which to earn money and travel and speak. (Johnson, who is a close friend of Reilly's, had a hand in this arrangement, and set up his own business-consulting firm just down the hall from the Reilly law offices.) Reilly is the closest thing to a peer that Mondale has in this campaign—the one who can tell him flat out that he's wrong.

Much is being made of the Mondale organization these days—largely because of what it has been able to accomplish thus far. Should Mondale lose, some will say that this occurred despite his organization, and some revisionism will go on about just how good the organization was. Its apparent strength is not only in its numbers but in its number of experienced people, in the number of things it is able to do at once, and in the number of people who are not officially part of the Mondale organization but are helping out. Mondale and Johnson, drawing on their years of political experience and wide range of contacts, started putting this organization together early, which gave them a head start on their rivals. They began their planning at the outset of 1981, and, actually, the election campaign is eighteen months old; its real début was at the Democratic Party's midterm conference, in Philadelphia, in June of 1982. Except for McGovern and Jackson, all the candidates made an appearance (including Edward Kennedy, who had not yet pulled out of the race), and the Mondale people even

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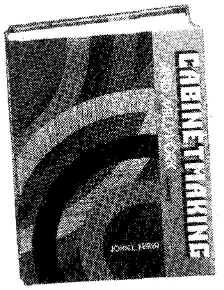

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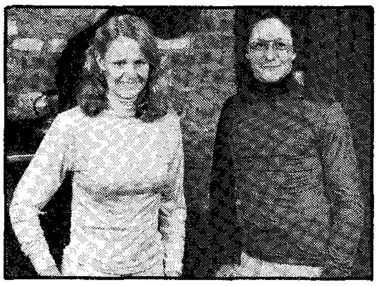

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then put on a great show of strength.

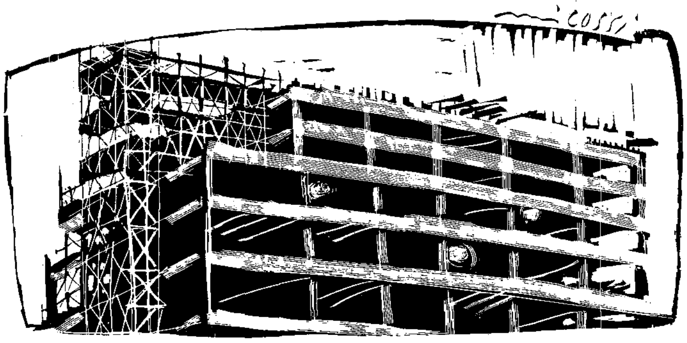
All has not been entirely smooth within the Mondale organization, however. As of the first of this year, it was on its third field director and its fourth head of scheduling. It recently had to make a change in the management of its Iowa campaign. "We're not born ready," Johnson says. "You have to test and retest and adjust." Two striking things about Johnson are his capacity for longsightedness and the number of things he can deal with—calmly—at once. He is along on this trip because of its particular importance. (He will not have the time to travel with Mondale often.) Among the things on his mind during this period are the television commercials that will be cut next week, and involve a number of important strategic decisions; seeing to it that Mondale is properly prepared for the three-hour debate among all the candidates that is to take place on January 15th (this involves a number of meetings about format, trying to anticipate the questions, and so on); the way the exchange with Glenn goes; the dialogue with Reagan; the meeting of the Democratic National Committee Executive Committee, on January 20th, to deal with Jackson's complaints; preparing for how to react to Reagan's State of the Union address and budget recommendations. Through Johnson, the campaign as a whole is working on: seeking the endorsements of about a dozen major Democratic leaders, each one involving delicate diplomacy and politics; the Democratic Convention—the politics involved in the choices of the key figures; the campaign budget. Johnson says, "For the next seventy days, we will spend at a rate of around seven hundred thousand dollars a week, so there are a lot of budget, staffing, polling, media choices that flow from that." Mondale's schedule for the last two weeks of January is now being made final, so Johnson, in the course of this trip, has been on the telephone with Washington about that; he has also been on the phone with headquarters about the Convention decisions, the endorsements, the January 15th debate, and developments in Iowa and New Hampshire. "They're not sitting still," Johnson says.

As is the case in all election campaigns, a number of political figures try to calculate when it makes sense to cast their lot with whom. People want to have been with the winner at the right time. This year, because of the presumed acceleration of the entire process, these decisions are being forced on people earlier than usual. Recently, word began to get around that Robert Strauss, the former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who is still a major figure around Washington, was giving strong consideration to throwing his weight behind Mondale soon. This would be significant—at least to people who think these things are significant—because Strauss has been carefully straddling the race, and because throwing in with Mondale would be a clear sign that a political pro, and a man with a lot of contacts, had made a conclusive judgment about the race. Strauss is a political barometer, as he knows. A number of important political figures have told Mondale that they will be with him "at the right time"—reserving to themselves the right to determine when the right time is.

Among the other things that Johnson has been dealing with in recent days: Yesterday, Glenn's first radio commercial ran in New Hampshire, and a decision had to be made whether to respond to it (Glenn argued that he had more experience for the Presidency than Mondale); the decision was not to do so. Michael Ford, a deputy campaign manager and the field director, is in Minnesota to organize Minnesotans to travel to Iowa to help him in the campaign. There was what seemed to be a very credible rumor that Joseph Biden, a Democratic senator from Delaware, would file in the New Hampshire primary (the final filing day was yesterday), and the Mondale organization was busy tracking down the rumor and trying to figure out how to respond. (The Biden filing did not occur.) Johnson says, "The point about running a campaign of this size is that there are hundreds of seemingly routine decisions that, given this period of increased scrutiny, have the potential to affect the campaign, including Mondale."

According to Johnson, all the major political planning had been completed before Christmas: major scheduling choices had been made for January, and the outlines of a schedule for February and March had been drawn up. In fact, the Mondale organization spent almost two months—November and December—focussing on 1984, while Mondale was out on the road and getting the endorsements of NOW, the Alabama Democratic Conference, and the United Mine Workers, and building support for the house parties. Johnson says, "By the time we got to Christmas, we had really finished our political, logistical, scheduling, nonsubstantive, non-Mondale strategic decisions. Then the week between Christmas and New Year's was devoted, with Mondale, to substance and important political strategy." The Mondale management style is to hire good people—or people they hope are good—and delegate to them. Thus, while Mondale obviously keeps abreast of what is going on in the campaign, and steeps himself in the issues and is involved in the large strategic questions, there are all sorts of questions he doesn't get involved with. Last week, between Christmas and New Year's, he and his aides, together with outside advisers, had all-day meetings on a variety of subjects: macroeconomic policy, tax and budget policy, natural-gas prices, acid rain and the environment, industrial policy, health-care-cost containment, foreign and defense issues. Often, Mondale would send his advisers off to do more work on questions he'd raised. Also, the Mondale people spent a substantial amount of time last week trying to anticipate Glenn's moves in the coming weeks.

It is the belief of the Mondale organization that even if things do not go well in the early contests it has, as Johnson puts it, "substantially more recovery potential than anybody else." (For instance, there is always the danger that the mathematics of the way the vote is divided in a many-candidate contest—such as the one in New Hampshire, a relatively conservative state—will hurt Mondale.) First, there is the simple matter of money. On January 3rd, the candidates received their first matching money from the



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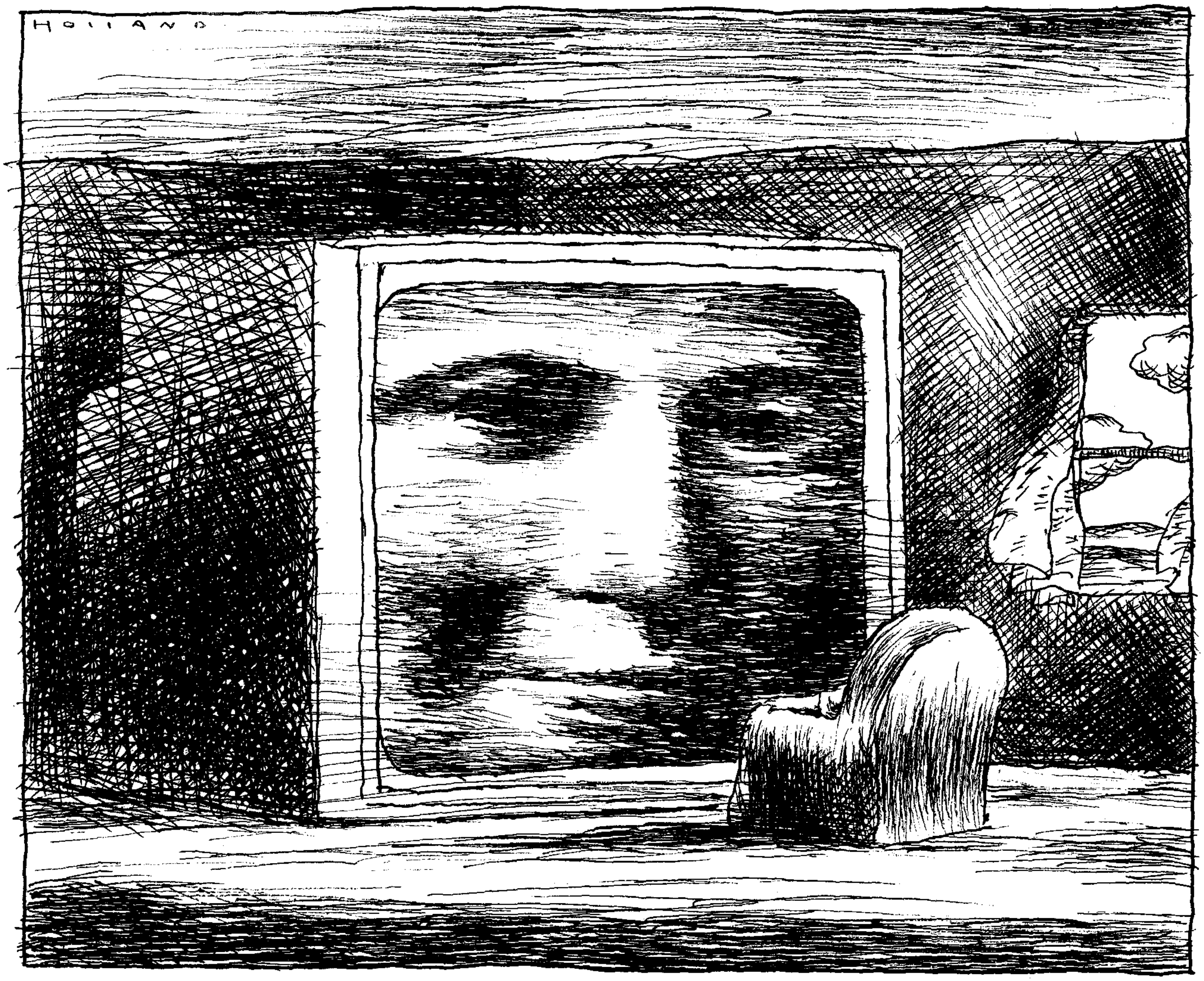

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federal government. Last year, Mondale raised $9.6 million and Glenn raised $5.7 million. Mondale received $3.1 million from the Federal Elections Commission, while Glenn, having raised more of his money in larger amounts, received $1.6 million. (The government matches contributions of up to two hundred and fifty dollars; in order to qualify for federal funds a candidate has to raise five thousand dollars in contributions from individuals in twenty different states.) All the other candidates except McGovern and Jackson received funds, but only Cranston, who received $1.1 million, came near Mondale or Glenn—a reflection of the various candidates' relative ability to raise money last year. Making a good showing (or appearing to make a good showing) and raising money are inextricably related. The candidates will continue to try to raise money this year, but it will be even more difficult for those who are not doing well. Their most enthusiastic supporters will have already given, and most of the Democratic pools will have been drained. Only the winners will have much chance of raising more, as people hedge their bets or try to win gratitude in time. Even the Mondale people expect to run low on money by mid-March, since they expect to spend between seven and eight million dollars in the first three months of the year. How much can be spent on each contest is governed by federal regulation, but the money will go fast, because this year the limits are fairly high and the contests are close together. Furthermore, the ceilings have a certain flexibility in them. For example, only about fourteen per cent of the money spent on advertising on television in Boston, which reaches most of the state of New Hampshire, is charged against the budget for New Hampshire. And, of course, Mondale has, in addition to superior financial resources, the help that the organizations that endorsed him can provide—through mailings and phone banks and the like. So not only does Mondale start out with a financial edge but the changes in the schedule of the primary contests—the so-called front-loading—is presumed to work in his favor. There will be seven more contests by March 30th than there were in 1980. And there are other important differences: there is much less time between the Iowa and New Hampshire contests and those that follow, so an unexpected victor would have less opportunity to take advantage of his victory; the fact that the Michigan caucus was moved up to an earlier date this year (March 17th, as opposed to April 26th—Mondale should do very well in Michigan, and his forces worked to bring about this change of dates); and the fact that this year more of the contests will be caucuses rather than primaries. The Mondale organization encouraged some of the states to change their contests from primaries to caucuses.

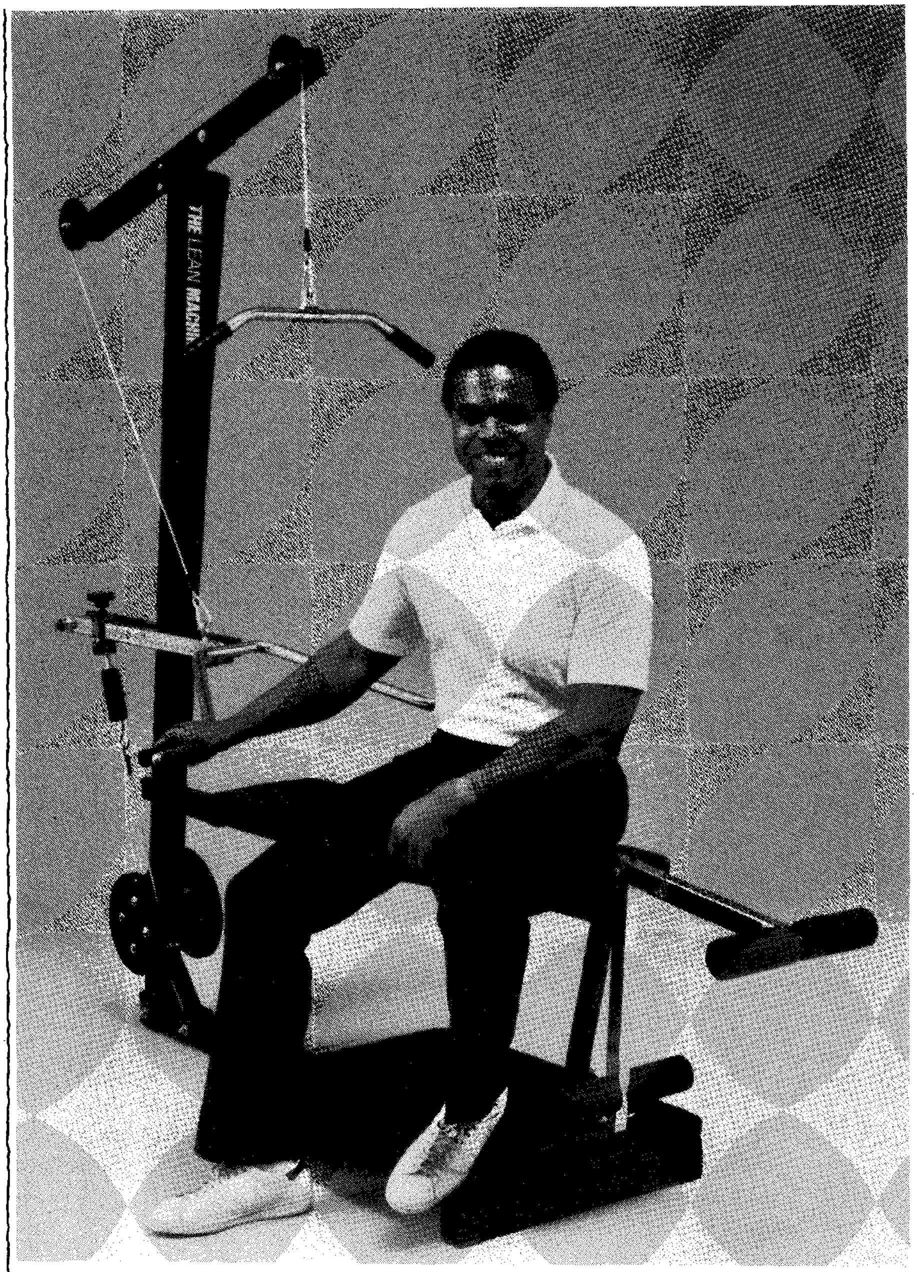
Nevertheless, despite all Mondale's advantages and potential for recovery, there is a point at which political vulnerability is beyond organizational strength to recover. Johnson says, "There have been some situations in the past where when a candidate was politically dead he was dead, even though there was still some good organization behind him." The Muskie campaign of 1972 is an example. Johnson says, "There can come a point when you are losing and appear to be flawed to such a degree that no organization can recover. But there are a lot of other situations in which people have sustained losses and recovered, and I believe, given the current system and the finances and our institutional support, and the depth of Mondale's support, we will have more impressive recovery ability than anyone—probably ever."

GREENBRIER, ALABAMA. Mondale has had a barbecue lunch with some farmers and some important Party members in this tiny crossroads in the north-central part of the state, near Huntsville, and now he is standing in the Elliott & Son cotton gin. (Following the lunch, Mondale received the endorsement of Tom Drake, the Speaker of the House of Alabama.) The gin is not in operation—it's not the ginning season. The point of this stop is to reinforce his farm message in another part of the South, and also to make use of new technology on this trip. Mondale's chat in this gin with some cotton farmers is being videotaped by the campaign and offered by satellite around the country, with special efforts being made to interest stations in farm areas of states that hold early contests: Iowa, southern Illinois, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, Arkansas, and Washington. The use of this technology is intended to serve several purposes: to indicate that Mondale is not saying one thing in one place and something else in another; to get his message to as many key areas as possible; and to indicate that Mondale is with it when it comes to the new technology. (When Gary Hart announced his entry into the race last February, the speech was beamed around the country by satellite.) Mondale talks to the group here in a casual, conversational tone about the effect of the high dollar on agricultural exports, and so on. When it comes to performance on this new technology, however, Mondale has a way to go. He is simply not comfortable with television—which could be a serious liability for him as the campaign proceeds—and resists direction. As he goes through this procedure here, one aide moves the microphone closer to him, so that his voice can be picked up better. At another point, an aide tries to get Mondale to turn more toward the cameras and Mondale waves him away. Mondale is a natural performer before political audiences but still not before the television cameras—which is, of course, where most voters will see him. More than once on this trip, I have heard people who were in the audience observe afterward that Mondale came across much better in person—"warmer" was a word sometimes used—than he did on TV. But most voters won't see him in person.

JANUARY 5

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA. Now Mondale is focussing on industrial Alabama: Alabama is in fact the most heavily industrialized of the Southern states, and it has been hit very hard in the past couple of years. Moreover, the politics of Alabama has been changing: George Wallace is governor once again, having won in 1982 with black support. Last evening, Mondale made a stop in Muscle Shoals, in the northwest part of Alabama, a relatively conservative area. Unemployment in the area is about fifteen per cent. The Mondale people had faced some obstacles in getting out a crowd for his appearance there—at the University of Northern Alabama—and how they got one out shows the value of the Mondale support system. The university is out of session now, and Wednesday night is Bible Class night for the community. Working over the New Year's weekend and the next two days, the Mondale people got out a crowd by calling on their friends: the teachers, Party officials, and labor (the building-trades and aluminum workers). At his appearance last night, Mondale stressed his three themes and then attacked the Reagan economic program, once again bringing it home. "Alabama knows what Reaganomics has cost this country. More than almost any other state, with the possible exception of one or two, Alabama has paid a dreadful price," he told his audience. And then he carefully went through the premise and the results of the Reagan program, explaining how the deficits have caused a rise in interest rates ("Real interest rates—the spread between what you pay and underlying inflation—doubled"), which led to a recession, a decline in the value of the dollar, and a drop in exports. And he cited the Alabama export industries that had been hurt. "The result is that it was almost a dagger in the heart of the economy of this state," he told them, and then, perhaps remembering that this was the second dagger of the day, added, "And to many other states in the union." He was making the strongest case he could against the Reagan program, and for his own values, to a heavily blue-collar audience. "We must invest in research across the board, and we must invest in training again," he said. He stressed the importance of developing vocational skills and of doing more for education. "This Administration may be the most anti-education Administration in modern American history, and we cannot tolerate that kind of backward approach to our future," he said.

One of the reasons some key Reagan advisers have concluded that Mondale would be Reagan's strongest opponent is that they feel that, unlike Glenn, he would have the intense support of Democratic constituency groups. (They have also concluded that he is a better politician than Glenn.) In his talk last night, Mondale showed how he made the case to those groups, and to the blue-collar workers who may be up for grabs. And, as he does in some appearances, he talked about his own background, trying to draw a contrast between his political ethic and Reagan's—to stress that Reagan is the rich person's President: "Here's where you ought to know a little bit about where I'm coming from. I believe that ours should be a government of the people and by the people and for the people. I grew up in several small towns in southern Minnesota. My dad was a minister, my mother was a music teacher. And we went from com-



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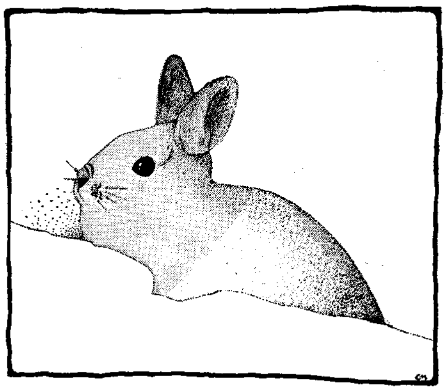
munity to community serving those communities. My dad and mom didn't worry about money. They didn't have any. It wasn't important. But I don't think that diminished the importance of their lives at all. They were good parents. We had a strong family. They served their faith. They served their neighbors. They were good citizens. And they served our country. It wasn't that they were on the make. They weren't. They were just fine, decent Americans doing what millions of Americans do throughout their lives. I don't want a nation just for those on the make. I want a nation that's for everybody, where we respect and honor and help all Americans who are decent and kind and deserve that kindness and thoughtfulness." And he talked about how much more the rich got from the Reagan tax cut than those who make thirty thousand dollars a year or less. "I stand for sensible economics and for growth," Mondale said, "but I'm also going to stand for fairness and decency and compassion in this country." He said, "We are not a jungle. We are a community, a family, a nation, and a President has a duty to pull us together and to make us feel as one people with justice and decency in our land and fairness for all Americans."

Mondale talked about arms control, saying that the danger of nuclear weapons "is not just another problem, it is *the* problem," and he attacked Reagan's arms-control policy. And he said that Reagan had criticized every arms-control effort as "a sign of weakness." It was Mondale's strongest delivery yet, the most thorough tour of his themes. He also drew on the theme he had used in his announcement of his candidacy: "I am ready and I know what I'm doing." He said, "We don't and cannot afford the luxury of an on-the-job-training educational program in the toughest job on earth. Isn't it time that we tried somebody in that office who just might happen to know what he's doing?"

At a news conference this morning in Birmingham, Mondale is endorsed by Mayor Richard Arrington, a black, who is very popular in this area. And standing behind Arrington and a beaming Mondale as Arrington makes his announcement is a group of thirty people, blacks and whites, men and women, also lending their support to Mondale. Among them are Tom Drake, the Speaker of the Alabama House, who endorsed Mondale yesterday in Greenbrier and who is very close to Wallace, and Jim Folsom, Jr., a state public-services commissioner and the son of a former governor. The timing could hardly be better from Mondale's point of view. The Mondale people feel that Alabama is potentially Jackson's strongest state, and this week's events make the endorsement especially fortunate. Arrington had helped work out the compromise whereby the Alabama Democratic Conference endorsed Mondale for President and Jackson for Vice-President.

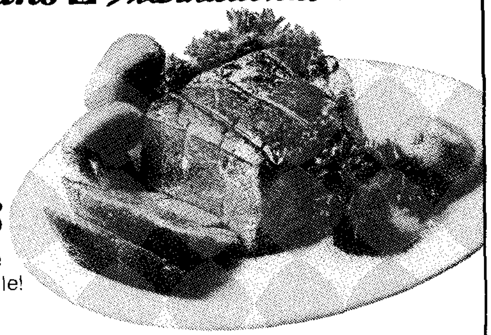
After Arrington reads his statement endorsing Mondale, and Mondale makes a brief statement, the first question is directed at Arrington: "Mayor, I wonder if you could tell us why you're supporting Mr. Mondale rather than Jesse Jackson."

Arrington replies with a little lesson in realpolitik: "Both Mr. Mondale and Mr. Jackson are good friends of mine—outstanding Americans. My major concern is that we win the White House and that we have someone there whose views are compatible with those views which I believe are held by a majority of Americans and those views which I hold—someone who is indeed a proven friend, and someone who stands a good chance of winning. And I think Mr. Mondale stands an excellent chance of winning." He says that Jackson will raise some important issues, "but at this time the priority is to win the White House." On being asked another question about Jackson, Arrington says he believes that Jackson has some support in the black community, but adds, "Walter Mondale is no newcomer to the black community. He's a national leader who has also paid his dues." These press conferences, like other things Mondale does on his stops, are designed to get him local news coverage. Sometimes he is shown in the presence of important dignitaries, and usually there has been a substantial greeting committee at each airport stop. To the extent that there are questions at the press conferences about any of Mondale's rivals, they are about Jackson—not Glenn.



Tuscaloosa. This afternoon, Mondale is in a studio at the University of Alabama conducting a panel discussion, via satellite hookup, with Governor Michael Dukakis, of Massachusetts. (Dukakis has endorsed Mondale.) The points of this exercise are to once again show Mondale in touch with modern technology; have him discuss a problem of interest to both Alabama and New England (the program will reach the New Hampshire media market); and show him dealing with an issue that is an important part of the Democratic agenda—industrial policy. Actually, Mondale does not use the term "industrial policy"—his advisers think it is less than enticing; moreover, the term has come to embrace so many concepts that it is just about meaningless. According to Martin Kaplan, a deputy campaign manager and an adviser on issues, and the person who writes most of Mondale's speeches (he was Mondale's chief speechwriter when Mondale was in the White House), Mondale supports the idea of a national strategy for economic growth—involving trade, dealing with the deficit, capital investment, and so on—but is not ready to write a specific industrial-policy bill. Mondale's emphasis here is on coöperation among business, labor, the local community, and the universities to deal with local economic problems. This is an approach Mondale has said he would use in the White House. Taking on this question here also gets at the special-interest question in two ways: it suggests, as Mondale has suggested in the past, that he would try to use his entrée with various groups to bring them together to coöperate in dealing with economic problems; and it shows, with the question being talked about in two regions and broadcast by satellite (the program will be offered to television stations throughout the country), that he is a national candidate, not saying different things in different parts of the country. Mondale has not signed on to industrial-policy schemes to encourage the development of certain new industries, or to help declining industries. Such schemes are full of pitfalls: Who would make the choices, and how would they be made? Could such schemes possibly escape being shaped by the politically strongest economic forces? By emphasizing coöperation, he has chosen the least controversial and, in many ways, most attractive part of the question, because it deals with how various segments of our society might work together (as they have when certain companies were in peril). Moreover, a political campaign isn't the place for deciding just how such a policy would work; it's for a President to get in good people and take some time thinking it through and working it out. The example Mondale is talking about on this program is a carburetor plant in Tuscaloosa, which General Motors nearly closed, and which was saved through coöperation, including several cost-cutting measures. The television program is not the smoothest one that has ever been produced, and Mondale does not seem entirely comfortable, but he comes across as earnest and truly interested. And he concludes by making his point here: We need "a President who leads our nation toward a coöperative spirit." He says, "What we've seen in Tuscaloosa, what we've seen in Washington, we see in every community in this nation. After all, we're all in this together. We're all Americans. And if we coöperate, if we work together, we can retain—we can restore our edge and restore the competitive values of America in the world."

ON the charter plane en route to St. Petersburg. Mondale's last stop of the day was at Columbus, Georgia—a conservative, pro-defense area. This fits with the week's strategy of going into areas where others are supposedly strong—in this case, Glenn. Moreover, Glenn has accused Mondale of being weak on defense. So Mondale went to Columbus, where Fort Benning is the principal industry, and conducted a panel discussion before a local audience on the subject of conventional forces. Among those on the panel were retired General David Jones, the former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and James Schlesinger, the former, among other things, Secretary of Defense. The event was designed to show that Mondale is informed about defense questions, concerned about the strength of conventional forces (which keep losing out to big weapons systems in the competition for defense dollars), and able to talk about these things with some distinguished experts. Following the event, Mondale met pri-



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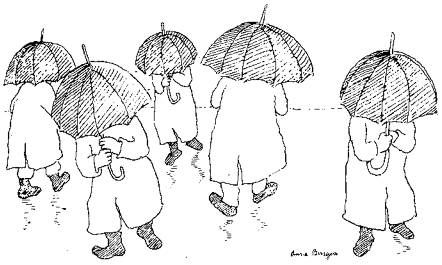
vately with some local black leaders. Tomorrow, during stops in Florida, he will talk about his plan for reducing the cost of health care under Medicare. This, too, is a "fairness" issue, a budget-reduction issue, and a populist issue. (The two ways to cut Medicare costs are to hold down the cost of the services and to cut back on the benefits. Mondale has chosen the former—proposing that the program be run by the states. There is, however, a question of why some benefits should not be reduced for those who can afford to pay for them.) Following his appearances in Florida, he will go to Savannah, a conservative area of Georgia, and to Atlanta, and then to New Hampshire.

Today is Mondale's fifty-sixth birthday, and tonight, on the plane, he is in a very good mood. He feels that he has had a good week and that the Jackson cloud is lifting. And today a story broke that the Glenn campaign was in financial trouble. Mondale is enjoying the feeling, however temporary, that the competition is fading. He is an experienced enough politician to know that the pressure will return soon enough. When he is presented with a birthday cake by his staff, he happily joins in the celebration.

JANUARY 8

DUBUQUE. On this Sunday afternoon, John Glenn set off from Washington for a campaign swing through Iowa. It is a critical period for the Glenn campaign: his advisers recognize that he has little time to catch Mondale, and that his campaign needs improvement and his candidacy definition. The biggest problem, according to his advisers, is that their polls indicate that people do not know much about him other than that he was an astronaut, and do not see him as Presidential. (That the Mondale polling turned up the same thing is not coincidental; professional pollsters working for different camps most often do turn up similar information.) David Sawyer, Glenn's media adviser, said to me recently, "The problem is identification. We have to fill in the information about John Glenn." Sawyer, in fact, had argued all along that the film "The Right Stuff" would be harmful to the Glenn campaign, because it would reinforce the impression that Glenn was running on his fame as an astronaut. (Ironically, the connection of the movie to Glenn led to a disappointing box-office, apparently because so many people thought that it was about a politician.) The Glenn campaign's earliest radio and television ads stress that there are other aspects to his career (though they start out identifying him as an astronaut)—that he has been a businessman and has been in the Senate for ten years. Using some exaggeration, they list some of his Senate accomplishments. Glenn's radio ad, which has run in New Hampshire, concludes, "Walter Mondale says experience is the most important thing in this election, and when you look at John Glenn's experience, don't you agree?" The Glenn people take some comfort from a Gallup poll published today that shows Mondale leading Glenn forty per cent to twenty-four per cent (Jackson was third, with ten per cent), only because the previous Gallup poll had Mondale leading Glenn by twenty-eight percentage points. The Mondale people had mixed feelings about the previous poll: they were delighted by the gap between Mondale and Glenn, but assumed that it would narrow, and had some concern that much would be made of this. The new Gallup poll shows Reagan leading both Mondale and Glenn—Glenn by four points (which is within the statistical margin of difference) and Mondale by seven points. In the November Gallup poll, Glenn was tied with Reagan, and Mondale was one point ahead. According to one Glenn adviser, in the states where the Glenn organization has polled—Iowa, New Hampshire, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama—Glenn's biggest negative is the sense that he lacks experience. Greg Schneiders, Glenn's director of communications and chief aide-de-camp, said to me on the plane on the way out here, "Experience, according to recent evidence of Presidential campaigns, is a threshold issue. If you don't meet the threshold, you're out of contention—no matter what the voters like about you or their closeness to you on the issues. Once you reach that threshold, then it becomes a test of character—honesty, integrity, leadership—and closeness on the issues." Schneiders says that once Glenn has established that his experience qualifies him for the Presidency he can then move on to the next two things he needs to do: show that his views are closer to those of the Democratic electorate than Mondale's are, and demonstrate his "character of leadership." The Glenn people say that Mondale has serious negatives—mainly that he is seen as a politician and as a figure of the past—and they believe that Glenn comes across as more likable and as closer to the voters on the issues.



One way the Glenn people tried to gauge Democratic voters' attitudes was through a survey done by their pollster, William Hamilton, in which descriptions of two different types of Democrats were offered and the respondents were asked which type they would prefer. One description read:

> He is a moderate to liberal Democrat, someone who has the support of and will look out for groups like labor, teachers, blacks, and the poor; someone who will do everything possible to gain an arms control treaty with the Soviet Union as soon as possible; someone who will undo Reagan's economic programs and spend less on the military defense and more on domestic social programs.

The other description was:

> He is a moderate-to-conservative Democrat who will repair the worst of Reaganomics but not go back to the usual big spending policies; someone who will push for a treaty with the Soviets but who will be tough with them and will support a strong military defense; someone who will set goals and challenge the country working for the national interest even if that means not always going along with the programs supported by traditional Democratic groups.

Not very amazingly, the survey turned up what Glenn people say was substantially more support for the "new" politician than for the "old" one, especially in New Hampshire and the South (but not in Iowa). One Glenn adviser said he realized that the descriptions were a bit loaded, but said that they were a fair representation of the case the Glenn campaign would be making. What disturbs the Glenn campaign is the number of people who describe themselves as moderate-to-conservative Democrats and support Mondale. Hamilton says, "Mondale's holding some people we think we can get—people in almost every state whom, if we could get out the information about Glenn, we could get. That's what we're trying to do with our paid media."

The Glenn people are also vexed by Mondale's successes in 1983. One says (despite the fact that the Glenn campaign plans to continue to attack Mondale as the creature of the "special interests") that Mondale was helped in the polls by coming across as being able to pull people together, and also as experienced—in contrast to Glenn the astronaut. Another Glenn adviser says, "I have to admit that Mondale did better at his game plan than I expected, and it hurt us." Among other things, Mondale's large lead in the polls toward the end of the year hurt Glenn's ability to raise money. The Glenn people maintain that Mondale's support is "soft"—meaning that it is subject to change—but they also say that the support for their own candidate is "soft." (The Mondale people say that support for Glenn is softer than support for Mondale.) If both candidates' support actually is soft, what probably has as much to do with this as anything else—including the widely assumed inability of the candidates to stir excitement—is the fact that for most of the voters it's still early in the game.

Glenn's people say that their candidate's performance has to improve. Sawyer says, "What he has to do now is ignite a spark. Even though we're right on things, we have to find ways to communicate them with energy and conviction, have to communicate issues with some passion. It's important to be able to galvanize people; we haven't yet done it as a campaign." Glenn's advisers have been urging him to give more focus to what he is saying, and shorten his answers—but he resists direction. Sawyer says, "We have to be able to seize aggressively some issues." There is some concern within the Glenn camp about Glenn's ability to seize issues and react quickly. For example, his advisers had hoped that he would seize on the Lebanon issue, but he has declined, even though he opposed the sending of the Marines to Lebanon in the first place. Glenn's hesitance may stem from his reluctance to rile Jewish voters (who have been suspicious of him in the past), or from his sense of responsibility, or from his own natural caution. Glenn is inherently slow to take positions, and once he takes them he is hard to move. Glenn now tells people that the Marines cannot be taken out of Lebanon precipitately because we have made "a commitment."

Another thing that vexes the Glenn people is the Mondale people's skill in handling Glenn's attacks. One Glenn adviser says, "The Mondale people have been very skillful at avoiding the

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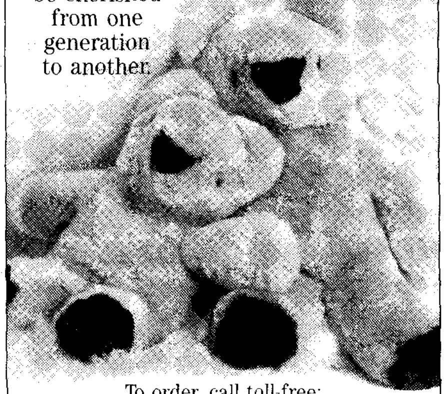
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attacks." (Some Reagan advisers were impressed, too. "They're better counterpunchers than I'd thought," one said to me recently.) Following the round last October in which Mondale responded to Glenn's charges that he was a candidate of the special interests by throwing back at Glenn his vote for Reagan's economic program, Glenn opened another barrage. On two successive days in mid-November, Glenn attacked Mondale—first for being weak on defense (he listed a number of weapons systems Mondale had opposed when he served in the Senate) and then for being a big spender. Mondale responded to the first speech by saying that "there's a big difference between a sensible, balanced defense and a blank-check approach," which he accused Glenn of seeking. Mondale did not even respond to the second speech but left it to his aides to reply. Johnson put out a statement that Glenn's accounting of how much Mondale's proposals might cost amounted to "voodoo arithmetic," and that Glenn was "trying to shift the spotlight from his support of two-hundred-billion-dollar deficits." (Glenn did stretch things a bit. For example, he took a Mondale pledge to "put millions of people back to work" to be an endorsement of a federally subsidized jobs program, which, he said, would cost twenty billion dollars. Mondale has expressed approval of some job-creating program, but he has said that most of the increase in employment he seeks would be achieved through macroeconomic policy.) This exchange, as has been noted, was widely considered to have damaged Glenn, because he engaged in the attacks before he had established his own credentials as a possible President. However, the Glenn people felt that they had to go after Mondale, because he was pulling away in the polls.

There were other problems with the attacks: Coming as they did on two days in succession, they lost some of their potential impact. Moreover, in his speech attacking Mondale as a big spender Glenn attempted to show that he favors some progressive things—more funding for education and nutrition, a program of voluntary service whereby people would earn tuition grants, and restoring cuts in Medicaid—but since this was combined with his attack on Mondale all that got press attention, predictably, was the attack. (Actually, Glenn's programs would end up costing more than he suggested.) A Glenn aide said to me recently that one problem with Glenn's attacks on Mondale was that "people misunderstood them in the sense that they took them literally." Nevertheless, this aide said, the attacks will continue, because they are essential to an important theme of the Glenn campaign: character. The object is to show that Glenn has the character to be President, and that Mondale, as an overpromiser, an all-things-to-all-people, a captive of the special interests, does not. The Glenn people have made some ads to this effect, but have not yet run them. The Glenn people say they think that the attacks will not backfire as long as they are not too frequent and are "strictly factual." Some Glenn advisers had worried all along that for Glenn to go on the attack would detract from his hero image. The essential theme of the Glenn campaign, according to Sawyer, is leadership—the character to lead the country into a future that is uncertain. Glenn's campaign slogan is "Believe in the future again." Even Glenn's opposition to the SALT II treaty, Sawyer suggests, can be portrayed as illustrative of Glenn's character, because it was an example of his standing up under tremendous pressure. Schneiders says that the four terms that are to be associated with Glenn are honesty, courage, independence, and common sense. (Schneiders refers to the negative side of Glenn's campaign as "differentiation.")

The Glenn campaign is still shaking itself out from the staff upheaval that went on in the closing months of the year; new field workers are being sent to various states, and a number of key decisions are yet to be made. The question arises of how a group seeking the Presidency could have allowed its campaign to fall into such disarray. There are a number of small answers—this man wasn't right for the job, that man is inexperienced—but they don't answer the larger question, about competence. Over the holiday period, Glenn skied in Vail from December 23rd until New Year's Eve, and after that Schneiders and Sawyer spent two days with him in Washington, taping television ads and talking about various aspects of the campaign—reviewing its basic themes and how they were being incorporated in Glenn's stump speech and media presentations. The difference between how Mondale and Glenn used the lull—even though they both went skiing in Vail—is striking. Several of the questions now facing the Glenn campaign revolve around the allocation of scarce—at least, relative to Mondale's—resources. In the past few days, stories broke in the papers about the Glenn campaign's financial problems: fund-raising in the last quarter fell two hundred thousand dollars short, and, beyond that, Glenn received far less in matching money than Mondale did. Nearly a fourth of the staff members at the Washington headquarters will be laid off. Moreover, Glenn's financial problems are likely to be self-compounding: not only are people less likely to contribute when they see a campaign getting in trouble, but it was easier for candidates to borrow money last year—using as collateral the federal matching money they would receive this year. Now that the matching money is being handed out, few of the candidates can offer any assurance that they will be in a position to receive more of it. The Glenn people are publicly trying to put the best face on the situation—saying that they are simply allocating more of their resources to the field than to their Washington headquarters, and that by the end of January they will have more staff than they do now. But some Glenn advisers I spoke with over the past couple of weeks were very fretful about the money situation. It has inevitably forced some hard decisions about allocation of resources, and up until recently there was some question about this trip to Iowa.

There has been considerable argument within the Glenn organization over how much of an effort to make in Iowa, where Mondale is expected to win handily, as opposed to New Hampshire and elsewhere. Whatever time and money Glenn spends in Iowa will perforce come out of the budget for efforts in other states, and Glenn could be in some danger of coming in third in the state. A poll published by the Des Moines *Register* last month gave Mondale forty-two per cent of the Democratic vote, Glenn sixteen per cent, and Cranston twelve per cent, with the others trailing behind, and Cranston, who has made the nuclear-freeze issue the focal point of his campaign, is said to be organizing well in the state. Hart, meanwhile, is working hard in Iowa and, especially, New Hampshire. Mondale has several advantages in Iowa: it borders on Minnesota, and he has spent a lot of time in Iowa over the years; it is a caucus state, where organization counts for

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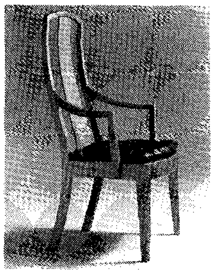

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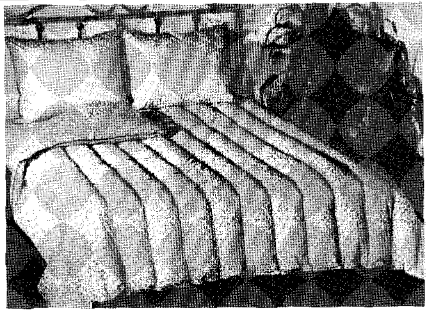
much; and labor, particularly the United Automobile Workers, the United Food and Commercial Workers, and the teachers, can be a potent force within the caucus process. But the deciding factors for Glenn's making an effort in the state were the concern that if Glenn skipped the first contest he would take a drubbing from the press, because his, like Mondale's, is supposed to be a big-time, national campaign; an assumption that Glenn's participation in the Iowa contest would yield him some useful media exposure elsewhere; and a fear that if Glenn skipped Iowa Reubin Askew, who is running a conservative, anti-abortion campaign, might do well in Iowa and be in a stronger position than otherwise in his home state of Florida, where Glenn must challenge him. Glenn is now committed to spending six days in Iowa in January and six in February, and to running a media campaign there, but he will devote more time to New Hampshire. He will go to the South next week. The Glenn campaign is operating on the premise that it must expand the Democratic electorate, especially in a state like Iowa, where Democratic politics is dominated by activists who tend to be liberal. Schneiders says that among the ways it hopes to do this is to have Glenn appear before organizations that aren't particularly ideological or politically oriented but might be very friendly toward Glenn, such as the Knights of Columbus, the Elks, the Masons, and certain civic groups. Schneiders says, "If we can't expand the electorate in Iowa, we have a very tough row to hoe."

Over the weekend, Mondale and Glenn got into a new contretemps, this one over acid rain and environmental policy in general. Most of the Democratic candidates appeared at a forum on acid rain in New Hampshire which was sponsored by a coalition of environmental groups. Glenn has had a problem with the environmentalists on the subject of acid rain, because Ohio, his home state, is a major source of sulfur-dioxide emissions, which produce acid rain, and it is feared that if strict cleanup proposals were adopted many of the state's miners, who dig high-sulfur coal, would lose their jobs. On Saturday, Glenn offered a proposal for cleaning up acid rain and also said that Mondale was offering the voters "secret plans" on the economy and the environment. Mondale, campaigning in Georgia, shot back that Glenn had "one of the



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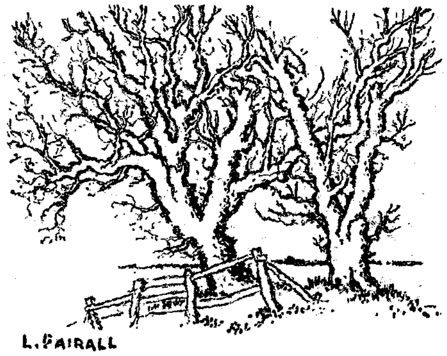
worst environmental records" among Democratic senators. On Sunday, when Mondale appeared before the conference, he offered his own acid-rain proposal and, following the strategy of last week, attacked the environmental records of both Glenn and Reagan. He criticized Glenn for voting for the confirmation of James Watt as Secretary of the Interior—but in fact only twelve Democratic senators voted against Watt. Mondale also criticized Glenn for voting against a move to restore some of Reagan's budget cuts for the Environmental Protection Agency—a position that was shared by only fourteen Democrats in all. He attacked Glenn for having in the past been critical of proposals to reduce acid rain. He also criticized Glenn for having said, on "Meet the Press" in December, "We could enforce every environmental law and put ten million people out of work, perhaps." Glenn had said something similar to me in an interview earlier last fall. (Mondale's and Glenn's acid-rain proposals differ in scope—Mondale pledges to cut acid rain by more than Glenn does—and in how they would assess charges for the cleanup. Mondale said that he would put more of the burden on the heavier polluters, and that the polluters could not pass on all these costs to consumers, and he criticized Glenn's plan for putting "the same burden on polluters and non-polluters alike." But Mondale did not spell out precisely how the charges on utilities would be assessed.)

Today, at the airport in Washington, Schneiders handed out to reporters a statement that in 1982 Glenn had a seventy-one-per-cent approval rating from the League of Conservation Voters, which tied him with Cranston and made them the highest-rated of all the senators running for President. In previous years, Glenn had ratings that placed him, on average, next to last among the Democratic candidates. In New Hampshire, Mondale had used these earlier figures and had also pointed out that "the League of Conservation Voters said that Mr. Glenn has a 'very poor voting record on clean-air issues.' " The League also said that Glenn had a good environmental record in some other areas, such as clean water and toxic-waste cleanup. The term "secret plan" is, of course, evocative of Richard Nixon's "secret plan," during the 1968 Presidential campaign, to end the Vietnam War. Asked about this, Glenn said that he was "not drawing any personal characterizations." According to Curtis Wilkie, of the Boston *Globe*, Glenn had made a couple of stabs at the "secret plans" line, but had failed to do it in a way that attracted attention. Then Schneiders typed out a statement for him, and Glenn delivered the "secret plans" attack in a way that got it across. (According to Wilkie, Glenn had just told some reporters that he felt free to criticize Mondale on spending, defense, and promises, but "do I have a 1-2-3-4 list that I'm going to bang him on? No." Then Schneiders gave him the memo with the list of "secret plans," and Glenn, at his next stop, used it.) Schneiders' relationship with Glenn is unusual, as Glenn is not one for taking much staff advice and the two men have not known each other long; but Schneiders, who is thirty-six, is inventive and combative, and has had a large impact on the campaign. He started out as a restaurant owner in Washington, became interested in the Carter campaign, and joined it in January, 1976, and ended up as a travelling companion and confidant of Carter's. He served in the Carter White House for a while and then held various jobs around Washington, and he joined Glenn in January, 1983, as his press secretary. Now Schneiders provides much of the conceptual thinking, as well as the toe-to-toe tactics, for the Glenn campaign. He is easygoing and amusing—and skilled at working with the press and popular with it.

GLENN is making this swing around Iowa in a chartered forty-eight-seat Convair 580. His press entourage is smaller than Mondale's was last week, and besides his wife, Annie, he is accompanied by a very few staff members. The comparison is not quite valid, however; not only can Glenn not afford to take along so much staff but the Mondale people were making a deliberate display of strength last week. The Glenns sit together toward the back of the plane, and Glenn is unfailingly pleasant, and the atmosphere aboard the plane is relaxed. The Glenns are almost inseparable—Annie Glenn will go off and campaign on her own for a while tomorrow, but this is unusual—and their closeness is affecting. Annie Glenn is a warm, outgoing woman with large, dark, luminous eyes, and she is beloved by the press corps, and by a large number of people in Washington. She has recently conquered a severe stuttering problem, and a very appealing thing about Glenn is the obvious sensitivity he has shown toward her problem over the years. The Glenns grew up in the same town—New Concord, Ohio—and have been a pair since he was three and she was four.



TONIGHT, in Dubuque, Glenn's first stop is at his local campaign headquarters, which is just being opened. It has no telephone yet. About a hundred people are here. Glenn stands before them and tells them that tomorrow his wife will be campaigning elsewhere and that their son, David, is campaigning in the state and their daughter, Lyn, has been in the state several times. "So we're making an all-out effort during this time here, New Hampshire, and on into those early primaries and caucuses." He adds, "How things start out here may determine a lot of what happens later on, so it's real important we get things going here in Iowa." Then he goes into his stump speech: "Now, this is a critical year, there isn't any doubt about it. The choices we'll make this year are going to bend this country in the way it's going to go in the future." He speaks with some vigor, especially for Glenn, who often speaks in flat tones. He continues, "I think one thing that we know right now and that is Ronald Reagan has got to go." He receives applause, and continues, "We can't go on into the future building up two-hundred-billion-a-year deficits. You can't spend a dollar when you're taking in seventy-five cents." He says, "We don't like to see some of the commitments we're making in foreign policy, with our military establishment—Marines in Lebanon, for instance, and things like that. We want to see more education, more research, those things that are going to build the future of this country. We don't want to see cutbacks in civil rights. We thought we were about to be the first country to get racism and bigotry behind us once and for all.

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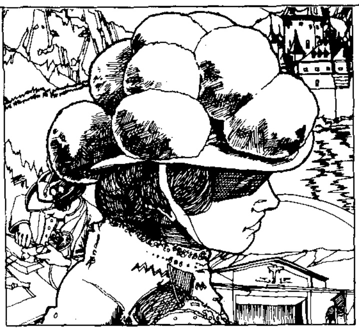
Glenn continues, "I want to see us go forward with honesty, not overpromising. I want to see us have courage enough to tell people the very strong medicine we're going to have to prescribe to deal with the economy. Well, so be it, but let's be honest enough about those things during the campaign—let's not wait and say we're going to have big secret plans on how we're going to do this with the economy, big secret plans for foreign policy, big secret plans for acid rain, big secret plans for everything. I want to see these things brought out, so that we are not once again in a position of having an Administration in Washington that's overpromised and then finds it impossible to perform enough to come up to people's expectations." He says, "That's the reason why I've proposed very honest, straightforward plans: a five-point plan for arms control, very specific plans for how we're going to get control of the economy, very specific plans about education—a number of different areas, research. I mention education and research: I can't think of any two things that are going to be more important for the long-term future in this country. What we do with regard to education, research—those things that have been the hallmark of our American scene—create jobs and employment and industry throughout our country. We've let the rest of the world follow on in our wake, and we're every bit as much capable of doing that today as we've ever been in the past—in fact, it's more necessary today, because we're finding ourselves under enormous competition from abroad. If we're going to create the jobs and create the employment and make certain that this nation sets goals and moves ahead, now is the time to set those goals and change the policies of this Administration, and that's what we want to do." Setting goals for the future is a major Glenn theme. Glenn often talks about the need for "basic, fundamental, breakthrough, seminal, Nobel-laureate research." Now he tells the audience



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that he needs its help. "Annie and I and our family, we can run all over—we can run ourselves into exhaustion and it won't do much good, because we need your help in those caucuses." He explains that it takes more time to participate in caucuses than to simply cast a ballot in a primary, and he says, "I wish I had one of those World War One recruiting posters dropped down behind me, with Uncle Sam in a top hat with his finger pointing at you. I need one that says, 'John Glenn needs you.' I really do. Because, working together, we can change the future of this country. Working together—that means leadership of this country that is the world's greatest—I think we can outinvent, outresearch, outcompete any nation on the face of this earth if we just do it. We're not going to do it with the policies of this Administration. We're not going to do it if we replace those policies with the old-fashioned policies of the sixties or seventies. We can set goals and objectives."

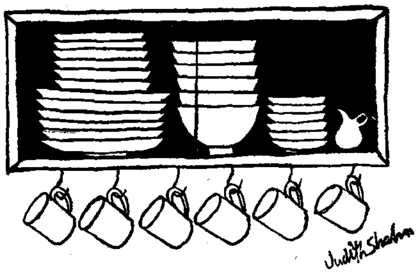
And then Glenn summons up his experience as an astronaut. The Glenn people may feel that the identification of Glenn as an astronaut is a problem, but they clearly also think it's an asset, and Glenn is understandably proud of the defining moment of his life. "I've been privileged to look back at this country and to see this world from a little different vantage point—a space capsule. Most people haven't had the opportunity to do it. You look down and wonder why our man-made, people-made problems, our homemade problems, can't be solved." Then he evokes, as he likes to do, his association with John F. Kennedy. "I think back to those days of the space program when John Kennedy was setting the nation on a course that was proud of academic excellence, setting goals. Once again, we can do that with pride, with confidence, as we did back in those days—setting objectives, setting goals." And then he paraphrases George Bernard Shaw (as Robert Kennedy did in his campaign for the Presidency, in 1968): "Some men see things as they are and say why; I dream of things that never were and say why not." He concludes, "This has been a why-not nation. We have set goals; we have tried to reach those objectives; we've been successful at that, and that's the kind of attitude we have to have to build this nation in the future. With your help, we can set goals; with your help we can achieve them. And it all starts right here in Iowa. With your help, we can change the future of this country."

The audience is friendly but not especially enthusiastic. Afterward, Glenn mingles with the group, shakes hands, and signs a few autographs.

Following the reception at the headquarters, Glenn attends the championship game of the National Catholic Basketball Tournament, in Dubuque. Basketball is big in Iowa, and Dubuque is a heavily Catholic area. Although this game is being televised only on a local cable channel, and neither of the finalist teams is from Dubuque, Glenn's staff believes that his being here will get excellent newspaper coverage, and he takes time out for a television interview. This game is taking a lot of Glenn's time. First, he makes a brief appearance on court at halftime, and gives a little talk about competition and fair play representing "the spirit of this country," and then he sits through the second half of the game in order to participate, along with several others, in handing out the awards. When Glenn is introduced at halftime, he receives polite applause. For this crowd, the serious business is basketball, not politics. After a lengthy process of shaking hands with winners and runners-up and members of the third-place team and the fourth-place team and the All-American team, Glenn attends a reception upstairs in the basketball stadium, and then leaves to fly to Moline, Illinois—one of the Quad Cities, on the Mississippi River. We arrive at the Holiday Inn in Moline—which has a startling huge stuffed polar bear in the lobby (I remember that bear from the Edward Kennedy campaign, in 1980)—shortly before midnight, or nearly 1 A.M. in Washington, where we started out.

January 9

Wilton, Iowa. Just before 8 A.M., Glenn is standing outside the security office of the North Star Steel plant. The Quad Cities area has been beset by job layoffs, and the Glenn people say that their polling and field work suggest that a large number of the rank-and-file workers are not satisfied with Mondale or with their union leaders. Shaking hands at plant gates is a campaign staple, but Glenn appears to be still getting the hang of it. (Last week, in New Hampshire, he arrived at a plant after the change of shifts had occurred.) He is pleasant and friendly with the workers as they come out of the security office, where they sign in, but he often fails to introduce himself, and several workers just go on by him. Rex McCreight, a maintenance worker in the plant, stands in a cowboy hat and a brown suit and tries to get the workers to stop and meet Glenn. It's very cold out this morning. Sometimes Glenn says, "Hi, I'm John Glenn and I need your help in all this effort," but only a few of the workers stop to talk or to ask him questions. One worker asks him why he came to this plant, and he replies that this sort of steel plant (known as a mini-mill) has taken over fifteen per cent of the steel processing in this country, and then he takes the opportunity to get in a lick at Mondale and his endorsements. A Glenn adviser had told me that the campaign planned to challenge the legitimacy of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement—to suggest that Mondale may have been the choice of "the bosses" but not of the workingmen. The Glenn people base their argument on a New York *Times*/CBS News poll published last October which indicated that rank-and-file union members were about evenly divided in their support for Mondale and Glenn. The *Times* story about the poll also said that seventy per cent of the union members polled said their views on the nomination had not been sought by the union leadership. The *Times*/CBS poll did not separate Democratic from Republican union members (Reagan received about forty-four per cent of the labor vote in 1980)—and the Mondale people were quick to point this out. (The A.F.L.-C.I.O. says that the process was lengthy and wide open, and that Mondale emerged as the clear favorite of its members; it also says that the *Times*/CBS poll confirms that between twenty-five and thirty per cent of its members were contacted, and that this is a far higher percentage than is reached by professional polls.) Actually, Glenn made an effort to get the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement—or, at least, to try to block Mondale from getting it—and tried for other groups' endorsements as well. This morning,



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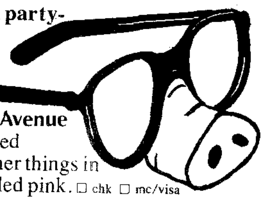

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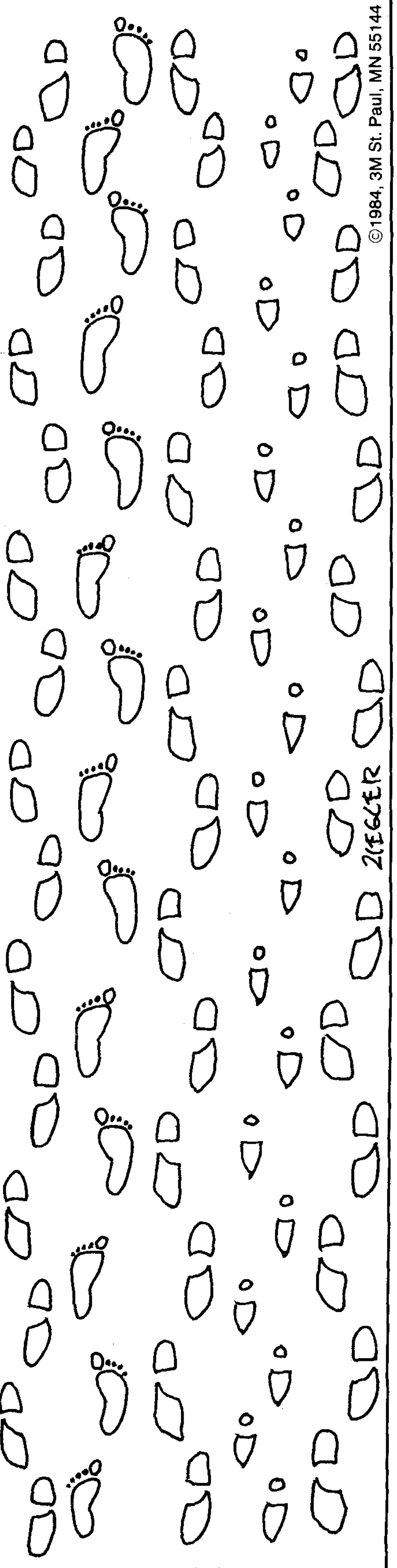
Glenn tells the steelworker who asks him why he has come to this plant, "I'm taking my campaign to labor as much as anyone else in this country. I thought it was wrong for organized labor to endorse as early as they did, and put all that effort in—only a fourth of the workers had been polled, and they came out even between Mondale and me. So, just as I do in Ohio, I'm taking my campaign to the workers themselves." Crews from local television stations are here, so Glenn is getting a chance to make his case on the free media. This trip is designed to reach all the major media markets in Iowa. To a worker who has asked him about the possibility of achieving a balanced budget, Glenn replies that he has proposed the most thorough plan for reducing the deficit, including a ten-per-cent surcharge on both corporate and personal income (he appears to have forgotten about his amended version of the corporate tax), and repeal of the section of the 1981 tax-cut act that provided for the indexing of taxes. Glenn says that this would raise eighty billion dollars in fiscal 1988. Mr. McCreight tells reporters that he and some others are "beating the bushes" to get people to attend the caucuses who never have before—sending them information kits, telling them which of their neighbors are going. He is asked how much of an effort the local union has made for Mondale. He replies, "None. They're more disorganized than we are."

At the Copper Kettle II Cafe, in Wilton, Glenn sits at a rectangular table with some local citizens, drinking coffee and eating coffee cake. Several of the seats at the table are not filled for some time. A woman at the table asks Glenn if he thinks there will be a nuclear war. Glenn says he knows that "that's the overriding concern that people have," and he says that as a result of having served in two wars he started working on that area when he got to the Senate. He cites his authorship of the Nuclear Nonproliferation Act of 1978, and cites his five-point program for arms control: seeking a freeze on nuclear weapons, if it can be mutual and verifiable; pushing for reduction talks, using the best negotiators and seeking incremental reductions, as was done in SALT II (he does not mention that he opposed the SALT II treaty), instead of making sweeping proposals that the Soviets cannot accept, as the Reagan Admin-



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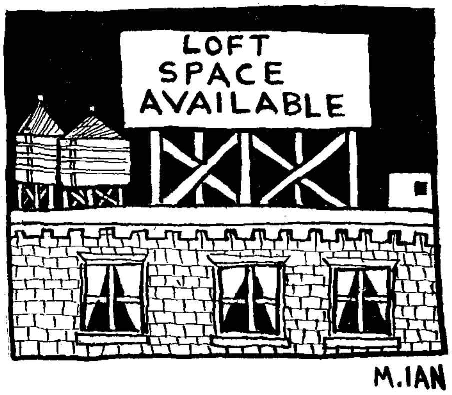
istration has done; getting other nations with nuclear weapons involved in the talks as soon as possible; reducing the spread of nuclear weapons; and reducing conventional arms. Then Glenn says again that he has been through two wars and adds, as he often does, that he has "had to sit down and write those next-of-kin letters." (David Sawyer, Glenn's media adviser, says that a good thing about Glenn's talking about the next-of-kin letters is that it conveys passion on a subject of deep concern to people.) Glenn says, "That sears your soul. Nobody is going to work harder than I will for peace."

In answer to another question, Glenn goes after Mondale for "overpromising," and talks about the cost of Mondale's proposals, citing the figures he used in his speech last November. "I will not overpromise," Glenn says. "I think we have to have the courage to tell people some of the tough things that have to be done." It is noticeable that Glenn applies to himself some of the words—"courage," "honesty"—that his advisers want the public to apply to him. He tells this group that the deficits are causing lower exports, but, unlike Mondale, he doesn't go into an explanation, and he says that he voted for the Reagan tax-cut program—after trying to change it—because economic conditions under Carter had been so bad, and "I think that's why we lost the election." He explains that his surtax would be used "solely for deficit reduction," and that any new programs would have to be offset by budget cuts. "Some people aren't aware of my experience," he tells them, and he recites his career. He comes across in this setting as sincere, straight, and attentive. When he is asked about the military budget, he says that he would not give the Pentagon a blank check, and cites the weapons systems he opposes—the MX, the Bradley Fighting Vehicle—and says that he would save money on the Rapid Deployment Force (he has long said that "it's not rapid, it's not deployable, and it's not a force") and on the Division Air Defense System (a mechanized ground-to-air weapon). But he does say that "the Soviets have outbuilt us and outspent us thirty to fifty per cent in the last fifteen years." (This figure is in much dispute.) And he goes on, "Unless we do some modernizing now we're not going to have the capability. I see a crossover point where the Soviets would have superior military power by 1988-1990." (This prediction, too, is very much in dispute.) When he is asked what he would do to help the steel industry compete for exports, Glenn, like Mondale, says that he is a free trader but thinks certain actions have to be taken to make sure that the competition is fair. He points out that he supports the local-content legislation. He says that "if we just hang back and try to go back to those Reagan policies of the twenties and thirties or to the programs we had in the sixties or seventies, if we come before the people of this country as the party of overspending, weak on defense, I think we'll go down to defeat." Now Glenn goes into a little summary of his stump speech.

DES MOINES. Glenn holds a brief press conference at his headquarters here. The local press asks him questions about the status of the race, and Glenn shrugs off, as he must, its supposed problems. He says, as his advisers do, that "people are just beginning to focus" on the race, that the financial shortfall is no big thing, and that, as for the polls, "polls go up, polls go down."

COUNCIL BLUFFS. The Glenn campaign has chosen this Western city, situated just across the Missouri River from Omaha, the site of the Strategic Air Command, to give a speech on nuclear nonproliferation. The people here are understood to be especially sensitive to the danger of a nuclear outbreak, knowing that they live in an area likely to be an early, and perhaps the first, target of an enemy attack. Schneiders has told me that the Glenn campaign intends to have the candidate give one substantive speech a week. And for Glenn to talk about nuclear nonproliferation in Iowa, where pro-freeze sentiment is very strong, was seen as a good move. Glenn gives the speech in a new auditorium at Iowa Western Community College. The audience consists of students, some adults, and some deaf children (for whom a sign linguist has been provided). Glenn reads a long speech about a critical subject, interpolating from time to time. He cites in his speech the nations "that may have nuclear weapons within the decade"—Iraq, Libya, Brazil, Argentina, Israel, India, Pakistan, South Africa, South Korea, Taiwan, and Egypt—and he says that "others are not far behind." He asks the audience to "imagine a world in which a Qaddafi of Libya or the Ayatollah Khomeini of Iran has nuclear weapons," and he says he believes that that is the intent of those countries. He interpolates that there have been rumors that Qaddafi tried to purchase nuclear material from China and was refused, and that Qaddafi also wanted to work with Pakistan on an "Islamic bomb." He says that when he entered the Senate, in 1975, India had already carried out a nuclear explosion, and other countries, including Pakistan, were reported to be working on building a nuclear capability. "It seemed to me that the world was in imminent danger of becoming a nuclear-armed camp, and I resolved to do all I could from the United States Senate to stop it." He says he successfully co-sponsored an amendment requiring the termination of economic and military aid to any country that received or transferred certain sensitive nuclear materials or technology (the amendment was later applied to Pakistan), and he cites his work on the Nuclear Nonproliferation Act of 1978. He says that the Carter Administration tried to weaken his bill. The 1978 law established controls on nuclear exports, sanctions to be applied to violators, and a policy of nuclear assistance to countries that agreed to forgo developing nuclear weapons. And he says that the law was then undermined by the Carter Administration's decision to supply nuclear fuel to India in 1980, despite the fact that India had refused to apply certain safeguards and to sign the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty, which provides for inspection of nuclear facilities. At an arms-control forum at Harvard last October, Glenn asked Mondale where, as Vice-President, he had stood on, among other things, the sale of nuclear fuel to India. Mondale replied, "I was the strongest advocate of the imposition of restraints on the distribution of weapons material." Now, in his speech, Glenn attacks the Reagan Administration for a "laissez-faire" attitude



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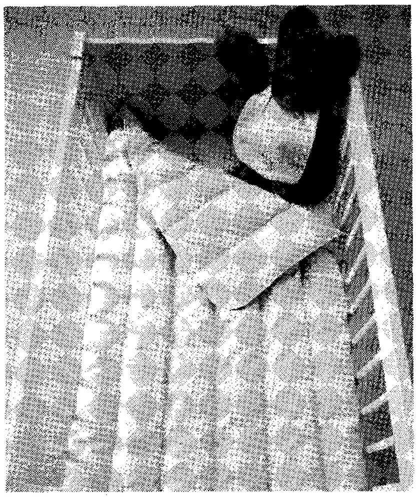
toward nonproliferation, saying that it has allowed South Africa to "escape a five-year U.S. nuclear-fuel embargo;" has provided previously restricted economic and military aid to Pakistan without assurances that Pakistan will stop its nuclear-weapons program; has approved the transfer of nuclear-related material and equipment to Argentina, despite Argentina's refusal to accept comprehensive safeguards; and has promised to send nuclear components to India. Some of the language in Glenn's speech is strong, and the subject is one that can arouse passions, and he clearly cares about it—but he does not deliver the speech with any passion. This is a subject that should have people out of their chairs. The audience seems unmoved. Glenn mentions a number of things he would do as President to tighten controls on nuclear proliferation, and says that in order to "overcome the bureaucratic tendency to subordinate nonproliferation to other foreign-policy concerns" he would name a special White House assistant for nonproliferation. He closes by referring to his combat experience in two wars—and interpolates a sentence about the next-of-kin letters—and says that he has "stood on the site of the Nagasaki nuclear explosion" and thought about what an all-out exchange of nuclear weapons would mean. And then he refers to his earth-orbiting flight: "I saw this fragile craft we call earth in a way few human beings have been privileged to see it." He says, "As one of my fellow-astronauts put it, we have solved the problems of leaving this earth. Now it's up to you and me to solve the problems of living on it. That's what I want to do." When he finishes, the audience applauds politely.

As Glenn leaves the auditorium, he stops and talks, through the sign linguist, to the deaf children. He tells them he is sorry that his wife, Annie, is not here, because she has a great interest in their problem. He says that if she were here she would tell them—and then he makes a sign that means "I love you."

I HAVE an interview with Glenn in the car that takes him back to the airport. Along the way, he notices a windmill, and talks briefly about how useful it would be if we could learn to store electrical energy. He is to appear at a forum on uses of alternative energy tonight in Sioux City, and the subject seems to be on his mind.

I begin by asking Glenn where he



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thinks his campaign stands, in terms of what he needs to do.

"I started a year and a half, at least, after Mondale," Glenn replies, and he says that his campaign had to decide whether to pour money into organization or "were we going to have a reasonable organization and have money available to expand in the time period leading up to when people really make up their minds on voting—and that's what we decided to do, and that's what we're doing right now."

I ask Glenn what his biggest challenge is, and he replies, "I suppose we always wish we had more money—then you can do a lot of things." But he also says what he said in Des Moines—that the financial shortfall is no big thing.

But, I ask him, what is it that he feels he has to do at this stage in terms of issues and impressions he has to get across?

"Experience—I think that's a major one," he replies. "I've had a background, of course, that people go back with almost twenty-two years, and most people think about me in that vein—as an astronaut, I guess. And so our job is to flesh it out—that there are lots of other experiences and accomplishments that have something to do with the Presidency of the United States." Then he says a line he has been using on this trip: "Mondale has said that he felt the nomination should go to the person with the greatest experience, and I agree with that"—and he recites his experience, in just the same terms as he had on stops along this trip, and, in fact, in interviews over the past year. ("I went through two wars. As I say, I've had to write too many of those next-of-kin letters, so nobody's going to work harder for peace out of that experience than I will.") He adds, "If we get this idea of experience across, I think that could make a big difference—I think that's one of our biggest jobs."

I ask if the fact that he talks frequently about his experience as an astronaut reinforces the problem he has just described.

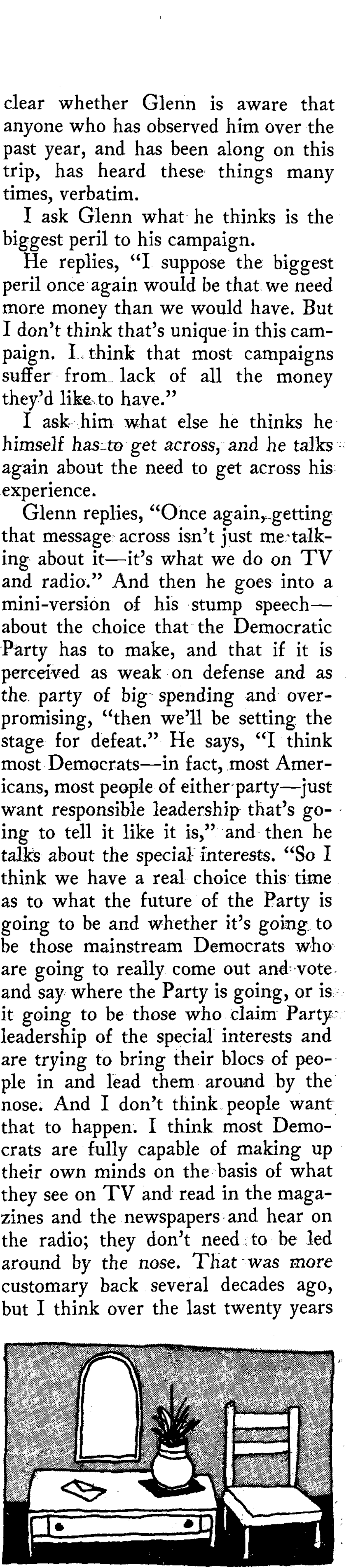
Glenn replies, "Oh, I don't know. I only mention it usually in the light I just did just now—that it's experience in research that I think is valuable—and I certainly don't try and downplay it, I just try to add on to it. Most people, when they think back to those days, are proud of those days," and then he talks, as he has in his appearances all along the way, of the spirit evoked by John F. Kennedy. It is unclear whether Glenn is aware that anyone who has observed him over the past year, and has been along on this trip, has heard these things many times, verbatim.

I ask Glenn what he thinks is the biggest peril to his campaign.

He replies, "I suppose the biggest peril once again would be that we need more money than we would have. But I don't think that's unique in this campaign. I think that most campaigns suffer from lack of all the money they'd like to have."

I ask him what else he thinks he himself has to get across, and he talks again about the need to get across his experience.

Glenn replies, "Once again, getting that message across isn't just me talking about it—it's what we do on TV and radio." And then he goes into a mini-version of his stump speech—about the choice that the Democratic Party has to make, and that if it is perceived as weak on defense and as the party of big spending and over-promising, "then we'll be setting the stage for defeat." He says, "I think most Democrats—in fact, most Americans, most people of either party—just want responsible leadership that's going to tell it like it is," and then he talks about the special interests. "So I think we have a real choice this time as to what the future of the Party is going to be and whether it's going to be those mainstream Democrats who are going to really come out and vote and say where the Party is going, or is it going to be those who claim Party leadership of the special interests and are trying to bring their blocs of people in and lead them around by the nose. And I don't think people want that to happen. I think most Democrats are fully capable of making up their own minds on the basis of what they see on TV and read in the magazines and the newspapers and hear on the radio; they don't need to be led around by the nose. That was more customary back several decades ago, but I think over the last twenty years or so Americans have been more making up their own minds. I just hope we can convince them to do exactly that in this election. Lane Kirkland"—the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—"says that forty per cent of his membership went over against the exhortations of all the leaders and voted for Ronald Reagan last time around, which shows that these people are not just being led around by the nose. They're thinking for themselves. And those are the people I hope to get out and vote and take part in the caucuses and primaries."



I ask Glenn whether he feels that he has developed some overarching themes for his campaign, or whether he thinks it matters.

He replies that he thinks it does matter, and he refers to a speech he is planning to give on Wednesday at Faneuil Hall, in Boston. Schneiders told me about this speech on the plane coming out to Iowa. He described it as "the longest and hopefully most eloquent articulation of the themes of the campaign, an attempt to say in a general way what kind of President he would be," and added, "It does not attempt to be programmatic; it's a serious attempt to give people a pretty clear idea of what they could expect from him."

I tell Glenn that I will not be able to be in Boston for the speech and will read the text later, but that I would like to hear from him what he thinks are the important things he will be saying in the speech.

He replies that the point of the speech is to get beyond the "day-in, day-out" controversies on acid rain, and things like that, and get to "what the big picture is for the country." He describes it as "a philosophical speech on values and types of programs and commitments and things like that."

I ask Glenn what he thinks is most important about what he is going to be saying in his speech.

Glenn asks Schneiders, who is riding in the front of the car, whether he has a copy of it. Schneiders says that he doesn't have one with him.

I tell Glenn that I don't need to see a copy of the speech now—I just wondered what he thinks is important in it.

Glenn says, "Well, it's much more of a general statement of things and—I don't know, I could get the briefcase and go through the general ideas of it."

Schneiders tells me that the speech is very much along the lines he described to me on the plane, and then

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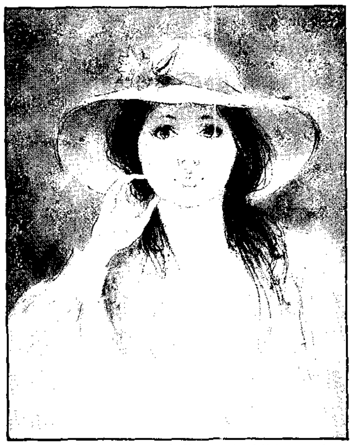

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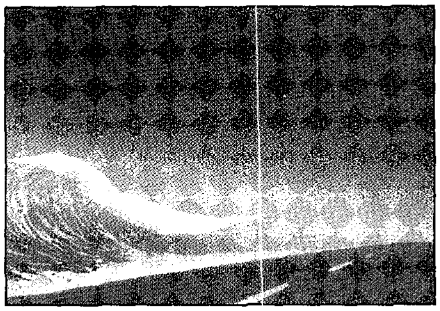

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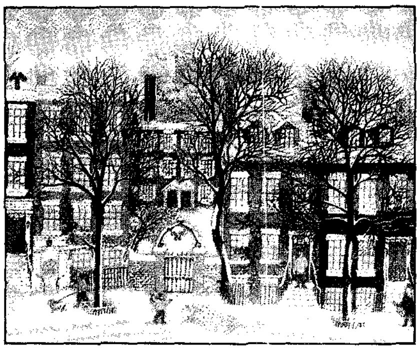

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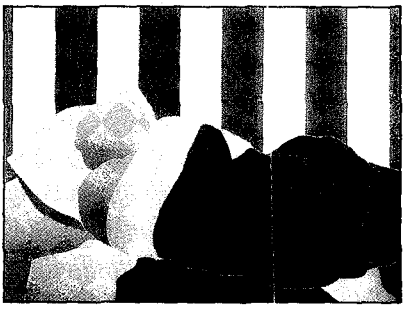

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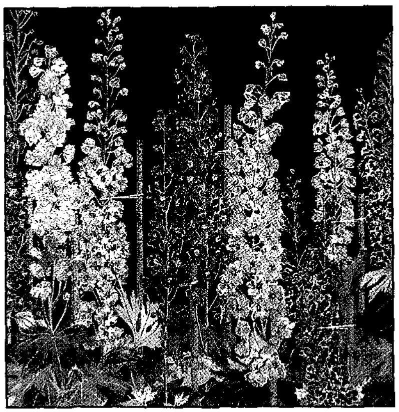

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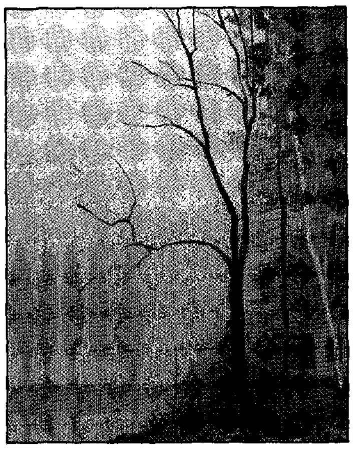

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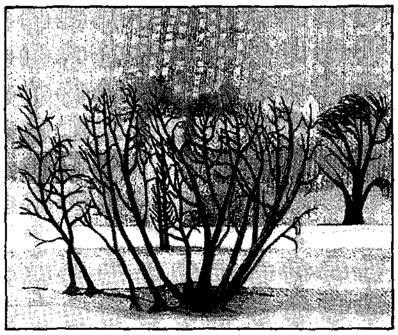

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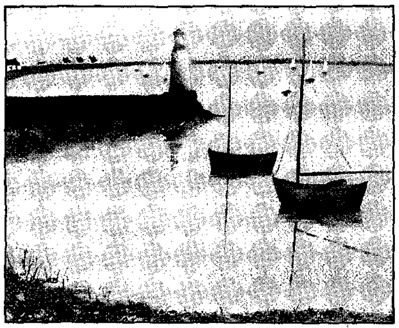

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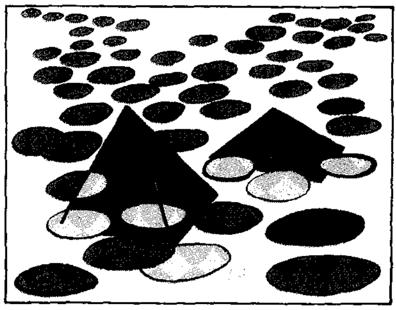

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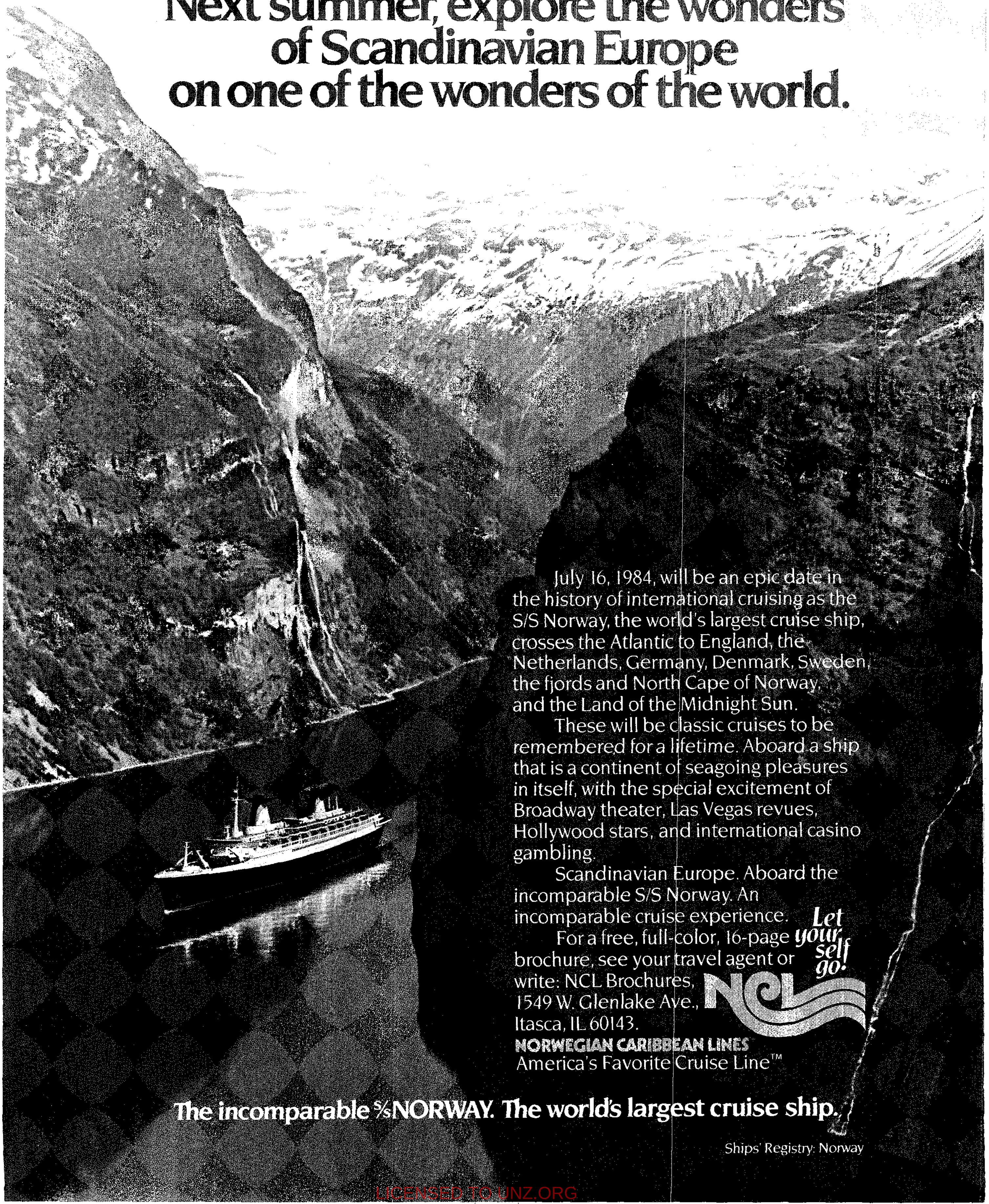

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Glenn asks, "The swing of the Party interests back and forth, Greg, is that what we're talking about—the left-right—"

Schneiders tells Glenn, "Yes, the left-right, and character of leadership."

I ask Glenn what he was referring to last night when, in the course of talking about "secret plans," he mentioned a secret plan on foreign policy. I say that I wonder what he meant by that—particularly in light of Mondale's Press Club speech last week.

Glenn refers to a speech Mondale gave in Sacramento last January, to the state Democratic convention, in which he said that as soon as he became President "I'd get on that hot line . . . and I'd say this: 'Dear Mr. Andropov, please meet me in Geneva this afternoon, and let's sit down and do some work to bring some easing of tensions.' " It was a bit of rhetorical excess before a partisan crowd—and suggested an obliviousness of travel times—but Mondale also said other things about arms control and foreign policy in that speech (and pledged to resubmit the SALT II treaty to the Senate for ratification), and has said many other things about arms control and foreign policy since then.

Glenn says, of Mondale's line about calling Andropov on the hot line, "That's not a policy. I mean, that's not a program of how you accomplish that. This five-point thing [of mine] that you've heard ad nauseam"—so Glenn is aware that observers have been hearing these things—"I think it's very valid and I think it's still the best program that anybody has put forward. And just to lead people into thinking that you're going to have arms control, and no plan really to do it except a phone call, isn't realistic." And then Glenn says again that Mondale has "no specifics" for his "secret plan" for the economy.

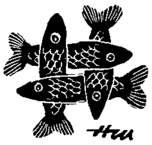
I ask Glenn if he is aware of what Mondale said in his Press Club speech.

Glenn replies that he is aware of it, "but I don't think it's still anyway near as specific as what I've proposed." And then he goes into his stump criticisms of Mondale's plans for dealing with the budget and acid rain, and his stump statements about the need for education and basic research.

I ask him if he feels he is getting somewhere on the question of his experience.

"Oh yes, very much so," he replies. "I think people have to have a feeling: Hey, this person is really capable of being President of the United States." And then he says what he has been saying on this trip about some people just getting their experience through politics. He says, "Once you get beyond that point, which I think is an important one, then I think all these other things I say on specific issues perhaps are more likely to be accepted—will be accepted more fully. Not that people don't believe me when I say something, but I'll be more fully believed. I think we've come a long ways on that, too." He continues, "In fact, wherever I go now I have people bringing up my background and experience and talking to me about it—that they hadn't thought about it that way. They think that's a very forceful argument. I just remember that people volunteer that. So I think we're making excellent headway with that." He adds, "It's that I'm not limited to just being a professional politician—that's a better way to put it."

SIOUX CITY. Tonight, at the energy forum—there are about eighty people in the audience—Glenn reads a short speech warning that the oil glut won't last and talking about Iranian threats to close the Strait of Hormuz, which he calls the "jugular" of the Persian Gulf oil outlet. He criticizes the Administration for selling coal off Western lands "at fire-sale prices"—this was one of James Watt's most controversial actions—and for cutting funds for energy research. Glenn looks very tired tonight. These have been long days, and his schedules have provided him little respite. (Mondale is more carefully scheduled: he is given time to make calls, talk with his staff, and get the kind of rest that any human being going through this kind of thing needs.) Glenn is not a man of superhuman energy—some politicians seem to have more adrenaline to draw on—and when he is fatigued his eyes seem to recede into his head, and become slits. As before, as he reads his speech it doesn't come across as his—as coming from him. But when he goes into the question period an unusual thing happens. Glenn, who does not show much depth on many issues, has clearly steeped himself in the technical question of energy sources and is very interested in it, and he gives long, long technical answers. This is the one time on this trip when he has seemed to be deviating from a script. At one point, Glenn refers to having seen a windmill this afternoon in—and goes blank on where he saw it. Anyone who has taken these sorts of trips knows that eventually the stops become indistinguishable; and, in one's fatigue, one doesn't remember where one has been. Glenn does not try to hide this fact, and looks over in my direction for help. I summon up Council Bluffs and call it out to him, and he smiles and says, "Council Bluffs." It is a guileless, human moment.



In the course of the answer to one question, Glenn tells the audience, "If you had one energy wish you could have tonight before you went to bed, what would it be? I'm sure half the audience would wish for an oil well in their back yard, number one. But you know what I would wish for if I wanted energy independence for this country? It would be better electrical-energy storage. If we could put better-concentrated amounts of electrical energy in storage, then the electric automobile becomes practical. Well, we've tried electrical cars in the past and it didn't work. But they didn't work because we didn't have the range of current batteries. And before this Administration chopped off some of that research we had some extremely promising things going in electrical-energy storage. And the reason I say that's so important is if you get better electrical-energy storage you can take the output of a number of different sources, whether it's photovoltaic, or it's hydropower where the water just runs over the dam in non-peak-load periods and just runs down the river someplace, whether it's solar change-over, whether it's running plants at a constant level all day—in non-peak periods—and run them at a steady load just as though they're on during the peak-loads periods in the evening, but let them store energy during that time period. They can be much more efficient." Then he refers to going through the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, in California, and says, "I was out there and went through the lab with them and looked at this thing—it was an aluminum air battery, they called it. I won't go into details of it, but it was decomposition of aluminum with an electric release and with a bunch of trays here"—Glenn gestures—"and by this process you released enough energy off of this tray of aluminum plates to drive a car, they estimated, fifteen hundred miles, and they thought once they had this process perfected it

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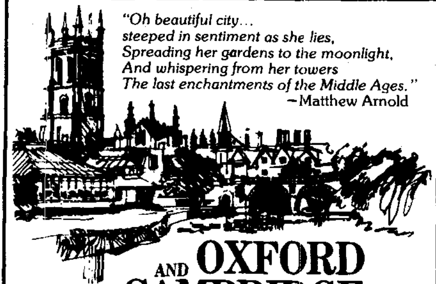
would probably take a car three thousand miles on one load of these plates, pull into a station, slide a new bunch of plates in, another three thousand miles. And this looked like it was becoming promising and *they cancelled the thing—cancelled the project.*" Continuing with the same answer, he talks about visiting a NASA lab in Cleveland, describes in detail how a Chinese gas vat works. In answer to another question, he describes in detail how an automobile acceleration system works, and its effect on gasoline consumption, and he talks about the need for "regenerative braking."

At the end of his appearance here, Glenn gives his stump speech, and talks about his experience. "I want to use the background I have had, and I think it is a unique background no other candidate has had," he says, and "Our leading competition for this nomination has said that he thinks the nomination should go to the person with the greatest experience." He says, "But to me the greatest experience is not just having spent all your life in professional political life and not have experience in anything else." He continues, "I've had ten years in Washington. I know how the political system works there. I'm not that slow a learner that I haven't learned how it works in ten years. And so I'm proud of that. And so, as far as being that much of a professional politician, I'm there. But along with that I've run an international corporation for several years—travelled all over this world." After Glenn left NASA, he joined Royal Crown Cola as a corporate vice-president, and then became the president of Royal Crown International. He spent much of his time travelling around the world promoting Royal Crown. He continues, "I've started four small businesses—they were successful." This is odd; one of his businesses, he told me in an interview last year, went bankrupt ("So I know both sides of the business world"). Glenn's small businesses consisted of Holiday Inn franchises, which he got involved with through friends. These franchises, including a lucrative one near Disney World, made Glenn a wealthy man. "I was in the research business," he says, referring to his experience with NASA. "I don't think there's any better background anybody has for making these basic, fundamental research decisions on where this country is going to go and how we're going to be competitive with Japan and Germany and France and other



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steeped in sentiment as she lies,
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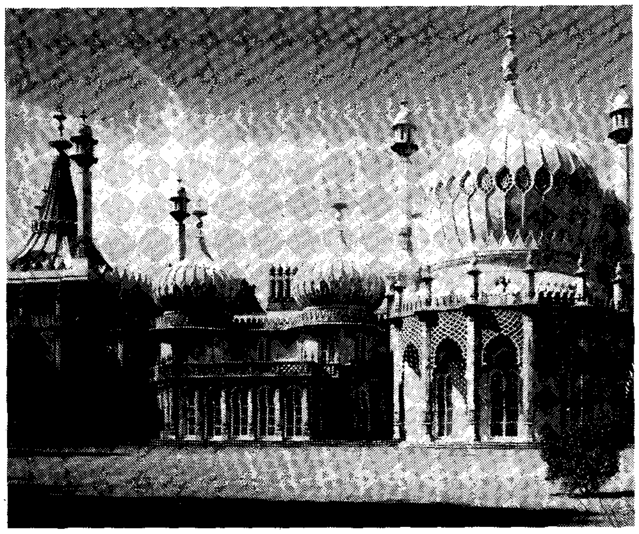
nations. I was in the Marine Corps. I spent a career there. I don't see how there can be a better background for making defense decisions on what we need." And then he talks about having been in combat in two wars and written the next-of-kin letters—"That sears your soul"—and then he stresses again his ten years in Washington. He clearly wants to get across that he's been there, but not too much. And he talks about setting goals and about his orbital flight, and then he tells the audience that February 20th—the day of the Iowa caucuses—"also happens to be the anniversary of my orbital flight."

JANUARY 10

MASON CITY. This town, in the northern part of the state, close to the Minnesota border, is supposed to be good territory for Mondale, and Cranston has been working hard here, but Glenn has come here nevertheless, to open another headquarters and to meet with the local press. Today, the weather is six below zero, with a wind-chill factor of thirty below. A layer of crusty snow has covered the entire state. Schneiders has handed out a statement announcing that Glenn supports a Senate bill that would put a moratorium on the imposition of fees on residential and small-business phone users for access to long-distance lines. These "access charges" would be on top of the increases in local phone rates that are resulting from the breakup of A.T. & T., and have become a political issue. The House has already passed a bill prohibiting the imposition of the fees. (Mondale supports the House-passed bill.) Schneiders says that Glenn decided on Sunday to support a moratorium after he was talked into it by James Jones, a moderate Democratic representative from Oklahoma, who is an important Glenn adviser.

There are no phones in this headquarters, either. About forty people are gathered here to see Glenn, and there is no particular excitement. He goes through his stump speech again. Most politicians repeat their good lines, and even paragraphs, but the word-for-word sameness of what Glenn says in his speeches and in his answers to questions is unusual. Inescapably, it has a programmed effect. Glenn seldom seems spontaneous. He is good-humored but not particularly funny. His audiences may well like him and admire him, but he seems not to get much out of them, because he doesn't



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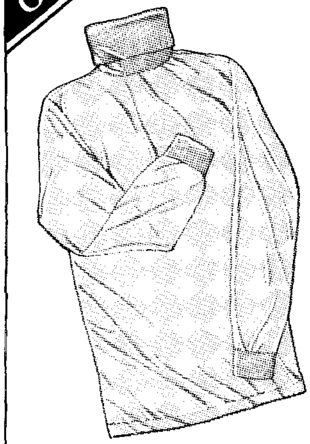

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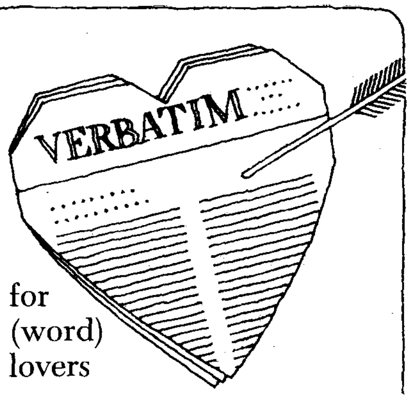

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give them much. He is agreeable but remote, automatic. He makes no personal connection with his audiences. Skilled politicians establish a connection with their audiences, joke with them, give them some emotion and get some back. An appearance by a skilled politician turns into a chemical experience. Glenn offers no emotion; there is nothing personal in these appearances. It is as if all the audiences were the same for him. Most skilled politicians take the measure of a crowd and find ways to relate to it specifically. It is as if Glenn were doing a walk-through. Undoubtedly, he comes across as nice and sincere—and as John Glenn—and as a man of common sense and plain American values. But little seems to happen. And even the celebrity value doesn't seem as great as might have been expected; certainly, some people come to see the famous astronaut, and some ask for his autograph, but these things don't seem to happen in any substantial numbers. A striking thing about this trip, in fact, is that there have been no events at which a large crowd was gathered to hear Glenn—no rallies.

WATERLOO. At lunchtime, Glenn gives a speech on farm policy before the Kiwanis Club, meeting at the Elks Lodge. An Iowa journalist says that this audience—of about two hundred white males—is probably heavily Republican. The Glenn entourage is supposed to fly to Boston tonight, so that Glenn can give his speech there tomorrow, but a snowstorm is predicted for Boston this evening, and there is some question whether they will be able to get there. (As things turn out, they cannot, and the speech is postponed.) Following this event in Waterloo, Glenn is to fly to Ottumwa, in the southeast corner of the state. Mondale is said to have a strong grip on the Democratic activists in the area. But it has been badly hit by the economy, and the Glenn people want their candidate to show up there. So this afternoon Glenn will go to Ottumwa to shake hands with workers at the John Deere plant.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Ludington* (*Mich.*) *Daily News*]

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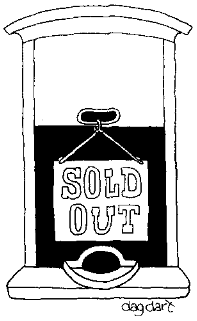

TO turn a large theatre into a cozy living room, as Ian McKellen nightly succeeds in doing at the Ritz, is no inconsiderable feat. For the fact is that an actor on a stage is no more an ordinary human being (and therefore a mere host, entertaining a group of friends in a domestic setting) than a priest is at an altar or a judge is on a bench. An actor practices a calling that, though it is now commonly held to be profane, began by being sacred; it is a calling that sets him apart from the rest of us, formally estranging him in order that, in the fashion of priests and judges, he can serve as our chosen surrogate. Historically, it has been a tradition for actors—again, like priests and judges—to assume a ceremonial disguise, which establishes their distance from us and helps to obliterate in them the usual telltale distinctions of age, sex, and personality. By means of costume, makeup, and devices of posture and voice, actors become other than themselves; kings and varlets, saints and sinners, heroes and villains, they are transformed for our sake and to our astonishment into whoever we are and whatever we are, at our best and worst.

Nowadays, priests have a tendency to wear tasselled moccasins below their cassocks and judges handing down sentences to be clad not in black robes but in tweed jackets from J. Press. Mr. McKellen appears to consent to this self-conscious sartorial informality by pacing the stage of the Ritz in slacks and an open shirt, but it soon becomes evident that his lack of a disguise is itself a disguise; his resources are inward, and his smiling host's face is subject to change without warning. He calls his performance "Acting Shakespeare," and in the course of an evening he plays a dozen or so different Shakespearean roles, interrupting them from time to time to give us his views on how Shakespeare grew up in Stratford, journeyed to London, became rich and famous, and then retired to Stratford in his forties, buying the biggest house in town and giving no backward glance at what is surely the most dazzling literary career in history. In the roles and in his charming and often witty asides between roles, McKellen has no need for crowns or swords or fur-trimmed gowns; before our very eyes he is ready to pass from young to old, from short to tall, and from thin to fat. Within a matter of seconds, he is both Hamlet and Polonius, both Prince Hal and Falstaff, both Romeo and—hard as it may be to believe—Juliet. He is also, when the spirit moves him, Samuel Pepys, David Garrick, and Bernard Shaw—all of these convincing caricatures, though scholars would argue that Garrick was a far better actor than McKellen pretends, for comic effect, to believe he was.

So, a happy evening in the dusky reaches of the Ritz, which I have described as a living room in tribute to McKellen, but which I have to admit is like no living room I would care to encounter in real life; the scenery consists of a gloomy dark-blue backcloth and a single, outsize mock-Renaissance armchair, certainly not on loan from the Duke of Urbino's library. The sparseness of the furnishings may be but a sign of inherited Scottish thrift, though McKellen himself was born in Lancashire. For whatever reason, that sparseness provides him with an opportunity to turn a few square yards of empty air into the sky over Agincourt, Verona, Athens, and Dunsinane—even over that island of shipwrecked souls near the "vex'd Bermoothes." For McKellen does not fail to offer us, among so many other Shakespearean characters, a touching and melodious Prospero, whose purpose is to send us, our revels ended, home to pleasant dreams.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Stalking the Aisles

THE Living Theatre troupe of Julian Beck and Judith Malina returned to New York last week, after an absence of ten years, for a monthlong, four-play season at the Joyce, and it has opened that season with "The Archaeology of Sleep." The show, which was written and designed (scenery, costumes, lighting) by Mr. Beck and directed by Miss Malina, is an exploration of sleep, and is based on the discoveries of REM (rapid eye movement) and other aspects of sleep made in Chicago thirty years ago. This information is delivered about a third of the way through the evening by Mr. Beck, as the Doctor, in a long white lab coat and with his tongue veering toward his cheek. He discourses on the four phases of sleep—alpha, beta, gamma, and delta—and these are illustrated by the company, though not in alphabetical order. The content of the show is based on the actual dreams of the actors, and the performance consists, in large part, of *tableaux vivants* (some more *vivant* than others) and random sentences, many of them—the ones that reached me in Row L, anyway—funny and seemingly authentic improvisation. (My favorite line, by the way, is "Rehearse, rehearse—it's the only defense that carries any weight.") A lot of the dreams of these actors are, of course, occupational—theatre about theatre or moviemaking or opera.

The show, which catches Mr. Beck and Miss Malina in a more lighthearted mood than we have been accustomed to, illustrates their theatrical resourcefulness. The visual effects are startling, and there are also sound effects, choral chanting, music, dance, and choreographed movements as well as dialogue. The actors, as is the custom with the Living Theatre, tend to walk up and down the aisles (to no particular purpose that I could see), intruding on the audience, and this can be a pain, although it is less so this time than it has been in the past. The evening runs just about two unbroken hours and contains seventy-one scenes; at the risk of sounding churlish, I would happily have settled for about twenty scenes and a running time of an hour.

—EDITH OLIVER

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Bar Harbor* (*Maine*) *Times*]

A local man is still unsure whether or not he will press charges after another male reportedly "bit the alligator off" his Izod brand shirt. Reports indicate that the person wearing the shirt at the time was uninjured.

•

Beware the smooth-talking politician. Remember that glib spelled backwards is—BILGE.—*Gig Harbor* (*Wash.*) *Peninsula Gateway.*

Noted.

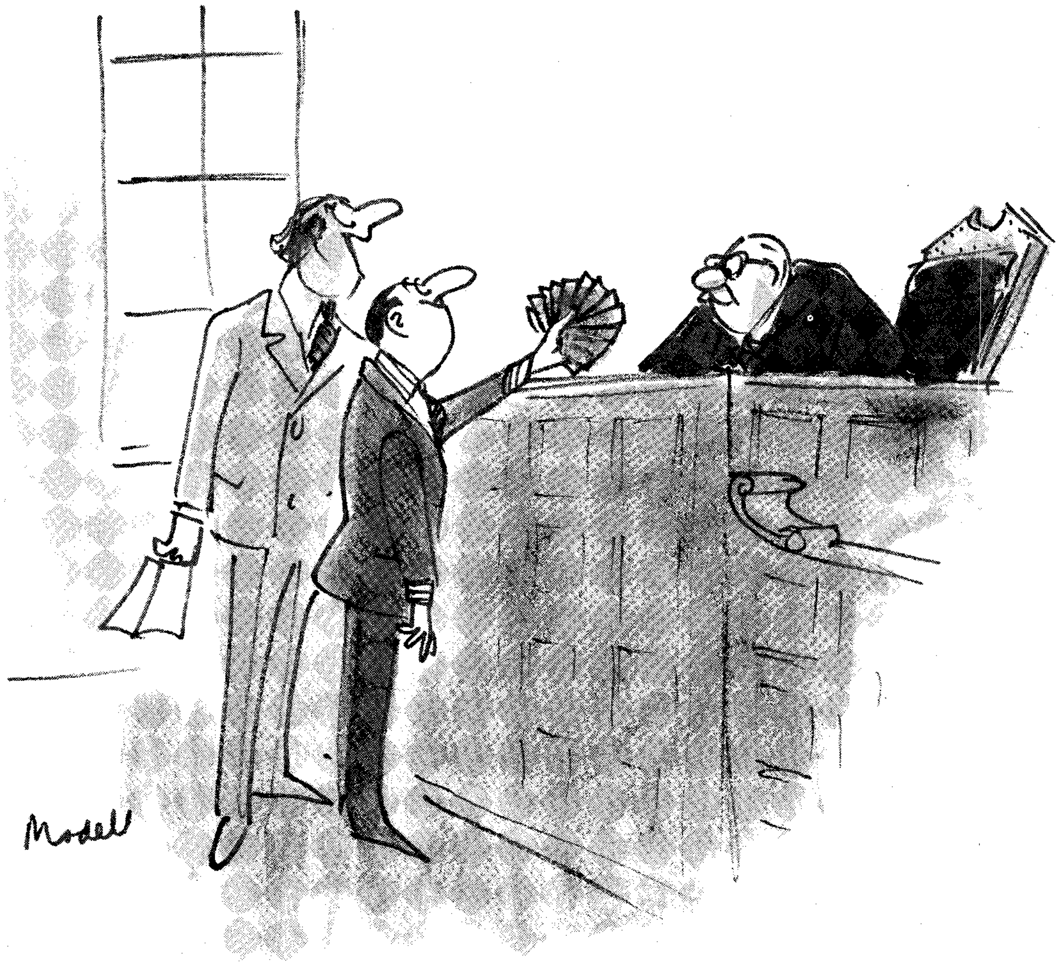
DANCING

Closed Circuits

“Paradise,” an evening-length dance drama by Karole Armitage, separates itself all too easily into two halves. The dance half is stylish, sure of itself, lucidly performed by Armitage and the six other dancers in the cast. The dramatic half, which runs concurrently, is performed by two non-dancers who stalk with frozen faces and mulish persistence in and out among the dancers, impaling them with glances and forcing on them “story” situations of total opacity. We can’t just brush aside the two pests and enjoy the dancing. We can try—they are offstage for long periods—but we’re haunted by the suspicion that pure-dance meanings aren’t what we’re here to see. The choreography, which *seems* organized in abstract concert-suite form, may *really* harbor ulterior meanings that relate to the absent duo and whatever story they’re part of.

For a generation or more, our most progressive dancers have lived by the rule of purity which lies at the heart of modern expression in the arts. The historic shift to non-representationalism—“A poem should not mean but be,” etc.—has been the principal factor in the emergence of dance as an art. In the other arts, reaction sets in when liberating developments have run their course. But a reaction against pure meaning in dance threatens the life of the art. Young choreographers who may wish to restore a story element are handicapped by their youth. They have no direct knowledge of the various storytelling forms that were legitimately employed by choreographers earlier in the century and no sense of the peril to the art when these forms became reductive. Postmodern reaction—if that is what choreographers like Armitage and Jim Self and Charles Moulton represent—has rediscovered narrative, but it’s in danger of turning dance back into illustrative gestures. That wouldn’t be so bad if the gestures really were illustrative. As it is, they’re uncommunicative—illustrative of closed-circuit meanings. Reluctant to give up the modern tradition, yet impatient to have something of their own, these choreographers launch themselves on a sea of contradictions. Armitage’s direction is peculiarly unresolved. A gifted self-declared student of Cunningham and Balanchine, she makes dance movement of exceptional poetic power. Yet the course she follows in “Paradise”—she invents meanings out of the non-dance movement and pushes them into the dance like cloves into a ham—is completely uninstructed and unaware of its regressive tendencies. When I saw a preview of “Paradise” last summer, it was still incomplete, and its two-sidedness looked like something that would be fixed in due course. It hasn’t been. Armitage seems to want very urgently to tell us a story that she has no means of telling, and the piece slowly strangles before you, a victim of inarticulate technique.

Armitage has been on the leading edge of radical experimentation in choreography ever since she presented “Drastic Classicism,” in 1981—an hour or more of frenzied classical dancing to a deafening rock score. The frenzy was carefully controlled, and the dancing emerged without a stain on it. Classical values that were flayed alive stayed alive. Armitage seemed to be self-elected to guide classicism through the straits of punk rock, punk chic, and whatever else the youth culture had to offer. She then went, like so many vanguard American choreographers, to Europe, where she executed several commissions and was duly lionized. Last year, she returned, ready to divest herself of the punk image and start something new. I think “Paradise” may be the story of that start. When I saw the preview, I was impressed by the way she had found to extricate herself from the dead end of “Drastic Classicism.” The new, nonviolent group choreography was a retrenchment and also an advance. It was “drastic” in a new way. Instead of stepping up the energy, Armi-



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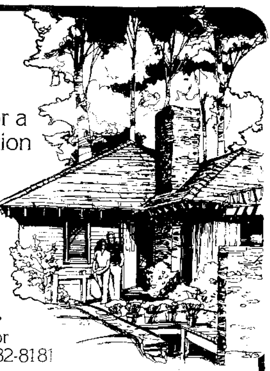

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tage redistributed it in "character" deformations of classical shapes and systematized these in a code of behavior. It wasn't exactly Expressionism; it was skewed classicism on the order of the earlier Cunningham. Armitage arranged these new terms in unpredictable causal sequences, and you followed her veering logic easily. For one thing, she used music, by Jeffrey Lohn, that—though no less excruciatingly loud than the music for "Drastic Classicism"—was much more clearly defined rhythmically. For another, she had recruited some extraordinary young dancers and rehearsed them minutely in the terms of the new dispensation. Their performance was remarkable. The slashing rhetoric of "Drastic Classicism" had been pared down to a fine set of vigorous discriminations, and this involved ambiguities of movement and posture which Armitage herself could not always keep under perfect control. The rhetorical assault on style had been muted, but aggression was still being committed everywhere one looked—with a scalpel, though, not with a cleaver. Meat-rack mayhem was out.

The refined deployment of her characteristic dance gesture still seems to me the best thing about Armitage's work in "Paradise." The thought that such refinement could reflect the merely notional promptings of a scenario is disturbing but maybe not altogether defeating—of Armitage's promise, I mean. Notionalism does defeat "Paradise" as a work of art. As an exorcism of the punk image, it probably has great meaning and value for Armitage and her associates. In reviewing "Drastic Classicism," I wrote that she had handed classicism over to the dark powers. "Paradise," with its skulking Satanic interlopers, is like a literal enactment of the struggle for the soul of classicism. I'd rather not think that's what it was about; the implication is that Armitage is banking too much on a mystique. But there's her success as the punk priestess to think about, too. She only just got back to New York and already she's a prime candidate for a cult.

The audience was a dream audience. It came early, filled up every seat in a rickety, uncomfortable house (the La Mama annex), watched the dancing with rapt concentration, and applauded long and lustily at the end. The bludgeoning by Lohn's band it took in good part; it probably could have done with more. It poured adulation on Armitage and her dancers, on

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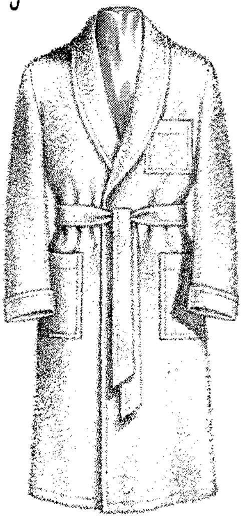

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Lohn, on Muriel Favaro and John Erdman, who played the two evil ones, and on Charles Atlas, who designed the lighting and the imaginative low-budget costumes (fatigues, rubber gloves). How sodden is the spell that descends on her who alone of all there present does not understand what the hell is going on. A month earlier, there had been a rapturous reception for Nina Wiener's "Wind Devil," a work that I found even more obscure than "Paradise." And a month before *that*, in another part of the Brooklyn Academy but in the same state of wonderment, I had sat through Carolyn Carlson's "Underwood." I can name other mystifying events for the same period. I can bet others will be coming. I will go to them, because what one cannot understand one can still enjoy. Deborah Hay's concert at the Dance Theatre Workshop in December was a good example of the Edifying Obscure. It built outward in serenely inscrutable layers from Hay's own inscrutable but marvelously authoritative performance, and, watching it grow, I wasn't bored one second.

You think the experience of dance surely can't get more rudimentary than that: watching something grow. And yet most dance concerts I attend fall below this threshold of irreducibility. Nina Wiener makes exquisitely polished phrases for herself and her group. She makes them long and large and fine, and she keeps them flowing from one pinpoint connection to another, and builds them into undistractedly clear sequences and the sequences into episodes and the episodes into acts. "Wind Devil" was in two acts, both of them consisting of dancing from end to end and both of them exactly alike in effect. What I miss in Wiener's choreography is progression —progression within the phrase and progression in the process that binds the phrases together; I want a cumulative rather than an additive experience. And if there are other-than-dance motives I want to know about them. I don't expect explanatory program notes; choreographers no longer write them. The fact that Nina Wiener felt compelled to write a program note for "Wind Devil" is in itself interesting. This is what she wrote:

> I wish to explain to the audience how my company is involved in the creation of a dance. I begin a dance by teaching my dancers core phrases which express the emotions and concepts of the dance. Then I design problems for the dancers which alter the material in different ways—producing variations on the core phrases which I tailor to the needs of the dance and of the individual dancer. Many of these variations are integrated into the finished piece in different forms, so that the dance in some ways reflects the personalities of the dancers. For their individual and communal contributions to this work and for their willing spirits, I wish to thank them warmly.

Nina Wiener is a bridge from the seventies to the eighties. The working method and the communal ethos that she subscribes to belong to the seventies. The word that leaps out at you—the word that signals the transition to the eighties—is "emotions." "Phrases which express the emotions" is an amazing formulation, coming from a choreographer like Wiener. "Phrases which *secrete* emotions," I might have expected her to say, or "phrases which *may* secrete emotions." The way most seventies choreographers would see it, the phrases themselves must first of all be technically sound. If emotion leaks out, well and good, but that is of no concern to the choreographer initially. In actual fact, Wiener's phrases are unemotional. The emotional barometer in her work is regulated by energy levels, by attack (staccato or legato), and by facial expressions (smiles or frowns). The phrases are longer or shorter but exactly the same in the kinds of tension they encompass. They don't attenuate or thicken. They don't make a drama of the distance they travel from their original impulse. So we see adagio phrases that don't build an adagio variety of effect. We see them made-to-order, releasing only one kind of effect, over and over. It's bouncing a ball against a wall as opposed to bouncing it toward a partner and having it come back to you a new ball. There is much to admire in Nina Wiener's work. It is impeccable. It is mannered, but the mannerisms are not unpleasant. It is scrupulously performed by attractive-looking people. Though much of it is appealing to the eye, none of it makes so much as a dent in the consciousness. Instead of growing and growing, it just keeps on going and going.

A farmhouse set by Judy Pfaff added to the impression that more was happening in "Wind Devil" than a suite of dances. The overexuberant colors and details were too much for the dancing to carry. It's hard to know how much in the way of décor choreography of this kind *can* carry. Just as Karole Armitage may have intended not drama but atmosphere, Wiener

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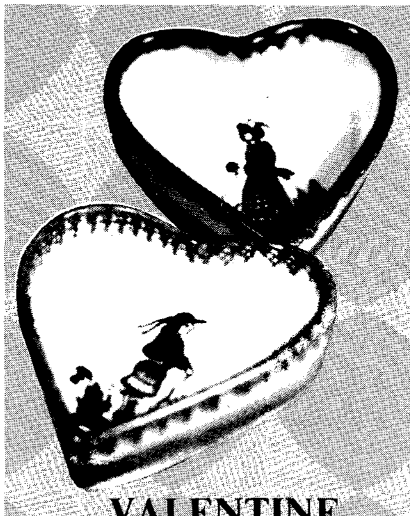

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may have wanted to convey not emotions, precisely, but the fragrance of emotions. But atmosphere and fragrance are not to be equated with imprecision. Armitage is lucky to have Atlas designing for her; he makes the tentativeness and confusion of "Paradise" look like subtlety and provocation. Atmosphere appears as a result of particularization—of small but definite strokes. The same is true in choreography. The other afternoon, in Balanchine's "Raymonda Variations," I saw Carole Divet open her leg to second and fold it shut, at the same time bringing her wrist with a finicky gesture to her breastbone, and I caught the parlor fragrance of some long-ago young-girl-with-fan. The image was sparklingly immediate, as real as the girl who had produced it. And it had blossomed not out of the blue but out of the quality of tension between two aspects (développé/port de bras) of a single phrase. Divet's moment (of which she may have been quite unconscious) was only a flash, but it was enough. One or two flashes like this can light up a whole work.

—Arlene Croce

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The message: Don't leave Sioux Falls.

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE BUSINESS SCENE

[*From the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press*]

Denver (AP)—The chairman of Adolph Coors Co. has blasted the brewing industry for its "outrageous" lack of ethics in promoting beer among college students, but admits his own company also pushes suds on campus.

William K. Coors, delivering a speech to security analysts Thursday, said Coors pays 250 college students throughout the country to promote the beer at campus wet T-shirt contests, and "chug-a-lug" and "get drunk" parties.

But he termed those promotions "strictly defensive."

"We do this not because we think it is right, but because other brewers do it," Coors said. "They will steal our lunch—they'll eat our lunch—if we don't do it.

"I personally think it's outrageous, and everyone in the company thinks this is outrageous," he added.

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BOOKS

Chance and Order

As I write this autobiographical essay, I am aware of two opposed principles that guide my pen. One of those two extremes is chance; the other is the order that gives shape to life. Can all the factors that were responsible for my coming into the world and enabled me, although threatened by death many times, to survive unscathed in order finally to become a writer—moreover, one who ceaselessly strives to reconcile contradictory elements of realism and fantasy—be regarded only as the result of long chains of chance? Or was there some specific predetermination involved, not in the form of some supernatural *moira*, not quite crystallized into fate when I was in my cradle but in a budding form laid down in me—that is to say, in my genetic inheritance was there a kind of predestiny befitting an agnostic and empiricist?

That chance played a role in my life is undeniable. In the First World War, when the fortress of Przemyśl fell, in 1915, my father, Samuel Lem, a physician in the Austro-Hungarian Army, was taken prisoner by the Russians, and was able to return to Lemberg (now Lvov), his native city, only after nearly five years, in the wake of the chaos of the Russian Revolution. I know from the stories he told us that on at least one occasion he was to be shot by the Reds on the spot for being an officer (and therefore a class enemy). He owed his life to the fact that when he was being led to his execution in a small Ukrainian city he was noticed and recognized from the sidewalk by a Jewish barber from Lemberg who used to shave the military commander in that city and for this reason had free access to him. The barber interceded for my father (who was then not yet my father), and he was allowed to go free, and was able to return to Lemberg and to his fiancée. (This story, made more complex for aesthetic reasons, is to be found in one of the fictitious reviews—of "De Impossibilitate Vitae," by Cezar Kouska—in my book "A Perfect Vacuum.") In this instance, chance was fate incarnate, for if the barber had happened to pass through that street a minute later my father would have been irrevocably doomed. I heard the tale from him when I was a little boy, at a time when I was unable to think in abstract terms (I may have been ten), and was thus unable to consider the respective merits of the categories of chance and fate.

My father went on to become a respected and rather wealthy physician (a laryngologist) in Lvov. I was born there in 1921. In the rather poor country that Poland was before the Second World War, I lacked nothing. I had a French governess and no end of toys, and for me the world I grew into was something final and stable. But, if that was the case, why did I as a child delight in solitude, and make up the rather curious game that I have described in another book—the novel "The High Castle," a book about my early childhood. My game was to transport myself into fictitious worlds, but I did not invent or imagine them in a direct way. Rather, I fabricated masses of important documents when I was in high school in Lvov: certificates; passports; diplomas that conferred upon me riches, high social standing, and secret power, or "full power of authority," without any limit whatsoever; and permits and coded proofs and cryptograms testifying to the highest rank—all in some other place, in a country not to be found on any map. Did I feel insecure in some way? Threatened? Did this game perhaps spring from some unconscious feeling of danger? I know nothing of any such cause.

I was a good student. Some years after the war, I learned from an older man who had held some position or other in the prewar Polish educational system that when the I.Q.s of all high-school students were tested—it must have been around 1936 or 1937—mine was over 180, and I was said to have been, in the words of that man, the most intelligent child in southern Poland. (I myself suspected nothing of this sort at the time of the test, for the results were not made known to us.) But this high I.Q. certainly was of no help in surviving the Occupation of the *Generalgouvernement* (to which administrative unit Poland had been reduced by the Germans). During that period, I learned in a very personal, practical way that I was no "Aryan." I knew that my ancestors were Jews, but I knew nothing of the Mosaic faith and, regrettably, nothing at all of Jewish culture. So it was, strictly speaking, only the Nazi legislation that brought home to me the realization that I had Jewish blood in my veins. We succeeded in evading imprisonment in the ghetto, however. With false papers, my parents and I survived that ordeal.

But, to return to my childhood in prewar Poland, my first reading matter was of a rather curious nature. It was my father's anatomy books and medical texts, in which I browsed when I was still hardly able to read, and I understood them all the less since my father's professional books were in German or in French. Only the fiction in his library was in Polish. Pictures of skeletons, of neatly dissected human skulls, of human brains precisely sketched in many colors, of intestines in preserved condition and embellished with magic-sounding Latin names provided my earliest contacts with the world of books. Hunting through my father's library was, of course, strictly forbidden to me, and it attracted me precisely because it was forbidden and mysterious. I must not forget to mention the actual human bone that was kept behind the glass doors of my father's bookcase. It was a skull bone—*os temporale*—that had been removed during a trepanation; perhaps it was a relic from the time when my father was studying medicine. I held this bone, without any particular feelings, several times in my hands. (I had to steal my father's key to be able to do this.) I knew what it was, but I wasn't frightened by it. I only wondered about it in a certain way. Its surroundings—the rows of big tomes of medical textbooks—appeared quite natural to me, for a child, lacking any real yardstick, is unable to differentiate between the banal or commonplace and the unusual. That bone—or, rather, its fictional counterpart—is to be found in another novel of mine, "Memoirs Found in a Bathtub." In this book, the bone became a whole skull, cleanly dissected from a corpse, that was kept by a doctor in a ward—one of the many stations in the hero's odyssey through a labyrinthine building. A complete skull like this was owned by my uncle, my mother's brother, who was also a physician. He was murdered two days after the Wehrmacht marched into Lvov. At that time, several non-Jewish Poles were also killed—mostly university professors—and Tadeusz (Boy) Żeleński, one of the best-known Polish writers. They were taken from their apartments during the night and shot.

Now, then, what objective, extrinsic connection—i.e., not one imagined by me and consisting solely of associations—could there be between a little boy's fascination with the parts of a human skeleton and the era of the Holocaust? Was this apparently significant and fitting omen a matter of chains of chance, purely of coincidence? In my opinion, it was. I do not believe in manifest destiny or predetermination. In lieu of a preëstablished harmony, I can well imagine (upon the basis of the experiences of my life) a preëstablished disharmony, ending in chaos and madness. In any case, my childhood was certainly peaceful and Arcadian—especially when compared with what happened in the following years.

I grew into a bookworm, and read everything that fell into my hands: the great national poems, novels, popular-science books. (I still remember that a book of the kind that my father gave me as a gift sold for seventy zlotys—the price was written inside—and that was a fortune in those days; for seventy zlotys you could buy a whole suit. My father spoiled me.) I also—I can still remember it—looked with keen interest at the male and female genitalia reproduced in my father's anatomy books. The female pubis struck me especially—as something spiderlike, not quite nauseating but certainly something that could hardly have a connection with erotic feelings. I believe that I was later, during my adolescence, sexually quite normal. But since my subsequent studies in medicine included gynecology, and since I was, for a month, an obstetrician in a hospital, I associate the pornography of today not with sexual longing and with copulative lust but with the anatomical pictures in the tomes of my father, and with my own gynecological examinations. The thought that a male may be highly excited by the mere sight of female genitalia strikes me as very peculiar. I happen to know perfectly well that this is a case of libido—of the instincts built into our senses and programmed by evolution—but the desire for sex without love strikes me as something comparable to an irresistible urge to eat salt and pepper by the spoonful because dishes without salt and pepper lack full flavor. I feel no repulsion but no attraction, either, as long as there is no specific erotic bond of the kind that is called love.

As an eight-year-old boy, I fell in love with a girl. I never uttered as much as a word to the girl, but I observed her often in a public garden near our house. The girl had no inkling of my feelings, and most probably never even noticed me. It was a burning, long-lasting love affair dissected, as it were, from all actual circumstances—even from the sphere of any kind of wishful thinking. I was not interested in becoming her friend. My emotions were restricted to worshipping her from afar; aside from that, there was absolutely nothing. May the psychoanalysts make what they will of these feelings of a small boy. I do not comment further on them, because I am of the opinion that such an episode can be interpreted in any way one chooses.

AT the beginning, I mentioned the opposites of chance and order, of coincidence and predestination. Only as I wrote the book "The High Castle" did the thought cross my mind that my fate—my profession as a writer—was already budding in me when I looked at skeletons, galaxies in astrophysical tomes, pictures of reconstructions of the monstrous extinct saurians of the Mesozoic, and many-colored human brains in anatomical handbooks. Perhaps these external circumstances—these impulses and sensuous impressions—helped to shape my sensibility. But that is only speculation.

I not only imagined fantastic kingdoms and domains but also made inventions and mentally created prehistoric animals unheard of in paleontology. For instance, I dreamed up an aircraft shaped like a giant concave mirror, with a boiler situated in the focus. The circumference of the mirror was studded with turbines and rotors to provide lift, as in a helicopter, and the energy for all that was to be derived from solar radiation. This unwieldy monstrosity was supposed to fly very high, far above the clouds, and, of course, only during daytime. And I invented what had already existed for a long time without my knowing it: the differential gear. I also drew many funny things in my thick copybooks, including a bicycle on which one rode moving up and down, as on a horse. Recently, I saw something like this

Dana Fradon

"You'll be happy to know, sir, that this restaurant encourages diversity of opinion."

imaginary bicycle somewhere—it may have been in the English periodical *New Scientist*, but I am not quite sure.

I think it is significant that I never bothered to show my designs to other people; indeed, I kept them all secret, both from my parents and from my fellow-pupils, but I have no idea why I acted in this way. Perhaps it was because of a childish affection for the mysterious. The same was the case with my "passports"—certificates and permits that, for instance, allowed one to enter subterranean treasure troves. I suppose also that I was afraid to be laughed at, for, although I knew that these things were only a game, I played it with great seriousness. I divulged something of this childhood world in the book that I have already mentioned, "The High Castle," but it contains only a small part of my memories. Why only a small part? I can answer such a question at least partly. First, in "The High Castle" I wanted to transport myself back into the child that I had been, and to comment on childhood as little as possible from the position of the adult. Second, during its gestation period the book generated a specific normative aesthetic similar to a self-organizing process, and there were certain memories that would appear as dissonances in this canon. It was not the case that I intended to hide certain things because of, say, a feeling of guilt or of shame but, rather, that there were memories that would not fit into the pattern that I presented as my childhood. I wanted—something impossible to attain—to extract the essence of my childhood, in its pure form, from my whole life: to peel away, as it were, the overlying strata of war, of mass murder and extermination, of the nights in the shelters during air raids, of an existence under a false identity, of hide-and-seek, of all the dangers, as if they had never existed. For, indeed, nothing of this had existed when I was a child, or even a sixteen-year-old high-school boy. I gave an indication of these exclusions in the novel itself. I do not remember exactly where, but I signalled that I had to or wanted to keep certain matters out by dropping a parenthetical remark that every human being is able to write several strikingly different autobiographies, according to the viewpoint chosen and the principle of selection.

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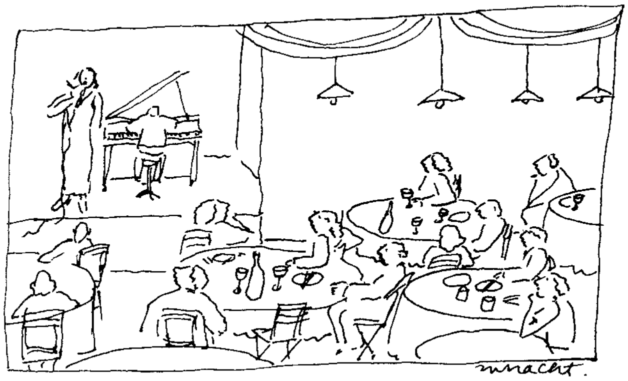
The meaning of the categories of order and chance for human life was impressed upon me during the war years in a purely practical, instinctual manner; I resembled more a hunted animal than a thinking human being. I was able to learn from hard experience that the difference between life and death depended upon minuscule, seemingly unimportant things and the smallest of decisions: whether one chose this or that street for going to work; whether one visited a friend at one o'clock or twenty minutes later; whether one found a door open or closed. I cannot claim that in following my instinct for self-preservation I always employed a minimax strategy of extreme cautiousness. To the contrary, I exposed myself to danger several times—occasionally when I thought it necessary but in some cases through mere thoughtlessness, or even stupidity. So that today, when I think of such idiotically reckless patterns of behavior, I still feel wonder, mingled with bewilderment, about why I acted as I did. To steal ammunition from the so-called *Beutepark der Luftwaffe* (the depot where the German Air Force stored its loot) in Lvov and to turn it over to somebody totally unknown to me—somebody of whom I knew only that he was a member of the Resistance—I considered to be my duty. (I was in a position to do so since, as an employee of a German company, I had access to this depot.) But when I was instructed to transport something—a gun, in this case—from one place to another just before curfew, and was told, strictly, not to use the tram (I was supposed to walk), it happened that I nevertheless disobeyed the order and climbed onto the footboard of a tram, and that a "Black One"—a Ukrainian policeman who was a member of the auxiliary police of the German occupational forces—jumped onto the footboard behind me and put his arm around me to reach for the door handle. It could have meant an ill end for me if the policeman had felt the gun. My act was insubordination, thoughtlessness, and folly all in one, but I did it anyway. Was it a challenge to fate, or only foolhardiness? Up to this day, I am not sure. (I am better able to understand why I visited the ghetto several times—risky though this was—when it was open to visitors. I had friends there. As far as I know, all, or nearly all, of them were transported to the gas chambers of Belzec in the fall of 1942.)

At this point, the question arises whether what I have reported so far is relevant at all, in the sense of having any direct, causal relationship to my profession as a writer, or to the kind of writing I have done—excluding, of course, autobiographical works like "The High Castle." I believe that such a causal relationship exists—that it isn't mere chance that I attribute in my work such a prominent role to chance as the shaper of human destiny. I have lived in radically different social systems. Not only have I experienced the huge differences in poor but independent, capitalist (if one must call it that) prewar Poland, the Pax Sovietica in the years 1939-41, the German Occupation, the return of the Red Army, and the postwar years in a quite different Poland but at the same time I have also come to understand the fragility that all systems have in common, and I have learned how human beings behave under extreme conditions—how their behavior when they are under enormous pressure is almost impossible to predict.

I remember well my feelings when I read "Mr. Sammler's Planet," by Saul Bellow. Now, I thought that book very good—so good that I have read it several times. Indeed. But most of the things that Mr. Bellow attributed to his hero, Mr. Sammler, in recounting his experiences in a Poland occupied by the Germans, didn't sound quite right to me. The skilled novelist must have done careful research before starting on the novel, and he made only one small mistake—giving a Polish maid a name that isn't Polish. This error could have been corrected by a stroke of the pen. What didn't seem right was the "aura"—the indescribable "something" that can be expressed in language perhaps only if one has experienced in person the specific situation that is to be described. The problem in the novel is not the unlikeliness of specific events. The most unlikely and incredible things did happen then. It is, rather, the total impression that evokes in me the feeling that Bellow learned of such events from hearsay, and was in the situation of a researcher who receives the individual parts of a specimen packaged in separate crates and then tries to put them together. It is as if oxygen, nitrogen, and water vapor and the fragrance of flowers were to be mixed in such a way as to evoke and bring to life the specific mood of a certain part of a forest at a certain morning hour. I do not know whether something like this would be totally impossible, but it would surely be difficult as hell. There is something wrong in "Mr. Sammler's Planet;" some tiny inaccuracy got mixed into the compound. Those days have pulverized and exploded all narrative conventions that had previously been used in literature. The unfathomable futility of human life under the sway of mass murder cannot be conveyed by literary techniques in which individuals or small groups of persons form the core of the narrative. It is, perhaps, as if somebody tried by providing the most exact description of the molecules of which the body of Marilyn Monroe was composed to convey a full impression of her. That *would* be impossible. I do not know, of course, whether this sort of narrative inadequacy was the reason that I started writing science fiction, but I suppose—and this is a somewhat daring statement—that I began writing science fiction because it deals with human beings as a species (or, rather, with all possible species of intelligent beings, one of which happens to be the human species). At least, it *should* deal with the whole species, and not just with specific individuals, be they saints or monsters.

It is likely that, after my beginner's attempts—that is to say, after my first science-fiction novels—I revolted for the same reason of narrative limitations against the paradigms of the genre as they developed and became fossilized in the United States. As long as I didn't know current science fiction—and I didn't know it for a long time, because up to 1956 or 1957 it was almost impossible to get foreign books in Poland—I believed that it had to be a further development of the starting position taken by H. G. Wells in "The War of the Worlds." It was he who climbed into a general's position, from which it was possible to survey the whole human species in an extreme situation. He anticipated a future filled with disasters, and I must admit that he was correct. During the war, when I read his novel several times, I was able to confirm his understanding of human psychology.

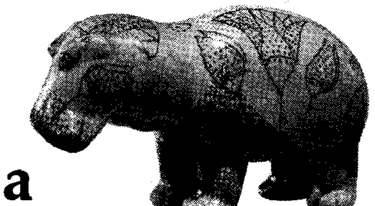


Today, I am of the opinion that my earliest science-fiction novels are devoid of any value (regardless of the fact that they had large editions everywhere and made me world-famous). I wrote these novels—for instance, "The Astronauts," which was published in 1951, and was about an expedition to the planet Venus from a simplistically utopian Earth—for reasons that I can still understand today, although in their plots and in the kind of world they depicted they were contrary to all my experience of life at the time. In these books, the evil world of reality was supposed to have suffered a sea change into a good one. In the postwar years, there seemed to be only this choice—between hope and despair, between a historically untenable optimism and a well-justified skepticism that was easily apt to turn into nihilism. Of course, I wanted to embrace optimism and hope!

However, my very first novel was a realistic one, which I wrote perhaps in order to rid myself of the weight of my war memories—to expel them like pus. But perhaps I wrote this book also in order not to forget; the one motive could well go together with the other. The novel is called "The Hospital of Transfiguration," and it is about the fight of the staff of a hospital for the insane to save the inmates from being killed by the German occupiers. One German reviewer ventured the opinion that it was a kind of sequel to Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain." What was in Mann only a portent—only the distant hint of a then nearly invisible lightning, since the horrors to come were still hidden behind the horizon of the times—proves to be in my novel the final circle of Hell, the logical outcome of the predicted "decline of the West" in the mass exterminations. The village, the hospital for the mentally ill, the professional staff: none of the places and characters ever existed; they are all my invention. But mentally ill persons—and many others—were indeed murdered by the thousands in Occupied Poland. I wrote "The Hospital of Transfiguration" in 1948, my last year as a student. It could not appear until 1955, however, since it didn't conform to the then already reigning standards of Socialist Realism. In the meantime, I was, as I can say without exaggeration, very busy.

IN 1946, we—my father, my mother, and I—moved from Lvov to Krakow, having lost all our possessions in the course of the war. My father, who was seventy-one years old, was forced, because of these reverses, to work in a hospital; there was no possibility that he could set up his own practice. We all lived in a single room in Krakow, and my father didn't have the means to buy his own equipment. Purely by chance, I learned how I could financially help our family: I wrote several long stories for a weekly dime-novel series that featured a complete story in each issue. Considered as thrillers, they weren't so bad. Aside from that, I wrote poems; they appeared in *Tygodnik Powszechny*, the Krakovian Catholic weekly. And two novellas—not science fiction proper but on the margin of fantasy—plus some odds and ends in various publications. But I did not take my writing very seriously.

In 1947, at the age of twenty-six, I became a junior research assistant for an organization called Konwersatorium Naukoznawcze (the Circle for the Science of Science), founded by Dr. Mieczyslaw Chojnowski. To him I presented my most dearly held works: a theory of brain functions invented by me, and a philosophical treatise. He called both nonsense but took me under his tutelage. Thus, I was forced to read logic textbooks, scientific methodology, psychology, psychometrics (the theory of psychological testing), the history of natural science, and many other things. Although it was apparent that I couldn't read English, I had to do the best I could with English-language books. These books proved so interesting that I had to crack them, dictionary in hand, as Champollion cracked his hieroglyphs. Since I had learned French at home and Latin and German in school, and had picked up some Russian, I somehow managed to get along. But to this day I can understand only



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written English. I can neither speak the language nor understand it when it is spoken. For the monthly *Życie Nauki* (*The Life of Science*), I compiled surveys of scientific periodicals from the standpoint of the science of science. By doing so, I became involved in the wretched Lysenko affair, for in my survey I synopsized the controversy between him and the Soviet geneticists in what an official report from the Ministry in charge of Polish universities called "a tendentious manner." I held Lysenko's doctrine of the inheritance of acquired characteristics to be ridiculous, and I was proved right after several years, but my taking this position had rather painful consequences for our monthly. Something similar happened a little later, when I perceived in Norbert Wiener's and Claude E. Shannon's cybernetics a new era not just for technological progress but also for the whole of civilization. At that time, cybernetics was considered in our country to be a fallacious pseudoscience.

In those years, I was particularly well informed about the latest developments in the various sciences, for the Krakovian circle functioned as a kind of clearing house for scientific literature from the United States (and, to some extent, from Canada) coming in to all the Polish universities. From the book parcels received I could borrow all the works that stirred my interest, including Wiener's "The Human Use of Human Beings." At night, I read everything voraciously, so that I could pass on the books as soon as possible to the people who were supposed to get them. On the basis of this reading, I wrote those of my novels that I can still acknowledge without shame—"Eden" (1959), "Solaris" (1961), "The Invincible" (1963), etc. They incorporate cognitive problems in fictions that do not oversimplify the world, as did my earliest, naïve science-fiction novels.

My father died in 1954, and toward the end of the fifties I was able to acquire for us—myself and my wife—a small house on the southern outskirts of Krakow, which we still have. (Close to this house, a larger house, in a larger garden, is in the process of being built for us as I write these words.) In the late sixties, I first made contact with my future literary agent and kindred spirit, Franz Rottensteiner, from Vienna. Both of us were then writing many critical, often polemical essays for Anglo-American science-fiction "fanzines" (i.e., the amateur magazines published by the aficionados of science fiction), mostly for Bruce Gillespie's Australian *SF Commentary;* that resulted in a certain popularity for both of us, even if it was of a negative sort, in the science-fiction ghetto. Today, I am of the opinion that we wasted our efforts. In the beginning, it was totally incomprehensible to me why so many authors were erecting, *viribus unitis*, a common prison for science fiction. I believed that, according to the law of large numbers alone, there had to be among so many a considerable group at the top, as far as both writing abilities and scientific qualifications were concerned. (For me, the scientific ignorance of most American science-fiction writers was as inexplicable as the abominable literary quality of their output.) I was in error, but it took me a very long time to recognize it.

As a reader of science fiction, I expected something like what is called, in the evolutionary processes of nature, speciation—a new animal species generating a diverging, fanlike radiation of other new species. In my ignorance, I thought that the time of Verne, Wells, and Stapledon was the beginning, but not the beginning of the decline, of the sovereign individuality of the author. Each of these men created something not only radically new for their time but also quite different from what the others created. They all had enormous room for maneuvering in the field of speculation, because the field had only recently been opened up and was still empty of both writers and books. Each of them entered the no man's land from a different direction and made some particular province of this terra incognita his own. Their successors, on the other hand, had to compromise more and more with the crowd. They were forced to become like ants in an anthill, or industrious bees, each of which is indeed building a different cell in the honeycomb but whose cells are all similar. Such is the law of mass production. Thus, the distance between individual works of science fiction has not grown greater, as I erroneously expected, but has shrunk. The very thought that a Wells or a Stapledon could have written, alternately, visionary fantasies and typical mysteries strikes me as absurd. For the next generation of writers, however, this was something quite normal. Wells and Stapledon are comparable to the people who invented chess and draughts. They discovered new rules for games, and their successors have applied these rules with only smaller or larger variations. The sources of innovation have gradually become depleted; the thematic clusters have become fossilized. Hybrids have arisen (science fantasy), and the patterns and schemata of the literary form have been applied in a mechanical and ready-made way.

To create something radically new, it was necessary to advance into another field of possibilities. I believe that in the first period of my career I wrote purely secondary things. In the second period ("Solaris," "The Invincible"), I reached the borders of a field that was already nearly completely mapped. In the third period—when I wrote, for example, reviews of nonexistent books and forewords to works that, as I put it, ironically, in an interview, would be published "sometime in the future but that do not exist yet"—I left the fields already exploited and broke new ground. This idea is best explained by a specific example. A few years ago, I wrote a small book entitled "Provocation." It is a review of a fictitious two-volume tome ascribed to a nonexistent German historian and anthropologist, whom I call Aspernicus. The first volume is titled "Die Endlösung als Erlösung" ("The Final Solution Considered as Redemption"), the second "Fremdkörper Tod" ("Foreign Body Death"). The whole thing is a unique historicophilosophical hypothesis about the as yet unrecognized roots of the Holocaust, and the role that death, especially mass death, has played in the cultures of all times up to the present day. The literary quality of my fictitious criticism (which is rather long, or it wouldn't have filled even a small book) is beside the point here. What counts is the fact that there were professional historians who took my fancy for the review of a real book, as is attested to by attempts on the part of some of them to get hold

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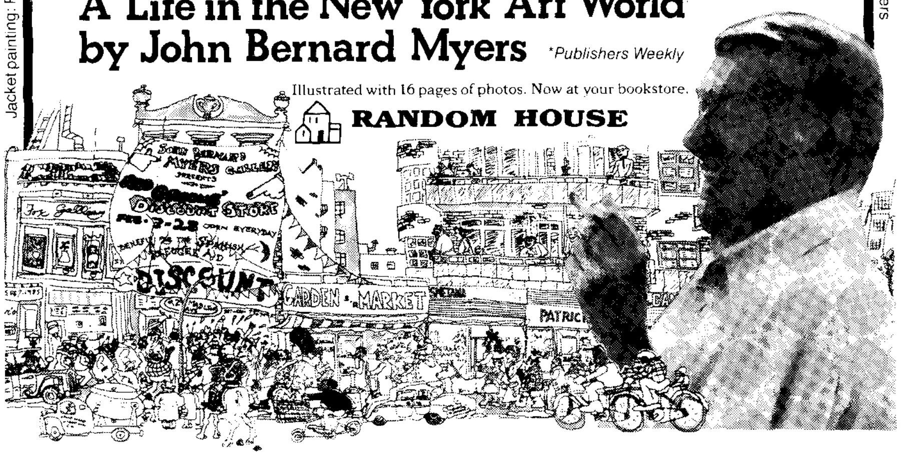

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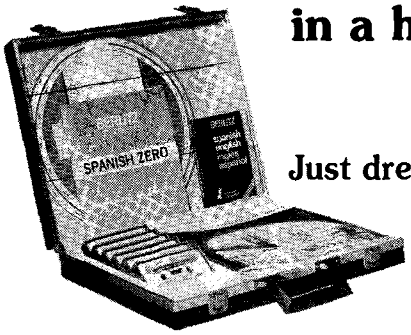

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of the book. To my mind, "Provocation," too, is a kind of science fiction; I am trying not to limit the meaning of the name of this category of writing but, rather, to expand it.

NOTHING I've ever written was planned in an abstract form right from the start, to be embodied later in literary form. Nor can I claim that it was my intention to find other fields for development—that I set out with the intention of seeking them out for my imagination. But I can say something about the conception of an idea, the gravid state, the pains of giving birth, though I do not know the genetic makeup of the embryo or know how it is transformed into a phenotype—the finished work. Here, in the realm of the "embryogenesis" of my writing, considerable differences have developed in the course of some thirty-six years.

My earliest novels (which I acknowledge as my own only with some discomfort) I planned and constructed according to a complete design. I wrote the novels in the "Solaris" group in a similar manner, which I myself cannot explain. The terminology of birth that I have used above may sound inappropriate, but it is somewhat apt. I am still able to point to passages in "Solaris" and "Return from the Stars" where I found myself, *during the writing process, in the position of a reader.* When Kelvin, the narrator of "Solaris," arrives at the station hovering over the planet Solaris and finds it empty of human beings, and when he starts his search for the crew, and encounters the scientist Snow, who goes into a state of panic when he sees Kelvin, I had no idea why nobody had expected his arrival or why Snow behaved in this peculiar manner; indeed, I had no idea at all that some "living ocean" would cover the whole planet. All this was divulged to me in the same manner that it becomes clear to the reader in the course of reading the book—with the sole difference that it was I who created the novel. And in "Return from the Stars" I faced a wall when the returning astronaut frightens one of the first women he meets, and then the word "betrization" is used: that's the treatment that human beings have undergone in the future world to rid them of their aggressive impulses. I didn't know at first exactly what the word should mean, but I knew that there must be some unbridgeable difference between the civilization that the man left when he flew to the stars and the one that he found upon his return. The metaphor that takes its terms from the lexicon of embryology is thus not nonsense, for a woman who is with child knows that she carries an embryo, but she has no idea how the embryo is transformed from an ovum into a child. Considering myself to be a rationalist, I dislike such confessions, and I should prefer to be able to say that I knew everything I was doing—or, at least, a good deal of it—beforehand, and that I planned and designed it, but *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.*

Nevertheless, something can be said about my creative method. First, there is no positive correlation between the spontaneity of my writing and the quality of the resulting work. I gave birth to "Solaris" and "Return from the Stars" in a similar manner, but I think that "Solaris" is a good book and "Return from the Stars" a poor one, because in the latter the underlying problems of social evil and its elimination are treated in a manner that is too primitive, too unlikely, and perhaps even false. (Even if the evil done to others with full intent could be suppressed pharmacologically—the book's main premise—no chemical or other influence upon the brain could *cause the unintended evil effects of* all social dependencies, conflicts, and contradictions to disappear from the world, in the same manner that an insecticide can eliminate vermin.) Second, creative spontaneity is not a guarantee that there will be sure development of a whole narrative—i.e., a plot that can be finished without applying force. I have had to put more stories aside unfinished or drop them into the wastebasket than I have been able to submit to publishers. Third, this process of writing, which is characterized by the signs of a creation by trial and error, has always been arrested by blocks and blind alleys that forced me to retreat; sometimes there has even been a "burning out" of the raw materials—the manifold resources necessary for further growth—stored somewhere in my skull. I was not able to finish "Solaris" for a full year, and could do it then only because I learned suddenly—from myself—how the last chapter had to be. (And then I could only wonder why I hadn't recognized it from the beginning.) And, fourth,

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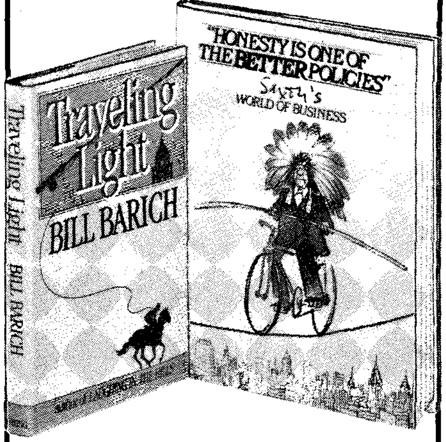
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even what I wrote spontaneously never received its final shape in the first thrust of work. I have never written a larger work (it is different with short stories) in a "linear" way right to the end in one sweep; rather, in the pauses between writing sessions—it is for purely physiological reasons impossible to sit at the typewriter all the time—I had new ideas that enriched what was already finished or was to be written soon; changed it; and complicated it with some new turn or complexity of plot.

Practical experience—the result of wrestling with my writing over the years—has taught me never to force what I am working on if it has not ripened at least partly but, rather, to let it rest for some time (which may amount to periods of months, or even years) and let the thing mill around in my head. (A gravid woman knows that an early birth bodes nothing good.) This situation has put me on the horns of a dilemma, however, for, like nearly all writers, I often try to invent excuses for not writing. As is well known, laziness is one of the main barriers hindering everyone in his work. If I waited until I carried something in its definite form around in my head, I would never create anything.

My method of creating (which I should like to call, rather, my behavior as a writer) has changed during the years, if only very slowly. I have learned to avoid the pure spontaneity of beginnings which motivated me to write something even when I had not the slightest idea what would come of the thing—its plot, its problems, its characters, etc.—because the instances in which I was unable to finish what I had begun were on the increase. Perhaps the imaginative space that was given me became gradually emptied, like a territory rich in oil, from which the black gold at first fountains in the air everywhere in geysers, no matter where one begins to drill; after some time, one has to use ever more complicated tricks and apply pressure to drive the remaining reserves up to the surface. The center of gravity of my work, then, gradually shifted in the direction of the gaining of a basic idea, a conception, an imaginative notion. I ceased to sit down at my typewriter whenever I had a quite small but ready beginning; instead, I started to produce an increasing number of notes, fictitious encyclopedias, and small additional ideas, and this has finally led to the things I am doing now. I try to

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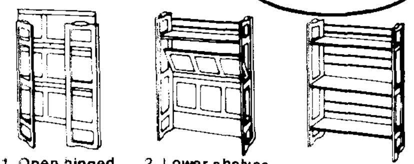

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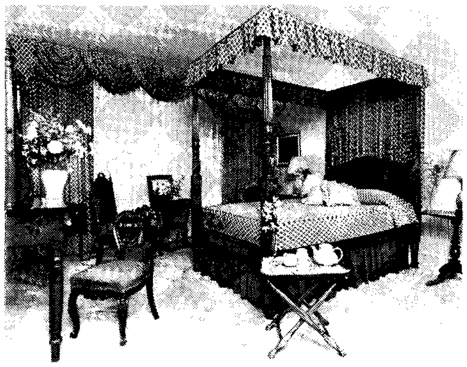

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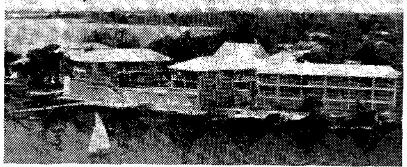

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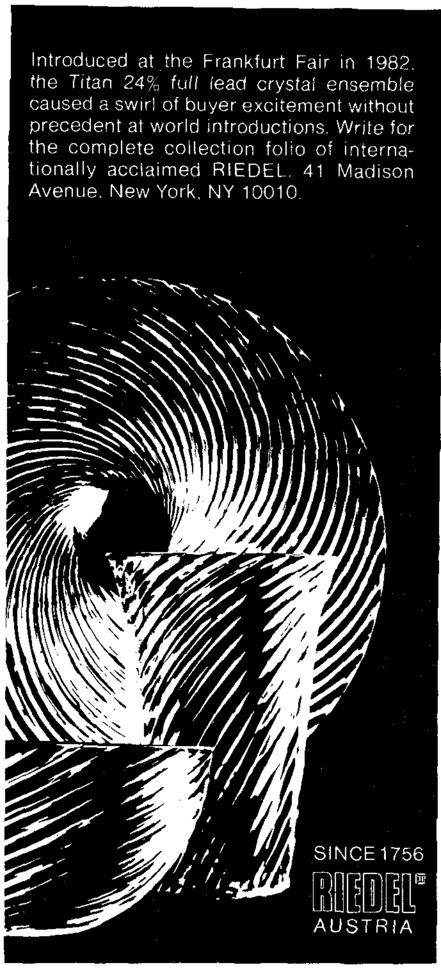

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get to know the "world" to be created by me by writing the literature specific to it, but not whole shelves of reference works of the sociology and the cosmology of some thirtieth century, not the fictitious minutes of scientific expeditions or other types of literature that express a *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of a time and a world, alien to us. After all, this would be an endeavor impossible to accomplish during the short life span of a human being. Nor do I now do what began in the first place rather as a joke—write criticism in the form of the reviews of nonexistent books or forewords to them ("A Perfect Vacuum," "Imaginary Magnitude"). I do not publish these things any longer but use them to create my own knowledge of another world, a knowledge entirely subservient to my literary program—in other words, to sketch a rough outline that will be filled in later. I surround myself, so to speak, with the literature of a future, another world, a civilization with a library that is its product, its picture, its mirror image. I write only brief synopses or, again, critical reviews of sociological treatises, scientific papers, and technical reference works, and I describe technologies that have taken the place of literature after its final death, just as television has made obsolete the *cinématographe* of Lumière, and three-dimensional television will make obsolete the TV sets of today. There are also historicophilosophical papers, "encyclopedias of alien civilizations" and their *military strategies*—all of them, of course, in a kind of shorthand, or I would need the longevity of a Methuselah to create them. It may well be that I will publish something out of this "library for a given purpose" independently of the work for which it served as a frame and a source of information.[1]

And where do I get all these facts, which I adorn with such enchanting titles as "The Trend of Dehumanization in Weapon Systems of the 21st Century" or "Comparative Culturology of Humanoid Civilizations"? In a certain sense, from my head; in another, not. I have invented several picturesque similes to illustrate for myself and others what my working method is like:

(1) A cow produces milk—that is certain—and the milk doesn't come from nothing. Just as a cow must eat grass in order to be able to produce milk, I have to read large amounts of genuine scientific literature of all kinds—i.e., literature not invented by me—and the final product, my writing, is as unlike the intellectual food as milk is unlike grass.

(2) Just as the ape in Wolfgang Köhler's psychological experiments wasn't able to reach a banana hanging very high, and made a scaffold from junk—boxes lying around, etc.—in order to be able to climb up to the banana, I have to build up in subsequent moves and attempts an informational "scaffold" that I must climb up to reach my goal.

(3) The last simile is somewhat drastic and may appear to be very primitive, but it nevertheless contains some grain of the truth. A water closet has a reservoir that must be filled, and when the lever or button is pushed all the water flushes down in one stream. Thereafter, the reservoir is empty for a time, and until it has been filled again no impatient pushing of the button or the lever will cause the small Niagara to flush forth again. As far as my work is concerned, this image is appropriate, in that if I did not keep enriching my fictitious library there would come a state of depletion, and after that I would not be able to get *anything more out of my mind*—my information storehouse. I wrote "A Perfect Vacuum"—it contains fifteen fictitious book reviews—nearly without a pause, and after that my reservoir was empty. Indeed, the comparison can be dragged in a little further. Just as if you push the button of a toilet too soon there will flush down only inadequate Niagaras, I can squeeze a little more from my head after the writing of a book like "A Perfect Vacuum." But I will not be satisfied with the stuff gained this way, and I cast these remnants aside.

My working methods are additionally complicated and enriched by my having from time to time written quasi-scientific works that were not intended as scaffoldlike supports for fiction but meant seriously as independent books on the theory of literature (but they are along empirical lines that are alien to specialists in the humanities). And I have produced "Science Fiction and Futurology" (1970), which is an acerbic criticism and theory of science fiction; and skeptical futurology, like "Summa Technologiae" (1964), which doesn't amass many speculations about the wonderful or terrible things of the near future but, rather, attempts to pursue a few radical ideas to their utmost limits; and the "Dialogues" (1957), about the horizons and chances of cybernetics implicit in the system; and essays on various topics, such as "Biology and Values" (1968) and "Applied Cybernetics: An Example from the Field of Sociology"[2] (1971)—a discussion of the pathology of Socialism. Later, it turned out that several of the ideas that occurred to me during the writing of these works and that I used as hypotheses and examples—i.e., much of what I encountered on my chosen intellectual way during the process of writing—could also be put to good use in fiction. At first, this happened in a totally unconscious manner. I noticed it only when it was pointed out to me; that is, my critics discovered the similarities and were of the opinion that I oscillated with full consciousness between serious discussion and fantastic literature, when I myself was not aware of such a seesawing. Once my attention was drawn to this phenomenon, I sometimes browsed in my own books with an eye toward this possibility of exploitation or cross-fertilization.

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[1] Michel Butor once expressed the opinion that a team of science-fiction writers should coöperate in the construction of a fictitious world, because such an undertaking is beyond the powers of any single individual. (This was supposed to explain the poor quality, the one-dimensionality of the existing science fiction.) I did not take those words of Butor's seriously when I read them. And yet I have, although many years later and by myself, tried to realize the basic essence of this idea as described above. And in Borges, too—in his "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius"—you can read of a secret society that creates a fictitious world in all its particulars, with the intent of turning our world into the imagined one.

In looking back, I see clearly that in my middle period as a writer I wrote fiction without any regard for the existence of some continuity between the imagined worlds and our world. In the worlds of "Solaris," "Eden," and "Return from the Stars," there are no immediately obvious transitional stages that could connect these states of civilization with the obnoxious state of things on earth today. My later work, on the other hand, shows marked signs of a turning toward our world; that is, my later fictions are attempts to establish such connections. I sometimes call this my inclination toward realism in science fiction. Most likely, such attempts, which to some extent have the unmistakable character of a retreat (as a renunciation of both utopia and dystopia, extremes that are either repugnant to me or leave me cold, just as is the case for a physician when he faces someone incurably ill), spring from the awareness that I must soon die, and from the resulting desire to satisfy, at least with hypotheses, my insatiable inquisitiveness about the far future of mankind and the cosmos. But that is only a guess; I wouldn't be able to prove it.

IN response to a request to write his autobiography, Einstein emphasized not the historical circumstances of his life but, rather, his most beloved offspring—his theories—because they were the children of his mind. I am no Einstein, but in this respect I nevertheless resemble him, for I am of the opinion that the most important parts of my biography are my intellectual struggles. The rest, not mentioned so far, is of a purely anecdotal character.

In 1953, I married a young student of medicine. We have a son of fifteen, who likes my novels well enough but modern music—pop, rock and roll, the Beatles—his motorcycle, and the engines of automobiles perhaps even more. For many years now, I have not owned my books and my work; rather, I have become owned by them. I usually get up a short time before five in the morning and sit down to write: I am writing these words at six o'clock. I am unable now to work more than five or six hours a day without a pause. When I was younger, I could write as long as my stamina held out; the power of my intellect gave way only after my physical prowess had been exhausted. I write increasingly slowly—my self-criticism, the demands I put upon myself, have continued to grow—but I am still rather prolific. (I know this from the speed with which I have to throw away used-up typewriter ribbons.) Less and less of what comes into my mind I consider to be good enough to test as suitable subject matter by my method of trial and error. I still know as little about how and where my ideas are born as most writers do. I am also not of the opinion that I am one of the best exegetes of my own books—i.e., of the problems characteristic of them. I have written many books of which I haven't said a word here, among them "The Cyberiad," the "Fables for Robots" (in "Mortal Engines"), and "The Star Diaries," which on the generic map of literature are to be found in the

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[2] I shall add the autobiographical element in my discursive writings to this enumeration. In brief, I am a disenchanted reformer of the world. My first novels concerned naïve utopias, because in them I was expressing a desire for a world as peaceful as that described in them, and they are bad, in the sense in which a vain and erroneous expectation is stupid. My monograph on science fiction and futurology is an expression of my disappointment with a fiction and a nonfiction that pretend to be scientific, when neither of them turns the attention of the reader in the direction in which the world is in fact moving. My "Philosophy of Chance" is a failed attempt to arrive at a theory of the literary work based on empiricism; it is successful inasmuch as I taught myself with the help of this book what factors cause the rise and the decline in the fortunes of literary works. My "Summa Technologiae," on the other hand, is proof of the fact that I am not yet a despairing reformer of the world. For I do not believe that mankind is for all times a hopeless and incurable case.

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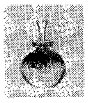

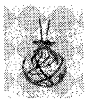

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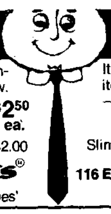

provinces of the humorous—of satire, irony, and wit—with a touch of Swift and of dry, mischievous Voltairean misanthropy. As is well known, the great humorists were people who had been driven to despair and anger by the conduct of mankind. In this respect, I am one of those people.

I am probably both dissatisfied with everything that I have written and proud of it: I must be touched by arrogance, but I do not feel anything of it. I can notice it only in my behavior—in the way that I used to destroy all my manuscripts, in spite of many attempts and requests to get me to deposit these voluminous papers in a university or some other repository to preserve them for posterity. I have made up a striking explanation for this behavior. The pyramids were one of the wonders of the world only while there was no explanation of how they were erected. Very long, inclined planes, on which bands of workers hauled up the stone blocks, possibly on wooden cylinders, were levelled once the work was finished, and thus today the pyramids rise up in a lonely way among the shallow sand dunes of the desert. I try to level my inclined plane, my scaffolds and other means of construction, and to let stand only that of which I need not be ashamed.

I am not sure whether what I have confessed here is the pure truth, but I have tried to adhere to truth as well as I could. —STANISLAW LEM

(*Translated, from the German, by Franz Rottensteiner.*)

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Turner hit White's passing arm, the ball popped a few yards into the arms of defensive end Lawrence Pillers, and Pillers ran 16 yards to the Dallas four-yard line. Montana threw a six-yard touchdown pass to fullback Roger hite and caused an unusual interception.

Turner hit White's passing arm, the ball popped a few yards into the arms of defensive e ⅝hite and caused an unusual interception.

Turner hit White's passing arm, the ball popped a few yards into theCraig three plays later.

"Our defense was incredible. That was very inspirational. It's tough not to get enthusiastic with things like that happening," said tight end Russ Francis.—*Palm Springs* (*Calif.*) *Desert Sun.*

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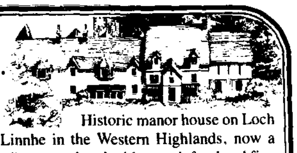

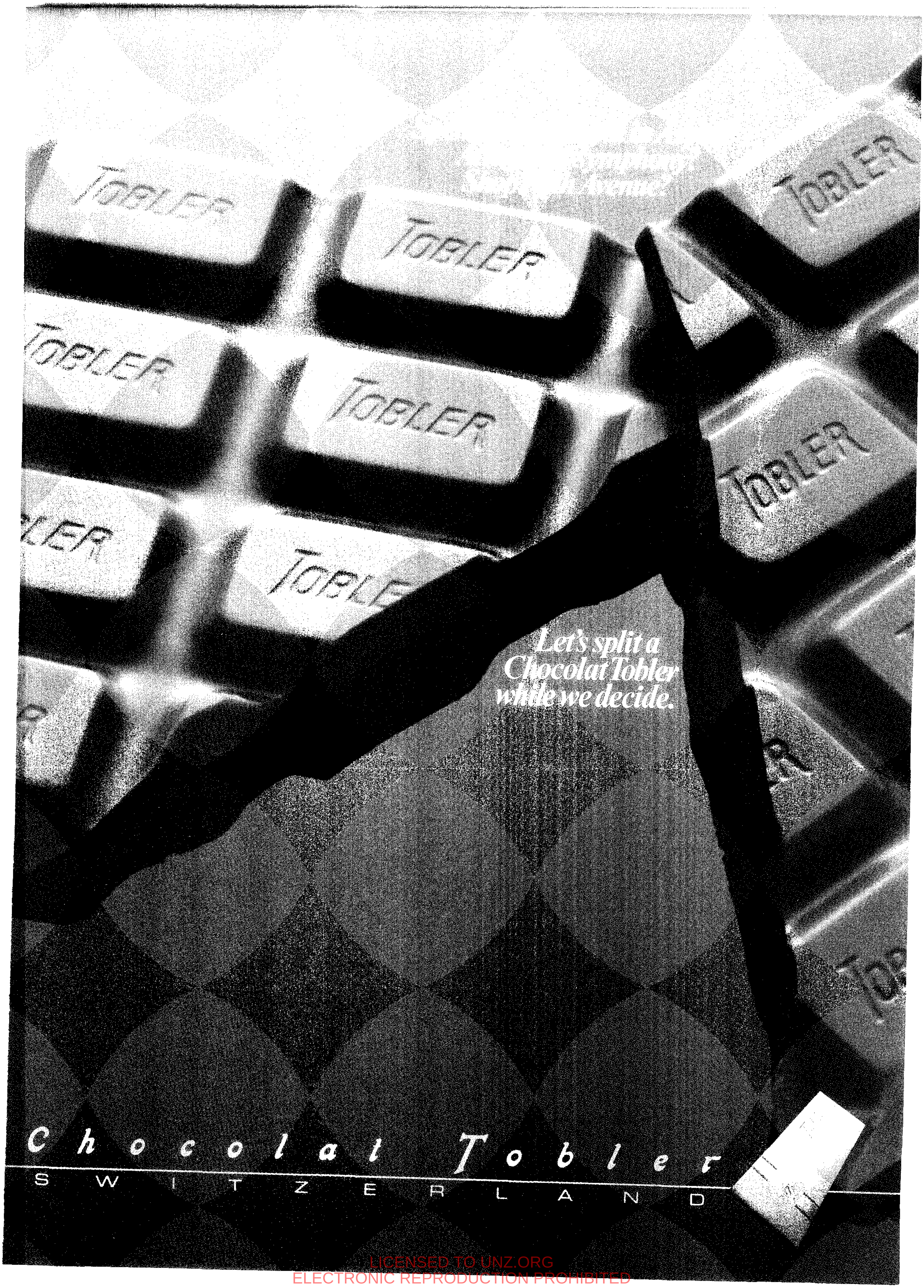
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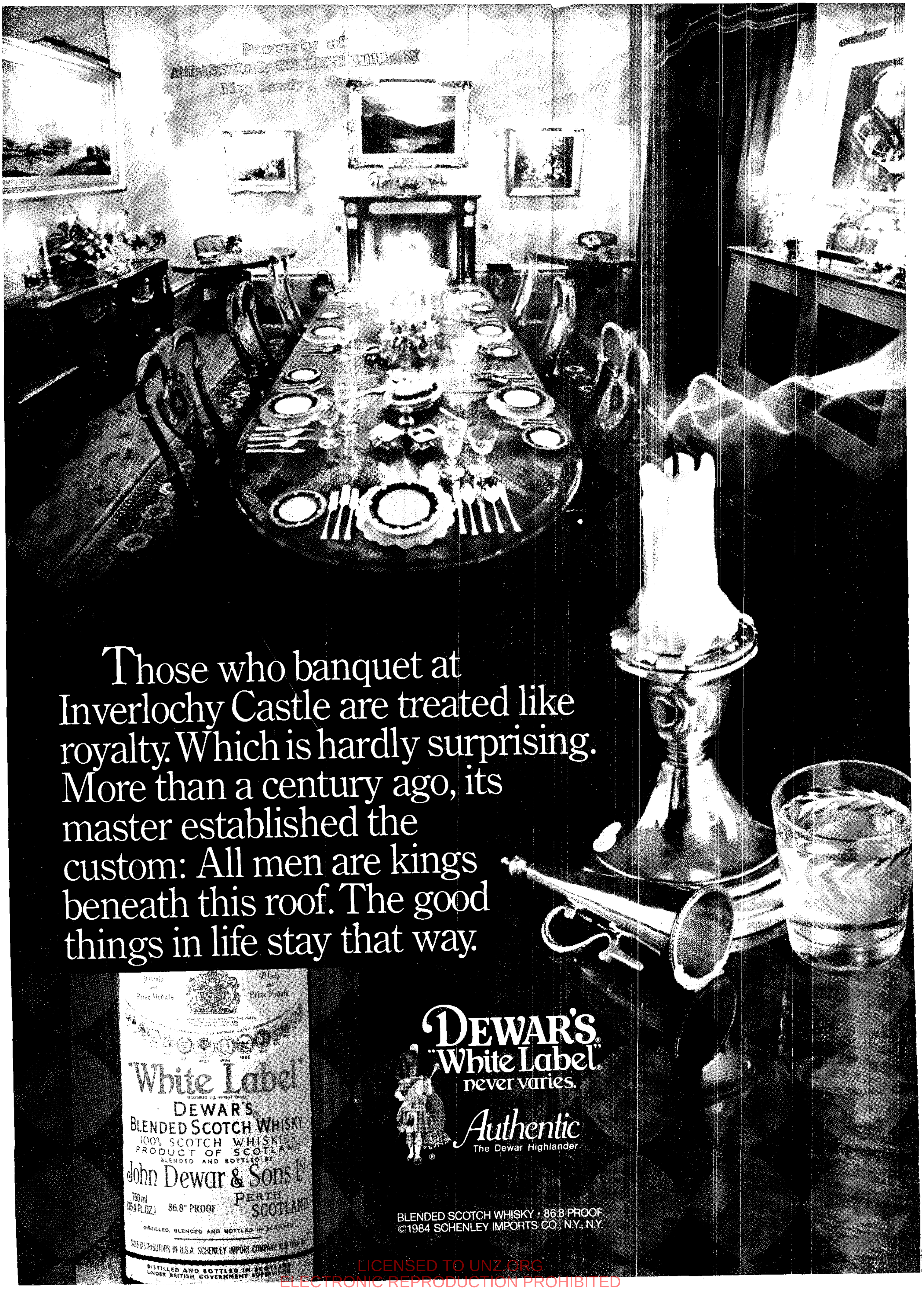
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